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Frontier Times

46487
January, 1972
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Frontier Times
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WISING UP IN THE WEST

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GHOSTS OF THE SIERRITAS

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THE LIVELY NIGHTS OF A COON-DOG MAN

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WELLS FARGO HORSE EXPRESS

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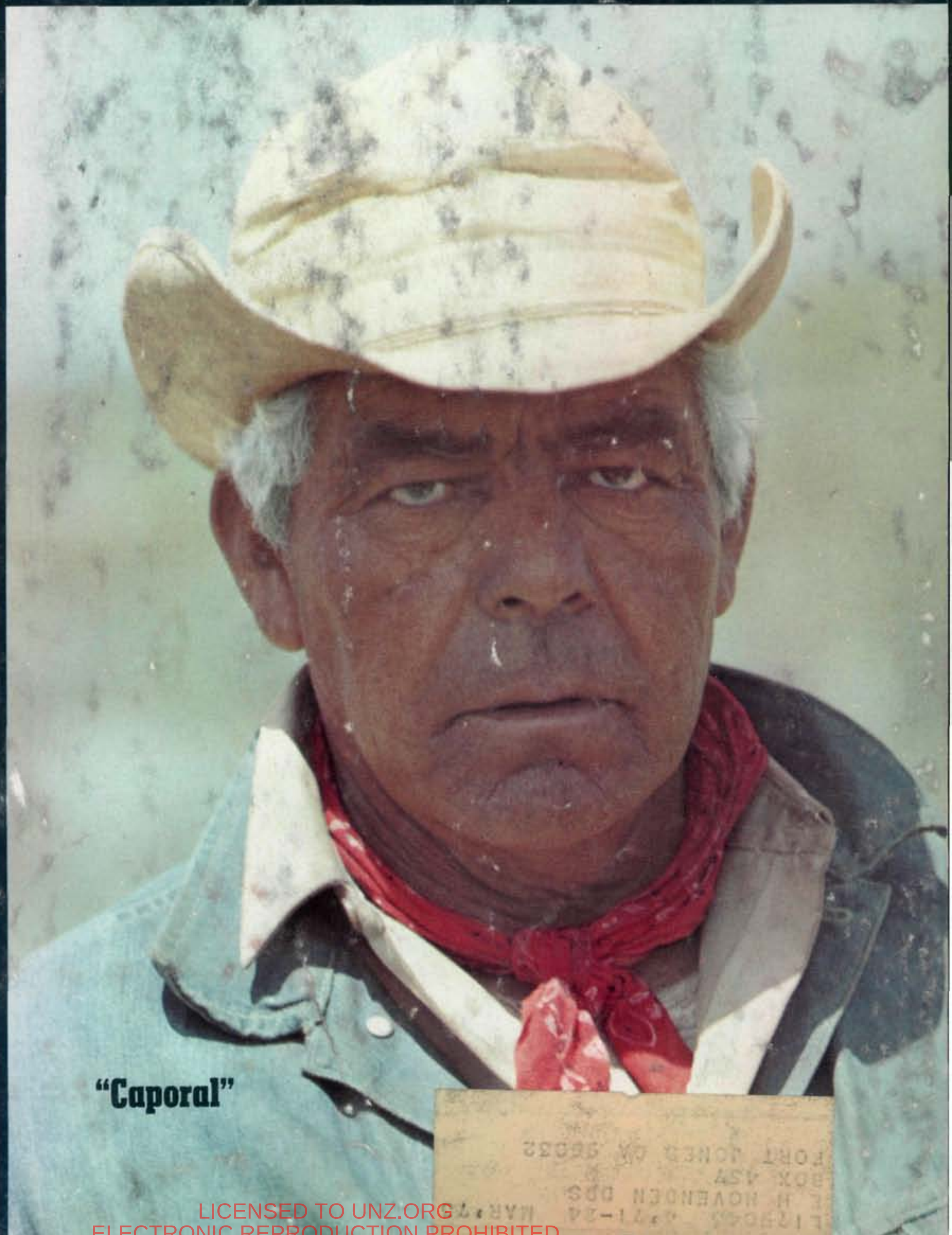
IRON MAN LLEWELLYN



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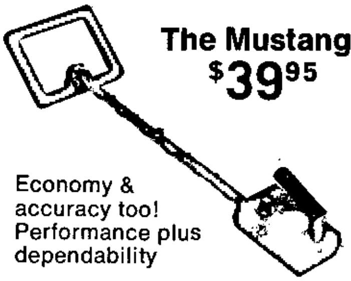

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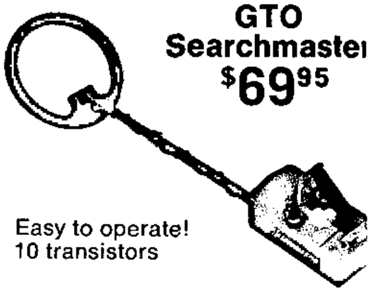

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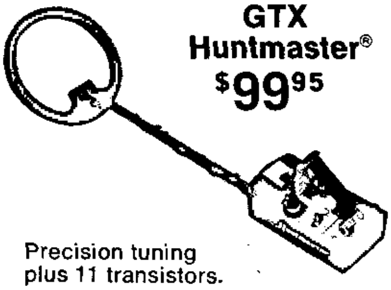

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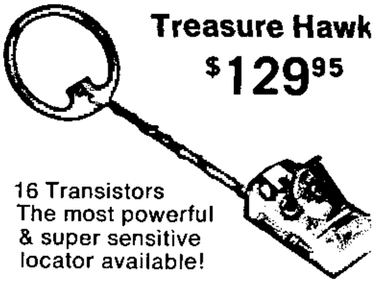

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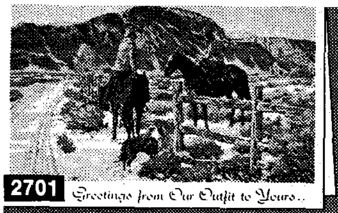
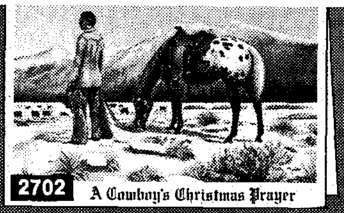

Greetings from Our Outfit to Yours..

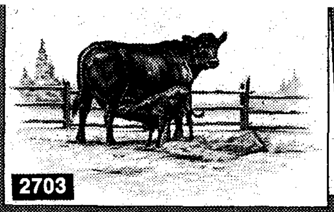
2701

Greetings from Our Outfit to Yours by **Paul alisbury** – With Best Wishes at Christmas and Happiness through all the coming Year.



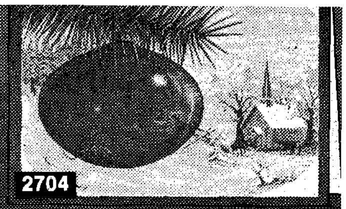
2702

A Cowboy's Christmas Prayer by ***Betty Marble*** – Famous verse by **S. Omar Barker** and short appropriate greeting.



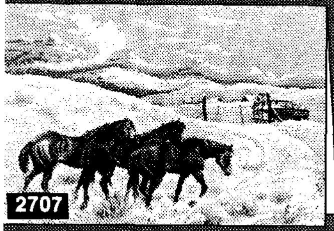
2703

A Blessed Christmas by ***Clark Bronson*** – Greetings of the Season and Best Wishes, etc.



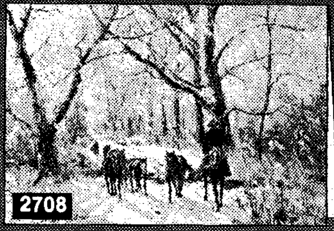
2704

The Bells Are Ringing by ***Larry Smitherman*** – Here it comes ringing clear. Merry Christmas, glad New Year.



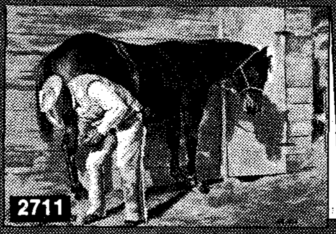
2707

Christmas Handouts by **Robert R. Lorenz** – Verse by **S. Omar Barker** beginning "When Christmas morning comes up cold . . ."



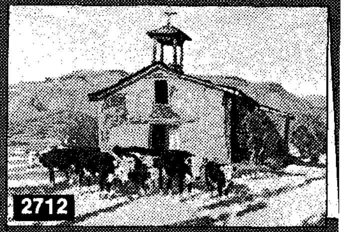
2708

Trailin' Home for Christmas by **James Emery Greer** – Wishing you a Merry Christmas, etc.



2711

New Shoes for Christmas by **Quita** – Greetings of the Season and Best Wishes for the New Year.



2712

Western Land by **Robert Lougheed** – May Happiness and Joy, etc. plus verse by **S. Omar Barker.**

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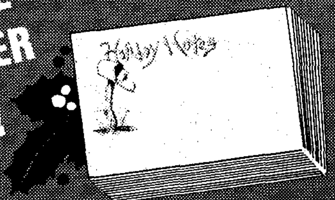

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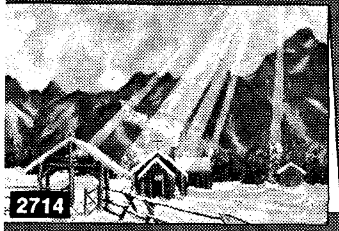
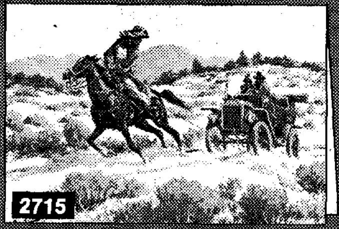


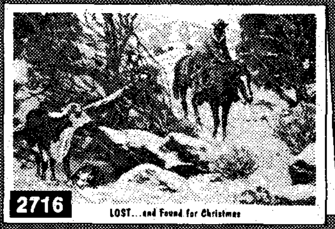
2714

Chapel of the Transfiguration by **Dan Garrett** – May you have that Peace, Hope and Love, etc.



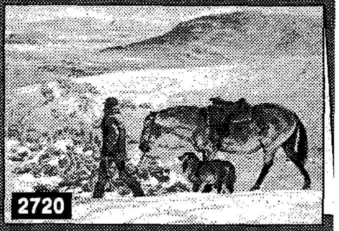
2715

Yesterday's Christmas Travel by **Fred Harman** – Season's Greetings and Best Wishes, etc.



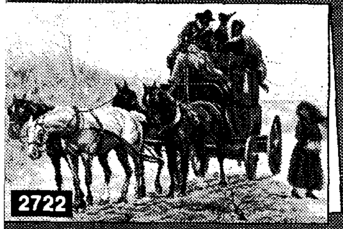
2716

Lost . . . and Found for Christmas by **Paul Salisbury** – May you have a Joyous Christmas, etc.



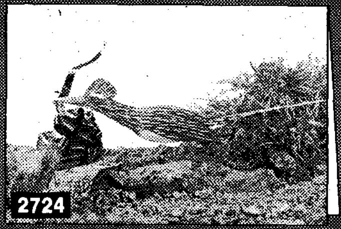
2720

Peace on Earth by **Quita** – May you have that Peace, Hope and Love which is Christmas.



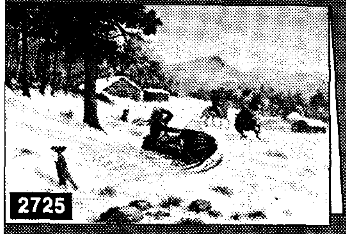
2722

Old Fashioned Christmas by **Gregory Perillo** – Wishing you all the Joys of a real Old-Fashioned Christmas, etc.



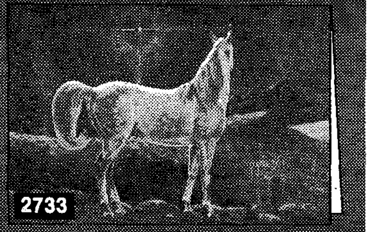
2724

Road Runner Holiday – Woodcarving by **Jack Peterson** – Season's Greetings and Best Wishes, etc.



2725

Modern Steed by **Dave Paulley** – To wish you a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.



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Star in The East by **Randy Steffen** – To wish you Peace, Joy and Happiness for Christmas and the New Year.

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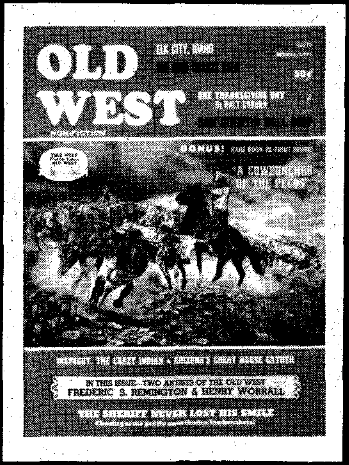

WINTER 1971 ISSUE!

- ONE THANKSGIVING DAY with Charlie Russell, Horace Brewster and Walt Coburn
- THE ROSE QUARTZ GOLD
- INEPEGUT, THE CRAZY INDIAN
- THE SHERIFF NEVER LOST HIS SMILE
- SAN QUENTIN HELL SHIP
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FRONTIER TIMES

A JOE SMALL PUBLICATION

December-January, 1972
Vol. 46, No. 1
New Series No. 75

True Stories of the West!

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"The files of TRUE WEST and FRONTIER TIMES are going to be of great historical value and should be preserved in all the libraries of the country."— Walter Prescott Webb, former President, American Historical Association.

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Cover: CAPORAL
Courtesy William D. Wittliff
From his photographic book to be entitled *Vaquero*,
Text by Dr. Joe B. Frantz; publication date Fall, 1972;
Encino Press

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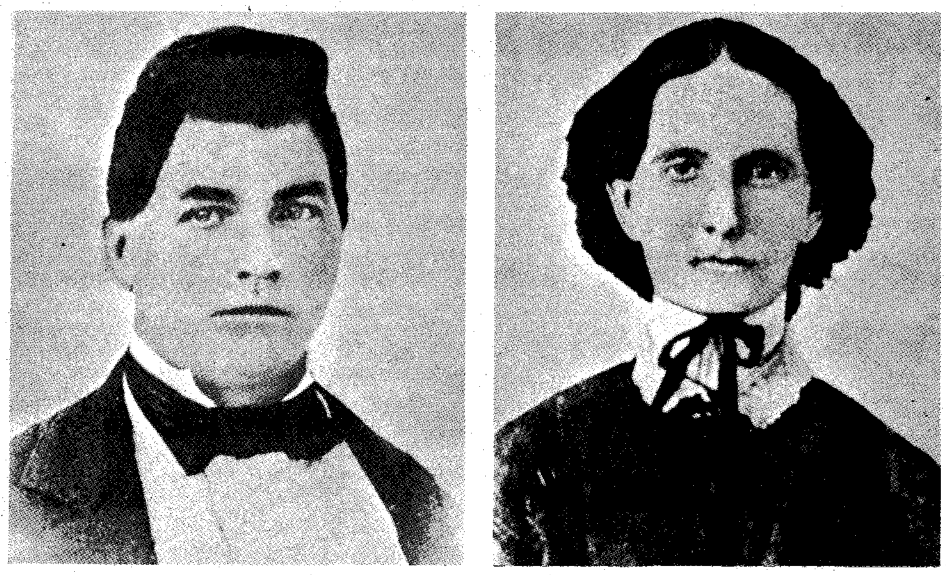

Taken from **Album of Gunfighters**

Photo Caption

The pictures on page 31 of the January 1971 FRONTIER TIMES are captioned "Louis Dalton and his wife, parents of the outlaw Dalton brothers." The identification is in error. These pictures are of my great-grandparents, Harry W. Younger and his wife Bersheba Fristoe Younger. These names have appeared as "Henry W." and "Bathsheba" but are not given as such in our family records.

Harry and Bersheba were the parents of John, Bob, Cole, and Jim Younger. I have pictures of several of Cole Younger's sisters, which of course include my Grandmother Duncan.

Adaline Dalton, Harry W. Younger's sister, was my grandmother Duncan's aunt. I do not know of any pictures of Adaline and Louis Dalton.

I think a correction of the picture identification should be made to avoid future errors in its use.—Mrs. Leva L. Thomas, 311 North 21st Street, Kansas City, Kansas 66102

Grandparents in Myrtle Point

I keep all your magazines as very often I read about my home country—Coos Bay (Marshfield), Oregon. In fact, in the March 1971 FRONTIER TIMES there is a lengthy article about the rural mail from Myrtle Point. My grandparents lived there for many years in a large house on top of the hill and it was the first place we saw when we went on the train to visit (thirty miles from Marshfield to Myrtle Point). I was home a year ago and the house is still there and, so a lady told me, sound as it ever was. Until a year ago the last time I saw the old house was in 1910 when I was married and we stayed overnight with my grandparents on our way to Roseburg over the old stage road. That was some trip!—Henrietta Ferrey Minter, 541 Medford Avenue, Hayward, California 94541

English Fan

Your history of the Old West is a very much loved subject of mine. And thanks to your wonderful magazines, I have had the privilege of sharing so many stories of a great past. Readers' letters are a joy in themselves—many of their personal accounts are as exciting as the stories published. I am trying to keep a West scrapbook. One can't buy any pictures of the West here in England. If anyone has any old used western Christmas cards they no longer have use for, I would sure appreciate having them. All will be acknowledged.—Mrs. Irene Moore, 4 Gresham Road, Neasden, London, N. W. 10, 9BY, England

Any Correspondents?

I would like to tell you how much I appreciate your fine magazines. I read every issue of TRUE WEST and FRONTIER TIMES several times and hate to throw them away when they are worn out.

I wonder if any of your readers would like to become pen pals, especially those from other countries. I am thirteen years old and like to swim, read, hunt, and ride horses. I have one horse, two dogs and four cats. Anyone who would like to become pen pals, please write.—Kathy Inselman, Route 1, Melba, Idaho 83641

Taught for $47.50 a Month

"Toughest School in the County" by Will Harris in the July 1971 FRONTIER TIMES was especially interesting to me as I had a very similar experience.

However, I think he was overpaid with his $50 per month since I received only $47.50 per month for teaching and $2.75 for janitor service! Also, my one-room school was in Indiana and the date was much later. I had a one-room brick school at Messick, Indiana (no longer a town) during 1914-15. My janitor duties included cleaning the room, keeping the large coal-burning stove going, and thawing out the pump (located outdoors) during the freezing periods. I had eighteen children in grades from kindergarten to the eighth year. I called them to class with a small hand bell after the morning, noon and recess periods.

I also had an "A" certificate which I obtained after a three-months training period at Valparaiso University, Valparaiso, Indiana where I attended after graduation from Mooreland High School, Mooreland, Indiana in the spring of 1914 at the age of eighteen. (By the way, room at the university was $15 per month and board was $45 for the three-months period at one of the halls provided by the university.)

At the end of the eight-months period, ending in June of 1915, I had saved $200 to enter the University of Indiana that fall. Part of my expenses that winter were board for my horse and storage for my buggy. Thus began my educational experiences which ended with a B.S. degree from the University of Illinois and an M.A. from Stanford University and many years of teaching in high schools and universities in California.

I have had the pleasure also of managing several ranches in California, Oregon and Nevada; therefore my interest in western history, life and various episodes. Needless to say I look forward to every issue of FRONTIER TIMES and it is read from cover to cover and retained for future reference.—Hal Davis, 159 Orville Way, Fallbrook, California 92028

Robert Neill McLaren

I just picked up my May FRONTIER TIMES and enjoyed it very much. While reading the story of Sitting Bull, "A Test of Courage," I noticed a great coincidence. In the part about the battle at the Little Missouri, page ten, middle of third column, you mention one R. N. McLaren. I have a photograph of this man and thought you might be interested in this copy and short history.

The man is Robert Neill McLaren. He was born in Geneva, New York, April 8, 1828 and died in St. Paul, July 30, 1886. He was graduated at Union College, 1851; came to Minnesota in 1857, settled in Red Wing. He was a member of the state senate 1859-1861 and took part in the suppression of the Sioux outbreak in 1862. He served the next two years on the frontier as colonel of the Second Regiment of the Minnesota Cavalry. In 1866 he was brevetted brigadier general. From 1867-72 he held the offices of

(Continued on page 68)

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WP-2—THE BEST OF TRUE WEST, edited by Joe A. Small. (317 pages, hardback) In this sampler of the West, you will find a wide variety of stories about our heritage—a colorful, exciting panorama by such gifted writers as J. Frank Dobie, Fred Gipson, Homer Croy, Curtis Bishop and Walter Prescott Webb—selected to excite, inform, and always, to entertain. Pen and Ink sketches. **Only $6.95**

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WP-6—THE HOUSTON STORY, by Ed Bartholomew. (240 pages, softbound) A chronicle of the City of Houston and the Texas frontier from the Battle of San Jacinto to the War Between the States, 1836-1865. (Second printing Sept. 1951) **Only $2.50**

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HELL on

By OSCAR CAUDILL
As told to EVE BALL

Illustrated by Paul Hudgins

I agree with Bladen Ramsey. Henry Coleman was *muy hombre.*

Bladen Ramsey had known and liked Henry Coleman fifty years before his friend found it necessary to use an assumed name. Coleman was from one of the best families in West Texas and everybody liked him. He was dashing and handsome without being arrogant. When one of Ramsey's best mounts disappeared it never occurred to him to connect its absence with Coleman. For two or three weeks after he missed the horse Ramsey did not know that Henry had "lit a shuck." Whether or not he took it Ramsey did not know, but said that he hoped that was the case for there was no one who he'd rather have had it.

Regardless of whether Coleman was guilty of rustling (the worst crime known to Texas at that time), Bladen Ramsey's description of his old friend as he was in 1908 has been corroborated by several who knew Coleman. Ramsey, of course, knew his real name but refused to give it. Almost identical accounts exist of the beginning of Coleman's activities. News of a daring attempt to help Coleman escape from the jail in Juarez convinced Ramsey of the identity of the nameless prisoner. He was next heard of about Deming, New Mexico, where he was regarded as a lone wolf. His forays into Mexico for cattle were so successful that at times several men asked to join his excursions and at times he permitted one or more to accompany him.

Inspired by Coleman's success in bringing cattle across the border, a rival attempted to duplicate his performance. Henry Coleman provided his men with Apache clothing and lay in ambush to await the return of the prodigals. When they saw what they thought to be Apaches, they fled and left their plunder to the sham Indians.

Later Coleman was reportedly operating about Hillsboro. When he became the quarry of law officers he looked about for a permanent field of operations. Catron County was, and still is, an excellent terrain for those who wish to be inconspicuous, and he transferred his operations to it. He had become a legendary character in western New Mexico and, as with all such persons, it is difficult to distinguish between fact and fiction where stories about them are concerned. One thing is certain—nobody was indifferent to Henry Coleman. He made

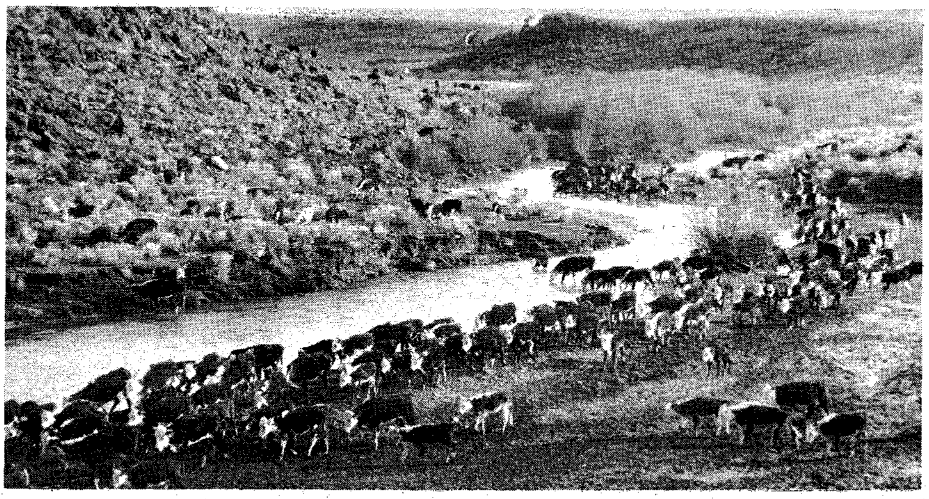


Photo by Lee Orr

"Watering time"

"His charm of manner seemed sufficient to bind men to him and insure their loyalty. No man who can do that should be underestimated."

the LARGO

good friends or bitter enemies. Even the latter admitted his charm of manner, his air of superiority which strangely was not offensive, his courtesy, and his striking appearance. His gracious manner, that in less favored men ordinarily creates resentment, seemed in Coleman's case to enhance his attraction. He was welcome in all homes, and was universally admired. He drank moderately but nobody ever saw him the worse for liquor.

He had been employed as a cowboy several months before he married. Mrs. Coleman was tall, dark, thin, and almost as capable in handling cattle as was her husband. The community suspected that she may have had either Indian or Spanish blood. She was industrious, thrifty, and efficient; and the local people's verdict was that Henry Coleman was fortunate in his marriage.

The Colemans settled in a cow camp near Salt Lake, the sacred well of the Zunis. Indians of several tribes frequented the place to secure supplies of salt, and Coleman's treatment of them won their friendship. They were as responsive to hospitality and courtesy as were the Anglos. Mrs. Coleman shared their friendship just as she did those of the neighboring ranchers. She became popular because of her love of animals and especially of two small dogs which she trained to ride behind her saddle.

Coleman had a small herd of cattle and was acknowledged to be a shrewd trader. When he bought and sold, it was invariably for a profit. To supplement their income he worked as a cowhand for the Nations of the Half-Circle N, the largest ranch in the area. In a remarkably short time he became manager of it.

In 1914 Coleman and Walter J. Hutchinson filed an application for water rights on the Largo. They built a dam which was washed out by a flood. Hutchinson faded from the scene and Cliff Jenkins, presumably an old *compadre*, joined Coleman for awhile. He was replaced by a Mr. Jewell who in turn yielded to Sam Foster. The last named was the antithesis of Coleman in appearance. He was quiet and inconspicuous, but known to be fiercely loyal to Coleman.

It was frankly admitted that some rustling had always occurred in that country, and especially after the influx of the Anglos. Prior to their coming, the people of Spanish blood had lived in small villages for protection against the Apaches. While they sometimes lost a few calves, the loss was not so great as to occasion much concern. When the Anglos came in, the practice increased but there still was not much more rustling than was usual in a cow country. So long as the losses were not great, little was done about them. It was understood that nobody could survive in that area by attempting to farm; consequently those who stayed acquired a little bunch of cattle, and ordinarily by honest means. Those who could qualify as cowhands took part of their wages in heifers and they had the natural increase to augment those they bought.

Lyo Lee, when just a boy, came to join his uncle, Frank Lee, who owned a small ranch twenty-five miles north of Quemado. Frank Lee talked little and advised his nephew to follow his example. He attempted to impress upon Lyo respect for the social customs of their Spanish-American neighbors so that Lyo might conform to their rigid standards of courtesy. So long as an Anglo did that he had good neighbors.

Lyo, who did not come until after the death of Henry Coleman, was employed by the Nations. He noticed that in the bunkhouse the men spoke with admiration of their former foreman but that they replied to no questions concerning him. Frank Lee told the boy that when Coleman first came to the Largo it was suspected that he was on the dodge, but since people suspected everyone of that, little was said about it until there came the realization that there was a great increase in the number of calves which

Courtesy Eve Ball

The author and his sons.

disappeared. It was the custom to ear mark them when they were small but to delay branding them until the roundup Coleman, people thought, must have brought a big sum of money with him because he bought not only cattle but 400 acres of good land on the Largo southwest of my ranch. He built a good house on it. The structure had a chimney in the center with fireplaces opening into three rooms. Except for the cookstove the kitchen was unheated, but that sufficed for comfort. Bedrooms with fires were a luxury. Coleman had a "dug" well, too. Though his ranch was small it was an excellent one. And he was known to have very good cattle and horses.

Mrs. Coleman lived at the ranch but Henry stayed at the headquarters of the Nations ranch, thirty miles or so away. Capable though she was she could not do all of the work. She employed a Spanish-American to help work the cattle. It was thought that she permitted him to graze a few of his own cattle on her range as part pay for his work. There was no bunkhouse, and, when she hired another hand, Don Oliver, the severity of the winter caused her to permit her employes to occupy one of the bedrooms in the house. That was no basis for criticism for it was the custom to allow any stranger who asked for shelter to sleep in the house. The only alternative was the shelter of a bedroll, outside.

THE Coleman ranch was upriver from mine and when Mrs. Coleman or one of the hands went to town for supplies we were aware of it for the only road ran within a few feet of our door. Ordinarily Mrs. Coleman made the trip to Quemado with a team of small, swift mules hitched to a buckboard. She brought mail for us and for others, and occasionally in an emergency would haul out some chuck for us.

My brother lived miles from the Largo. Because both Fred and I are dark many people presume we are Spanish-Americans, and in one sense they are right because our grandfather migrated from Spain to North Carolina; from there our father drifted west. Even before we went to work for the XIT, our name, which is Caudillo, had been Anglicized to Caudill; and it was not infrequently spelled Cordle or Cordell.

Hazel, like nearly every ranch woman at that time, was expert in working cattle. My wife enjoyed riding and roping more than she did working in the house, and she helped cut and haul logs to build our house just as efficiently as she worked cattle.

We got a permit from the forest service to cut logs, and in order to reach the trees had to cross Mrs. Coleman's land. When we occasionally met her on the range she was friendly but in a rather formal way. Hazel had told me that she thought Mrs. Coleman was sad and wondered if her husband's absence from home was the cause. I warned her that it is unwise to speculate concerning the domestic problems of others, and she agreed. Though I did not tell her, I knew that Henry Colman resented me and might disapprove if his wife were friendly with us. He was buying and selling cattle, and possibly regarded me as a competitor. But I had been engaged in that before he came and saw no reason why I should discontinue it.

When Hazel came to me with gossip as to Mrs. Coleman's permitting the cowhands to occupy a room in the house I reminded her of the unwritten law of the West that nobody was refused admission to any house even though the man of the house was absent. Mrs. Coleman had no bunkhouse, and there was nothing else she could do. Moreover, when a man accepted the hospitality of a home he automatically accepted the responsibility of becoming protector of that house and I had never known of any infringement of that requirement.

Beyond the Coleman ranch lay that of a man named Bourbonnaise, formerly a Canadian Mountie. His name was commonly both misspelled and mispronounced. Even on legal papers it appeared both as Burbonde and Borboney. A half-mile or so from his house was that of his daughter, Isabel, and her husband, Guyon. The young man was obviously not an efficient cowhand.

The two had a few cattle and Bourbonnaise tried to buy some of Mrs. Coleman's land. It was legally hers because her husband had given her a deed to it. That was such an unusual procedure at that time, it caused much speculation. It was argued that Coleman either cared very deeply for his wife, or that he might have a sinister reason for putting his property in her name. I had long known of this rumor before Hazel told me of it, and I reminded her that if this were true it was Coleman's business, and nobody else's.

One day Mrs. Coleman stopped at our gate with mail. Unexpectedly, she told Hazel of some of her problems. Bourbonnaise, she said, had cut her fence so that he could drive cattle across her land to water. Had he asked her permission she would have given it, but she resented his highhanded methods. And Henry—well, Henry had tried her patience, too. Didn't she stay at home all the time and do the work? Weren't the cattle hers? Hadn't Henry brought the Flower Pot calves to her Diamond Ring cattle so that the mother cows could raise them? She stopped suddenly, Hazel said, as though she had said more than she intended. Then she cracked the whip and took off.

RUMORS were afloat about Coleman's having come home late at night with horses belonging to some Navajos. Because he was tired he threw them in the corral and left them. Before daylight four Navajos arrived, looked over the trap, and recognized some of the horses as belonging to them. According to Foster, who was boasting of Coleman's prowess as a fighter, the Navajos went to the house and demanded their stock. Henry asked Mrs. Coleman to cook breakfast for them and to provide an ample one. He invited the Indians in to eat and as soon as he got them around the table Mrs. Coleman left, with Henry taking her place at the stove. He fed his guests plate after plate of hot cakes and kept them in the house as long as he could.

When he led the way to the corral it contained nothing but horses, each of which bore his brand. The Navajos thought they knew why Mrs. Coleman had disappeared, and they were angry. She had prepared for that contingency by putting both Henry's and her ropes in the tank. Henry picked up a wet one and knocked the first assailant down. When he'd laid out the others the Navajos left. The story may not be true but it is typical of the amazing feats attributed to Coleman.

It was this sort of thing that caused his enemies to respect him. And Henry Coleman was said to be as efficient with a gun as with a rope. Nobody, it was said, could beat him to the draw. Just how anyone knew this is uncertain, for in that country there were many men who were known to be fast draws.

Coleman went to Magdalena on business for the Nations, and on his way stopped at Quemado. He told several people of his destination and several of them saw him ride east out of Quemado.

In the absence of the older of the Spanish-Americans employed by Clara Coleman, Epifanio Baca and another of his people went to the Coleman ranch on business. The ground was covered with snow and Baca noticed tracks in it, the bloody tracks of a dog. When he started up the steps he found that the door was open. He entered the living room and found the lifeless bodies of Mrs. Coleman and Don Oliver on the floor. Each had fallen toward the open fire, and each body showed burns.

In terror the men rode to inform neighbors of the tragedy and to report it to the officers. A horseman went to Quemado and learned that Henry Coleman had gone to Magdalena. A telephone call enabled officers to find Coleman and inform him of his wife's death.

Because there was nobody but the neighbors to prepare a body for burial, they, including Hazel and me, performed that service. We wrapped each in a blanket, placed them in Don Oliver's pickup, and hauled them to town.

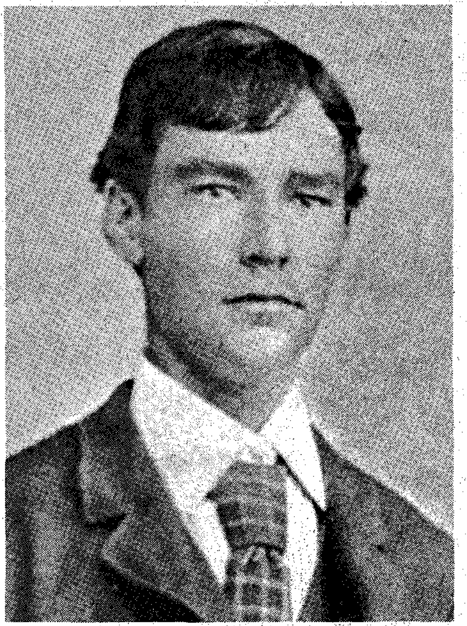
Henry Coleman arrived and arranged for the burial of his wife in the Catholic cemetery near the church. Don Oliver's body was taken to Magdalena for interment. It was noticed that though Coleman's grief seemed real it was well under control. A deep snow made it difficult for the people who attended the services to accompany the casket to the grave, and it was characteristically Henry Coleman who removed his overshoes and gave them to a Mexican woman who wished to go.

THEN came ugly rumors: Henry Coleman had returned to the ranch, entered his home without knocking, and had been so enraged at what he found that he shot first Oliver and then his wife. Investigation proved that both the time element and the positive identification of Coleman in Magdalena made that theory impossible.

There were others who insisted that if Coleman had not killed his wife he must have hired someone to fire the fatal shots, and that Foster's blind loyalty to him might have influenced him to have been the killer.

There were others who reasoned that Mrs. Coleman's differences with Bourbonnaise, slight though they seemed to be, might have precipitated the killing.

The deaths occurred on the evening of December 11, 1918, and before the end of the week Oliver's brother, convinced that Bourbonnaise was guilty of the crime, filed a complaint against him. Though we knew nothing about it at the time, Ben Oliver also included me and my brother, Fred, in the charge.



Courtesy Collections in the Museum of New Mexico

Elfego Baca as a young man.

I had no hint as to any suspicion of me or Fred until shortly before the funeral. In a terrible blizzard, about daybreak, there came a pounding on my door. When I opened it there stood Ben Oliver, Hugh Neighbors, and Foster. I invited them into the house.

"We have a warrant for your arrest," said Foster.

"What for?" I asked.

"To be a witness at Quemado," was the reply.

"You're joking. Let me see the warrant."

"We're dead serious. Come with us."

"I thought that subpoenas are used for securing witnesses, and warrants for arrests."

"This is a warrant. Come on!"

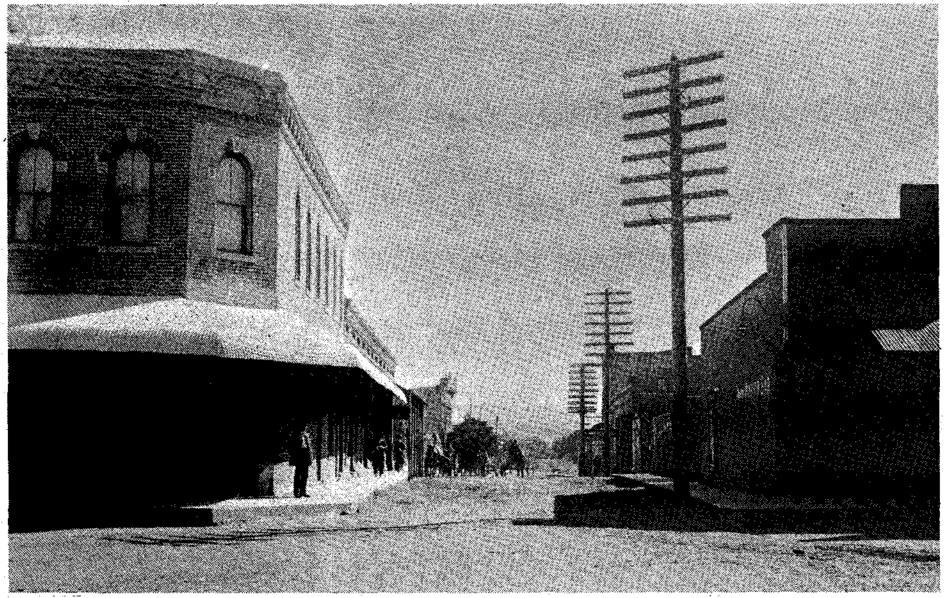
"What are the charges?" I asked.

"You'll find out soon enough," said Oliver.

Hazel had dressed and put coffee on the stove. While I got my clothes on she insisted on going with me, but the men said there was no room for her in the car. I asked if they wouldn't come in and drink a cup of coffee but they said that Bourbonnaise and Felipe Padillo had gone on ahead and they did not have time. They acted so strangely that I was alarmed. I told them I wanted to be searched before we started and that I was unarmed. I told them that I wanted to take no chances of foul play. They refused to search me.

Foster had gunny sacks wrapped around his feet and legs. The others wore overshoes. I went back for mine. There was a Winchester buckled on the back of the front seat but before they started they took it out and put it in front. Foster motioned to me to get into

(Continued on page 40)



Courtesy Collections in the Museum of New Mexico

Looking east on Main Street, Socorro, New Mexico around 1915.

WARRIOR'S GOLD

ested interest in the wealth of the Choctaw Nation!

The rider was headless, and his hickory shirt appeared to be splattered with fresh blood.

This apparition was part of an account connected with the treasure which Barnett had never credited until that moment. The Choctaw Indians were a very superstitious people and he was only a quarter-blood. Despite his earlier doubts he could see the horse and headless rider very plainly. The clatter of hoofs were the most definite.

According to legend, sighting the headless rider was an omen of death to whoever molested the cache.

Barnett emerged from the low peaked mountains that crisp October night in 1893 badly rattled. He continued to Tuskahoma (then called Tushka Houma, meaning "red warrior" for the alleged ghost), the old capital of the Choctaw Nation.

Barnett had been following a golden gleam, the trace of U. S. minted coins buried so long before. The treasure had come from a treaty with the United States executed in the 1850s. By its terms the federal government agreed to pay the Choctaws $2,981,247.30 for lands seized in the unallotted district of the Indian Territory belonging to both the Choctaw and Chickasaw Nations. Of this sum only $250,000 was paid in gold. The balance was reserved in bonds payable in the future, and were seized during the Civil War when the Choctaw Nation joined the Confederacy.

At that time the Nation had built a main council house near the Skullyville Agency. The corrupted name in Choctaw means "money house" because the treaty annuities and the $250,000 in gold had been paid them there. It was an early capital of the Choctaw Nation.

Only a few thousand dollars of this money had been paid out to schools and needy families. This was done at the council house, where later a four-story brick building was erected near the Potato Hills about one mile south of present-day Tuskahoma. When the Civil War erupted, many army forts were hurriedly abandoned. The Choctaws were told that Union Army troops were en route to seize their country. One column was reported to be headed south from Kansas and a second westward from Arkansas.

Very much alarmed that the Nation's monies would fall into enemy hands the remaining gold, a little more than $200,000 together with a small amount of other funds never tabulated, was buried across the Kiamichi River in the mountains for safekeeping.

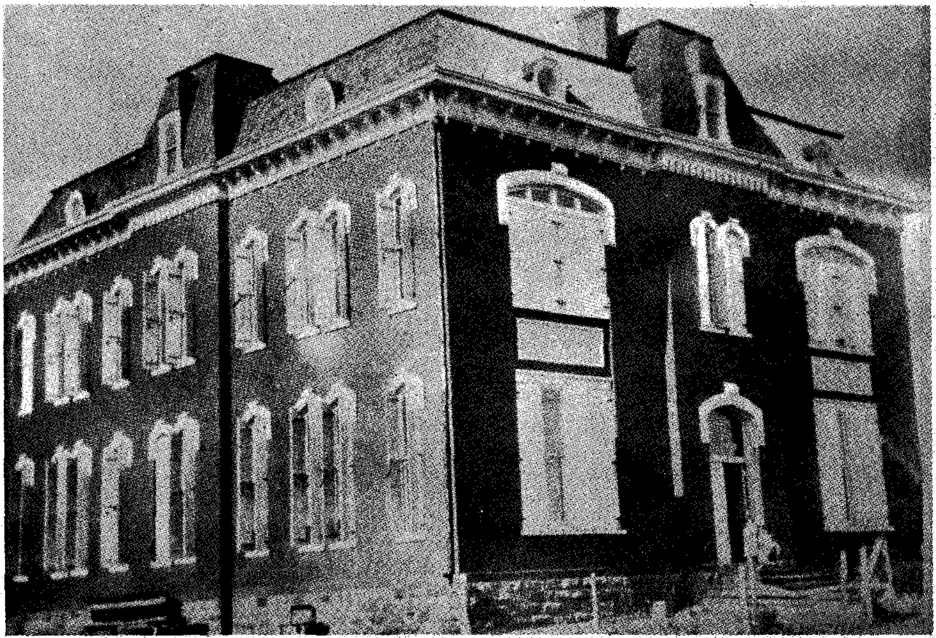
Principal Chief George Hudson ordered this done but did not himself personally superintend the operation. He sent twelve trusted Choctaw Nation officials to secure the gold in a small cave. One of them was Escar Colbert, who was related by marriage to the famous chief of the Chickasaws, Winchester Colbert.

Nine of those who secreted the gold were killed early in the war while fighting with Confederate forces. Two others died at the battle of Pea Ridge, Arkansas, in March 1862. This left only Colbert who knew where the Choctaw Nation funds were hidden.

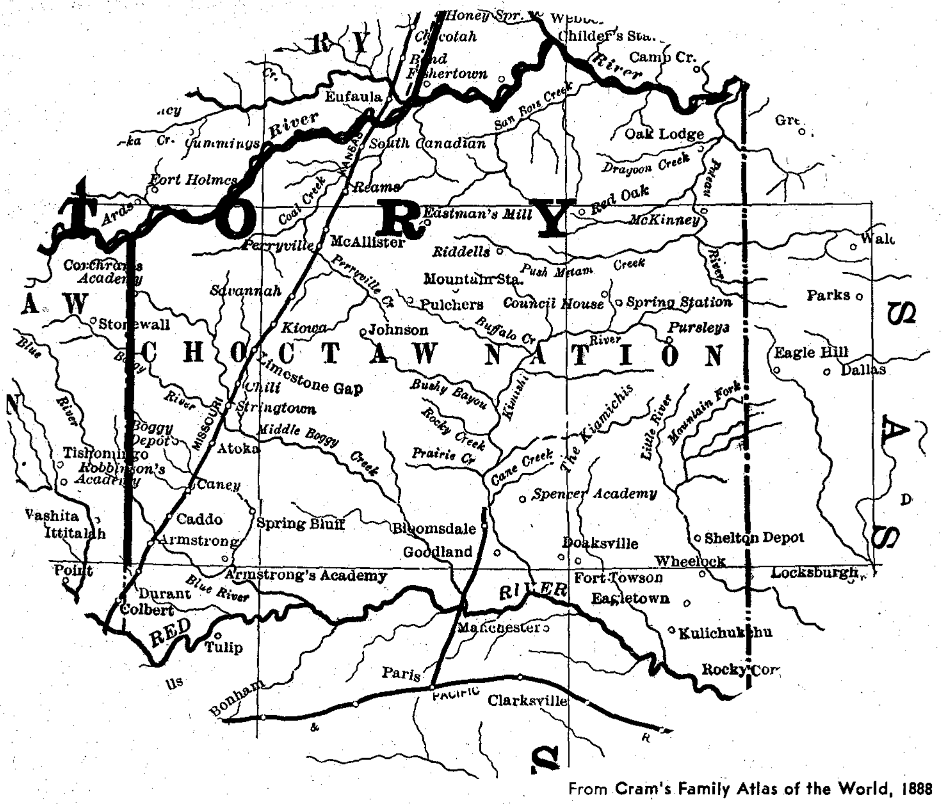
When the gold was buried, a map of the location had been made with specific

Principal Chief of the Choctaw Nation, George Hudson, ordered the gold coin buried for security.

Allen Wright, Principal Choctaw Chief after the Civil War, offered a percentage of the gold to whoever could find it.



At left, the smoky Kiamichi Mountains of Oklahoma. Right is the capital of the Choctaw Nation in the Potato Hills.



Honey Spr.
Checotah
Bond
Fishertown
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Cummings
River
South Canadian
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Oak Lodge
Dragoon Creek
Camp Cr.
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Fort Holmes
Reams
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McAllister
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Cochran's Academy
Savannah
Pulchers
Council House
Spring Station
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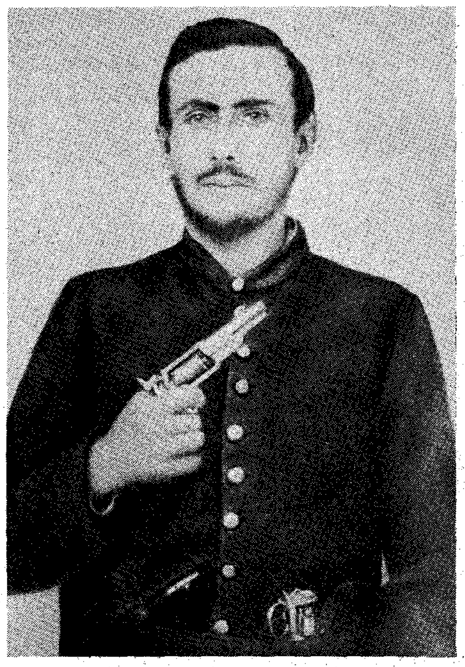
Stonewall
Kiowa
Johnson
Buffalo Cr.
Pursleys
C H O C T A W N A T I O N
T E R R I T O R Y
Limestone Gap
Chili
Stringtown
Middle Boggy
Boggy Depot
Atoka
Bushy Bayou
Rocky Creek
Prairie Cr.
Kiamichi
The Kiamichi
Little River
Mountain Fork
Eagle Hill
Dallas
Tishomingo
Robbinson's Academy
Caney
Cane Creek
Spencer Academy
Washita
Ittitaiah
Caddo
Armstrong
Spring Bluff
Bloomsdale
Goodland
Doaksville
Shelton Depot
Wheelock
Locksburgh
Point
Armstrong's Academy
Durant
Blue River
Colbert
Fort Towson
Eagletown
RED RIVER
Tulip
Manchester
Kulichukchu
Rocky Cor.
Paris
Bonham
Pacific
Clarksville

From Cram's Family Atlas of the World, 1888

Above, 1888 map showing Choctaw Nation and location of the Kiamichi Mountains.

directions. This map had been deposited in the council archives, which in turn had been put in what was believed to be a safe place; but during several forced moves of the nation's headquarters most of the records were lost or destroyed.

COLBERT did not return home from the war until the summer of 1866. Badly crippled from wounds and almost helpless, he gave the Nation officials directions to the cave to the best of his recollection but they always failed to find the cache of gold.



James Calhoun Meador, Choctaw, in Confederate Army uniform, who searched unsuccessfully for the golden treasure.

No all-out effort was made because the Choctaws were embroiled in a number of financial battles with the United States, principally concerning railroad rights-of-way and mineral and timber rights. Although by treaty the railroads were supposed to pay for coal and timber, the Choctaws received almost nothing from railroads crossing their country.

In the fall of 1867 Colbert had regained some of his strength. He could walk a little and ride a horse easily. On orders of Principal Chief Allen Wright he set out with three other Choctaws to attempt recovering the gold of which his people were in sore need.

A band of outlaws, former Missouri guerrillas, were already in the Kiamichi Mountains searching for the treasure. In some way they had learned about it, very fragmentary details, and had come to the low, timbered mountains which had been a former hideout. Their presence was unknown when Colbert led his party into the famous mountains strung out like a necklace from southwest to northeast.

On entering, the Choctaws camped somewhere near the headwaters of Cucumber Creek, or on some small tributary running into it. These mountains are cut by many clear, swift streams which empty into the Kiamichi River on the north and others around the perimeter.

This first camp location of the Colbert party is very indefinite. In any event, the following day with all afoot except Colbert who was riding a horse, the party proceeded up a mountain slope following his direction. An all-day search proved unsuccessful. After returning to camp, Colbert spent most of the night trying to recall exactly what he and the others had done while cacheing the gold. He arrived at the conclusion that he and his companions were too far north.

In the morning the party packed up and moved steadily south while Colbert studied the mountains. Near sundown on the second day he decided that a certain peak, more sharply indented against the sky than the others, must contain the cave where the gold was buried. Camp was pitched at its base.

After supper, the others—anxious to get home—suggested that since he was certain this time, he show them the cave. They would retrieve the gold during the night and pack out in the morning.

Accordingly, they ascended the slope, carrying a couple of shovels and bundles of long pitch pine splints. Colbert, riding because he had to, led them directly to the low mouth of a shallow cave. The torches of pitch pine were lighted and, entering, the Choctaws began digging.

It was soon apparent that the floor of the cave, covered with guano and fine dust, had never been disturbed by man. It wasn't the one in which the gold was buried.

"But the real cave is surely on this peak," said Colbert. "We will find it tomorrow after daylight. This time I am certain because this cave is less than a quarter mile from the other."

He believed so because at the time the gold was buried this cave had been inspected first and found to be inhabited by hordes of bats. They blackened the sky flying out. It was decided to go on around the peak to another cave.

"This was written in the directions on the map," Colbert informed his companions. "We are on the right track."

It was near midnight. The party agreed to return to the camp and started descending the slope. They were carrying the shovels and several canvas bags in which the gold would have been brought out. In the darkness the sacks probably appeared to contain something. At least to the watching outlaws who had kept careful surveillance of the four Choctaws, they represented quick wealth.

HUMAN LIFE was nothing to this bunch who had participated in Quantrill's bloody Lawrence, Kansas raid in 1863. From ambush they opened a deadly fire. Those afoot fell in their tracks. The outlaw nearest Colbert, who until then had not fired a shot, let go both barrels of a shotgun loaded with slugs. According to the outlaw's account two days later, Colbert's head was blown from his body by the blast. Still in the saddle, the dead man and his horse vanished into the timber.

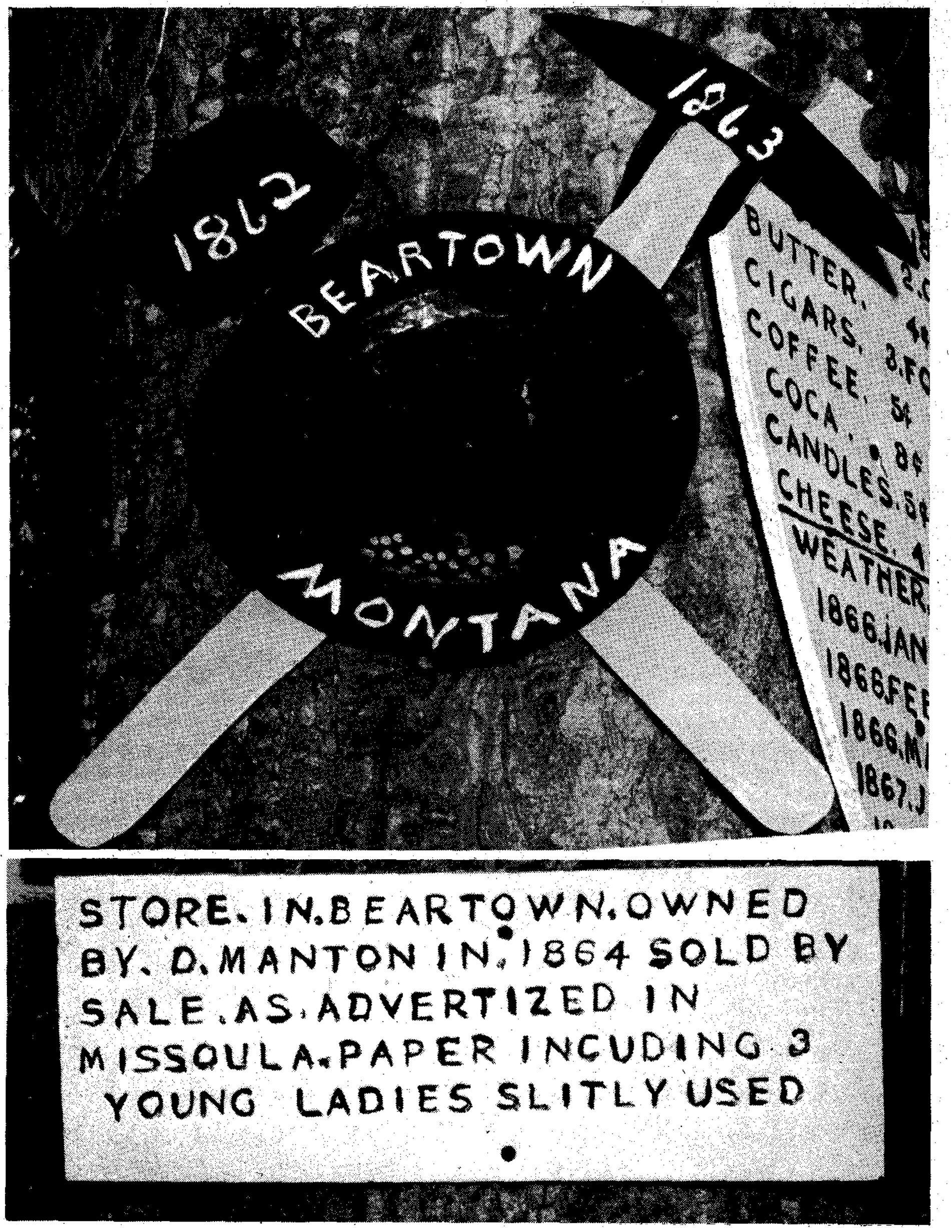
After examining the bodies and the empty sacks, the outlaws departed for their hidden camp, very unhappy over the unprofitable bushwhack.

As they neared their camp in the

(Continued on page 52)

By DON MILLER

Photos Courtesy Author



STORE. IN.BEARTOWN.OWNED BY. D.MANTON IN. 1864 SOLD BY SALE.AS.ADVERTIZED IN MISSOULA.PAPER INCUDING 3 YOUNG LADIES SLITLY USED

Signs posted at site of Beartown, Montana

BEARTOWN'S "GUARDIANS OF PUBLIC MORALITY"

This was a pure case of featherbedding—there weren't any morals to guard!

BEARTOWN, Montana equaled or surpassed Henry Plummer's Virginia City and Butte as a feisty mining camp where a man sometimes, even with courage and skill in the art and science of survival, didn't make it.

It was the home of the "Beartown Roughs" who roamed far and near, brutally terrorizing, stealing and killing. The jail, a converted powder storage vault, was frequently overflowing. On occasion, prisoners would be taken to nearby Deer Lodge. Those who didn't escape en route were pleased to be transferred to what was known as the most "unretentive" jail in the nation; it never held a prisoner long enough to bring him to justice. (Ironically, Deer Lodge is the location of the Montana State Prison.)

Beartown, trading center for about 5,000 miners, was built along narrow Bear Gulch. However, a place thought to be suitable for a graveyard did exist; there was a slope above the creek which ran through town. The slope was terraced with stones, so heavy rains and mudslides weren't expected to wash bodies down the hill. Bodies did wash down the hill, however; the cemetery never grew beyond seven. All others were taken to Deer Lodge for more suitable interment.

One candidate for the Deer Lodge cemetery had a rather eventful trip. It was the winter of 1870, when Mike "Micky" Finn died. Micky's mining partner had promised the Irishman he would be taken to consecrated burying grounds at Deer Lodge. A large group of mourners set out with Micky's corpse wrapped in a blanket thrown over an Arapaho

(Continued on page 55)

In 1872 a man on the Kansas prairies who could keep his hair and his full set of teeth during a visit to Dodge had done a good job of...

WISING UP IN THE WEST

By
JOHN MORGAN COTTON

Submitted by
JEAN WILLIAMS

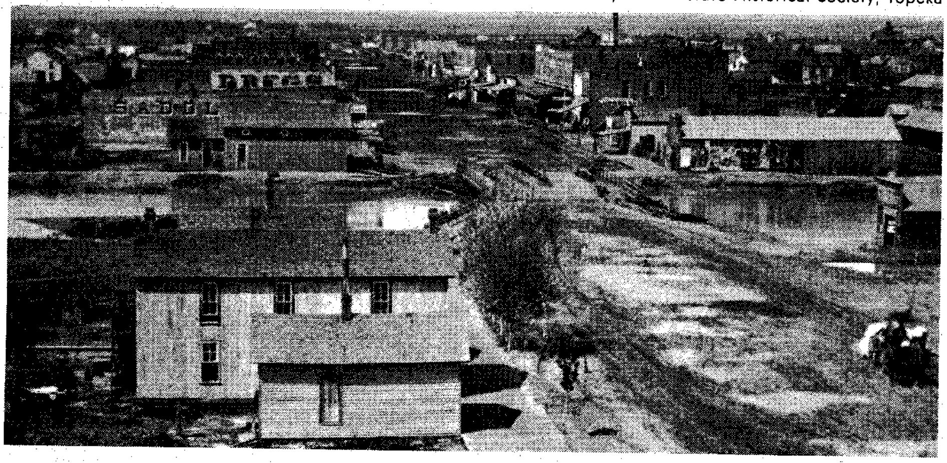
Photos Courtesy Jean Williams

In 1917 John Morgan Cotton of Ainsworth, Nebraska wrote "A Boy's Adventures in the Wild West" in hopes his children Sarah Margaret and Remy John Cotton would be entertained by the "experiences of Papa" when he was a boy. Permission has been secured from Mr. Cotton's daughter, Mrs. Margaret Cotton Walker, to publish this entertaining bit of Western Americana written forty-five years after her father helped to survey land in Kansas for the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe Railroad.

John Morgan Cotton was born in Indiana in 1854. His family moved to Iowa two years later. He remained in Iowa until he went to visit his brother in Kansas in 1872. After his stint as a surveyor, Mr. Cotton taught school for several years in Iowa, Nebraska, and Kansas. He studied law, was admitted to the bar in Nebraska, and practiced for a time before printer's ink stuck to his fingers and turned him toward a newspaper career. He served as editor and correspondent for numerous Kansas and Nebraska newspapers before he moved to Ainsworth, Nebraska in 1905 and edited the Ainsworth *Star-Journal* until 1912 when he was elected county attorney of Brown County. After three terms Mr. Cotton resumed private practice. He died in Ainsworth in 1925.—Jean Williams.

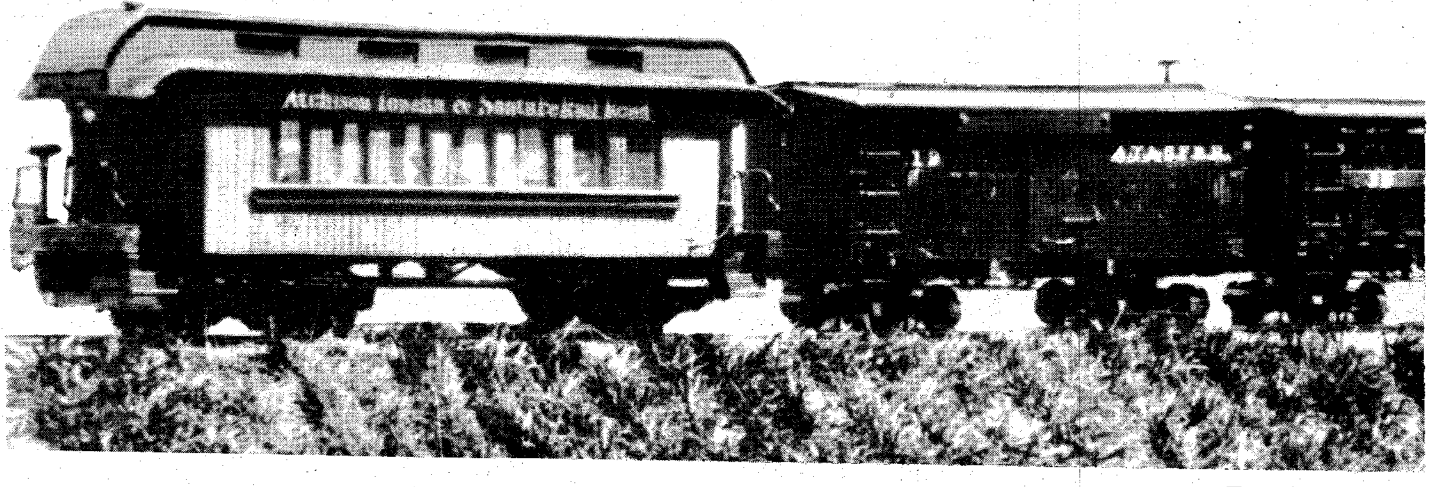
Hutchinson, Kansas as it looked in 1879.

Courtesy Kansas State Historical Society, Topeka



I was seventeen the November before this adventure began in May 1872. It was then I started out as at topographical engineer in the employ of the Santa Fe Railway bound for the then wild and woolly west.

I had just finished my sophomore year in the Iowa State College at Ames and



had arrived at my brother James' home in Williamstown, Kansas when a neighbor came in and wanted to engage me for this service. I was glad of the opportunity and the offer as I had wanted to see the West but had never had an opportunity to do so.

There were just two things to settle and then we would be ready to go—could I do the work and what pay would I get? The work was explained to me and then this neighbor took me out into the country and I tried my hand under his directions.

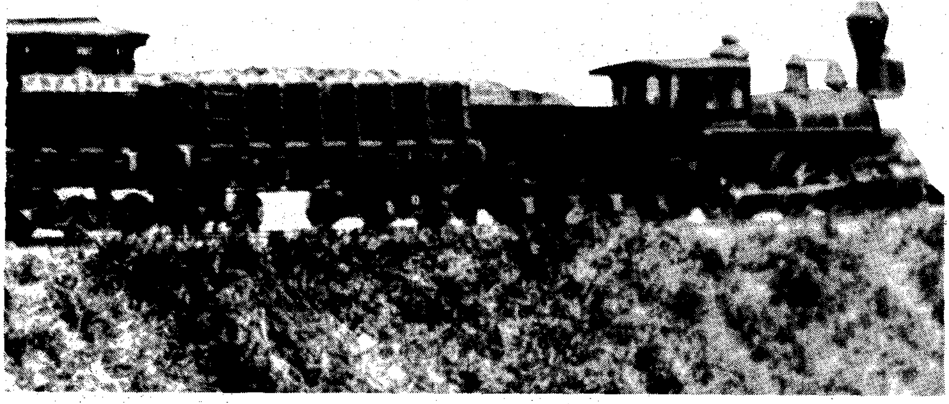
He was at least satisfied with my work and told me that we would be among Indians and bad white men and that there was some considerable danger attached to the work, but if I would go he was authorized to pay me One Hundred and Fifty Dollars a month and my expenses. My hat bounded off my head and my hair stood up all over at such an offer and I practically fell down and worshiped, so pleased was I.

We were to start in a couple of days. I had to buy a couple of riding horses, which I did that day, of my brother, and on time. I rode from Williamstown to Topeka—riding one horse and leading another. At Topeka we settled down in the Fifth Avenue Hotel to study our work and to further outfit for the trip and the summer.

Our outfit consisted of two horses each that we had brought with us, two pairs of heavy woolen blankets, a rain coat, a "Poncho" or rubber blanket to spread down at night under our beds if the ground was dry; two big Colt's .42 calibre revolvers, with plenty of cartridges; a good stock of quinine, compound carthartics, Jamaica Ginger, and other medicines including a liberal supply of "Snake Bite Medicine." We were told that rattlesnakes were very plentiful out west as well as centipedes, horned toads and tarantulas, and that we should go prepared for any emergency. Snake Bite Medicine, as you may know, was nothing but whiskey. That was all.

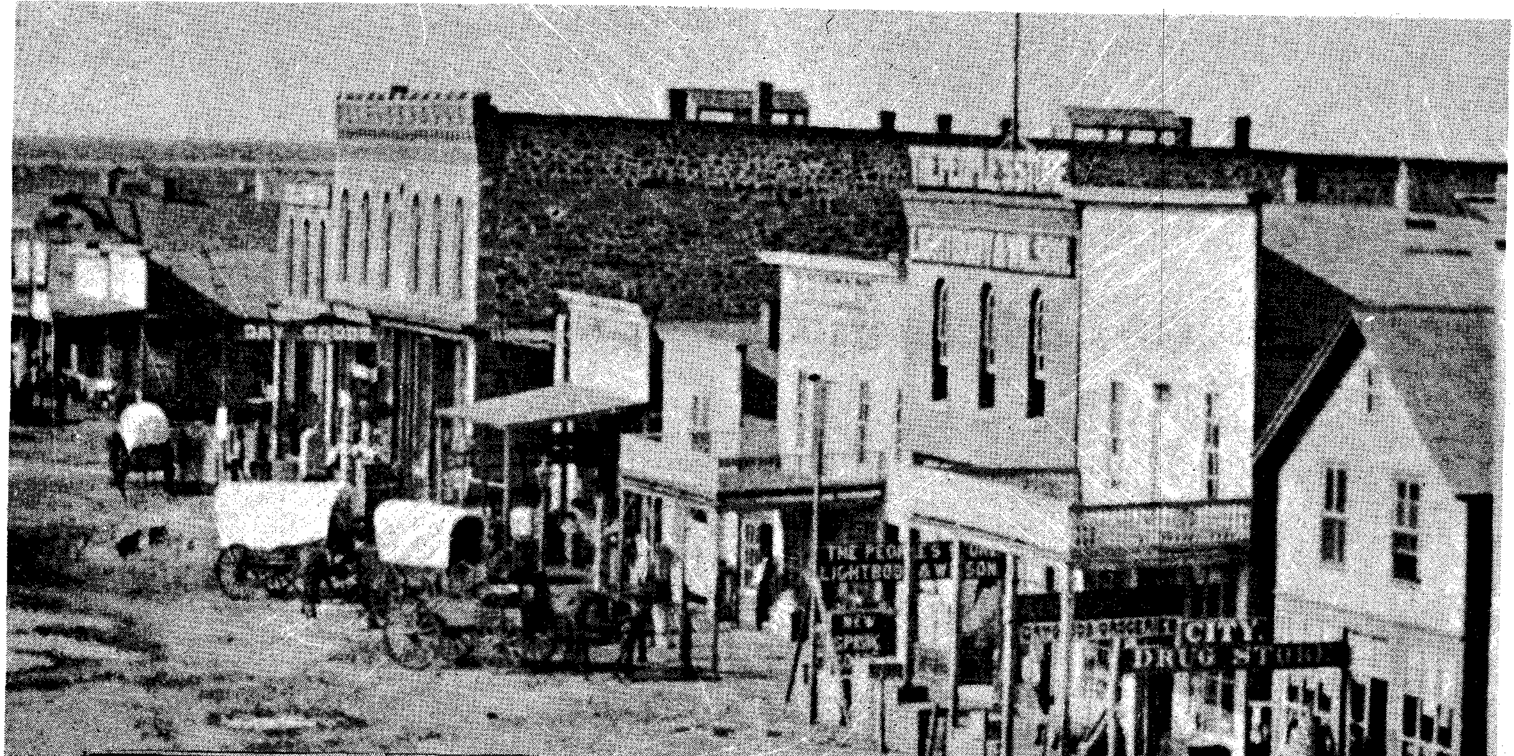
AFTER about a week's stay in Topeka we were ready to start for the front. My friend, J. W. Byram, left Topeka on the passenger train for Great Bend, Kansas, the end of track, and I was to follow on the freight that evening with the four horses and the other matter of our outfit.

Courtesy Mrs. Margaret Cotton Walker



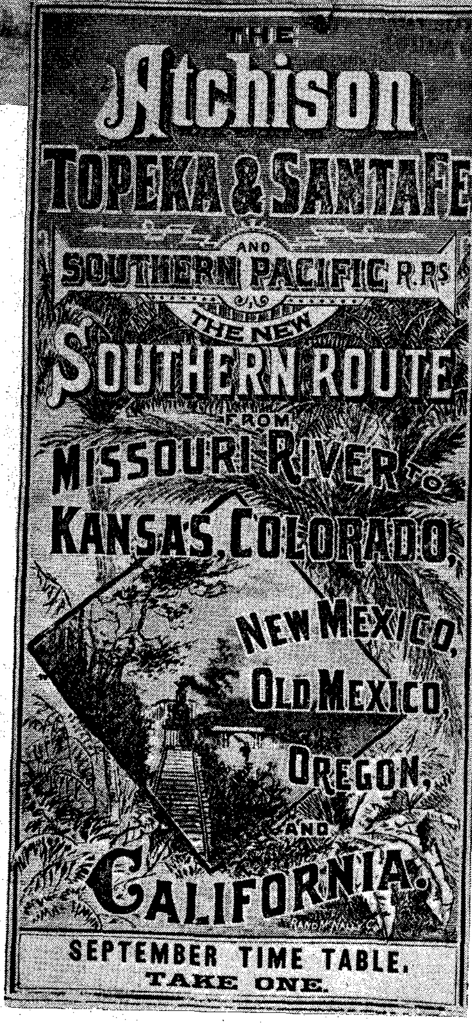
John Morgan Cotton (above). This picture was taken in Lawrence, Kansas in 1873. At left is an old Santa Fe locomotive.

Courtesy Kansas State Historical Society, Topeka



Courtesy Santa Fe Railway

Great Bend, Kansas in 1819. At left, early Santa Fe time table.



THE

Atchison

TOPEKA & SANTA FE

AND

SOUTHERN PACIFIC R.RS

THE NEW

SOUTHERN ROUTE

FROM

MISSOURI RIVER TO

KANSAS, COLORADO,

NEW MEXICO,

OLD MEXICO,

OREGON,

AND

CALIFORNIA.

SEPTEMBER TIME TABLE.

TAKE ONE.

Courtesy Kansas State Historical Society, Topeka

It was about six o'clock in the evening when we arrived at Emporia, and there we had supper. I laid in a supply of lunch for the night or morning as the case might be. I did not know that there would be an emergency, but there might be, and I was prepared. I went back to the train and looked after my horses and then prepared for the night. It was yet light enough to see something of the country and I looked as long as I could and then stretched myself out for a night's sleep. By nine o'clock I was safely in the land of Nod. Just how long I remained there I do not now remember, but I came out in a hurry.

There was a rattling of things about the car, and I was bumping around just as though there was no place good enough for me, when as a matter of fact I would have been glad to have stayed most anywhere for a few moments at a time. When we settled down and I could find my bearings in the dark, I found that the car was off the track and had rolled down an embankment about a dozen feet and almost upside down.

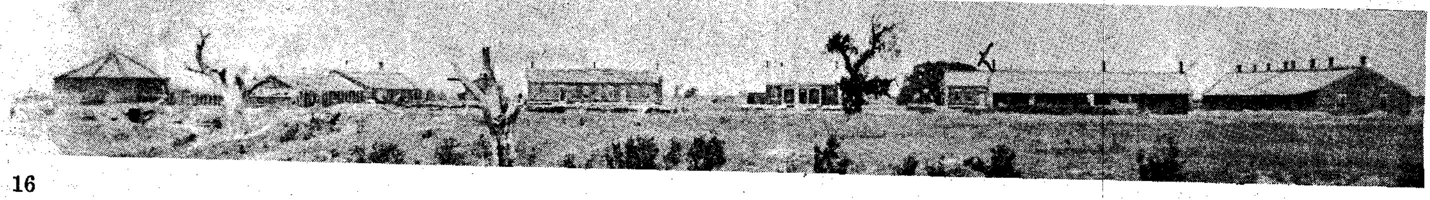
After a while I found my way out and crawled upon the track. There were about a half dozen cars off the rails but my car with the horses and other stuff was all safe. I hunted up some of the trainmen and I learned that they were in for it until sometime next day, and I went back to the car and crawled in again.

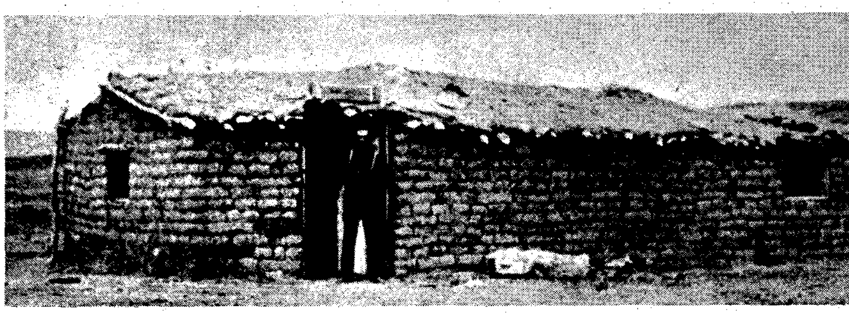
It was just about sun up when I heard the men working around the way car. They had a wrecking outfit and by ten we were all on track and ready to start our journey. We arrived at Hutchinson in time for supper. As that was the end of the regular service on the road, I had to remain there all night. I looked after my horses, had supper, and took a walk over the town which was then new. After that I walked over to the Arkansas River. The waters ran very swiftly and the rippling sound could be heard three or four blocks away. It was a new experience to me, as was all of the trip that I had thus far taken.

I shall not forget the night in Hutchinson. The whole upstairs of the hotel

Ft. Larned as it appeared in 1869 prior to young Cotton's visit.

Courtesy Kansas State Historical Society, Topeka





Courtesy Kansas State Historical Society, Topeka

Dixon's place in Dodge City, the only "structure" in town at the time of the story.

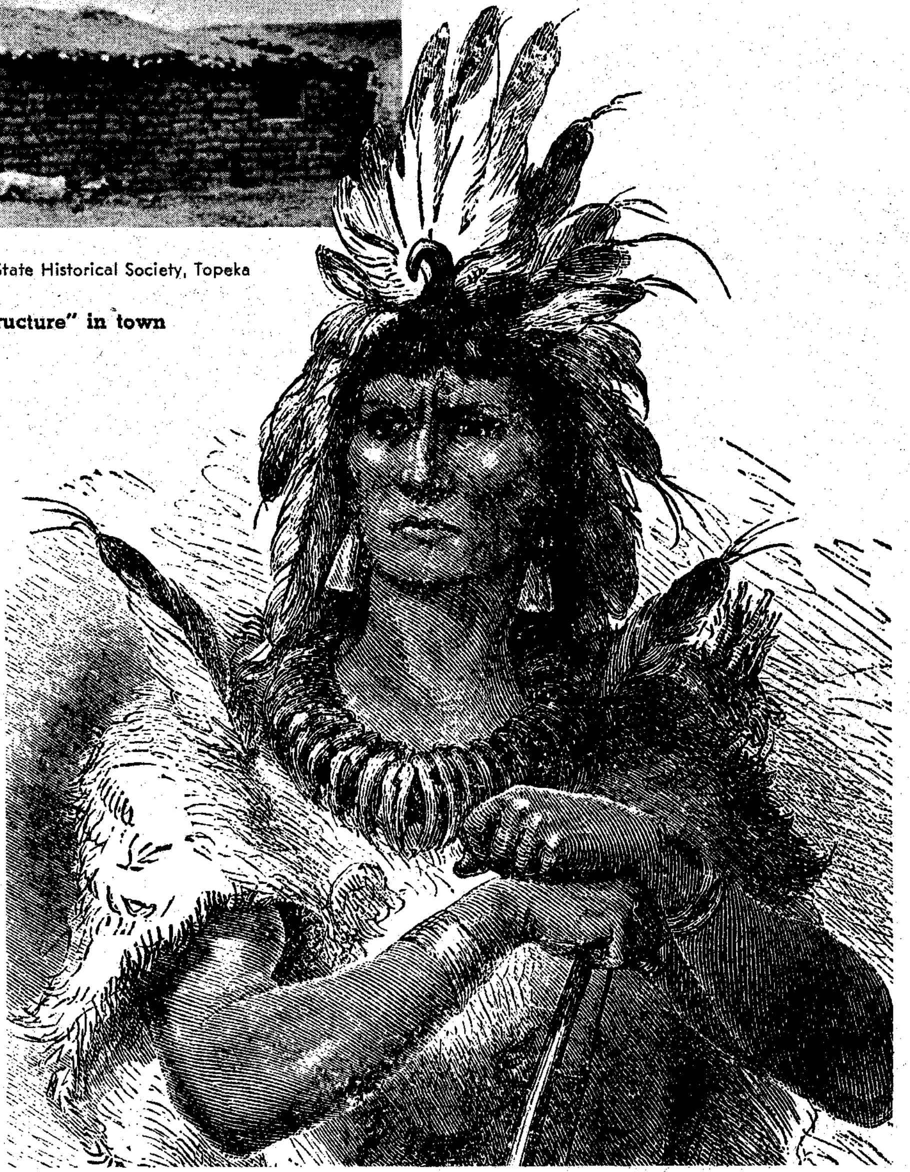
was in one room which was neither lathed nor plastered. There were at least a dozen beds. I went to bed early and had my choice. I took the one in the southeast corner, with a wall on the south and on the east. I was that much protected anyway. The price was 50¢ for a place in the bed or $1.00 for a whole bed. I took the whole bed and paid my money in advance.

I slept sound as I had lost so much sleep the night before and was tired. Besides the air was refreshing, and helped to make one sleep.

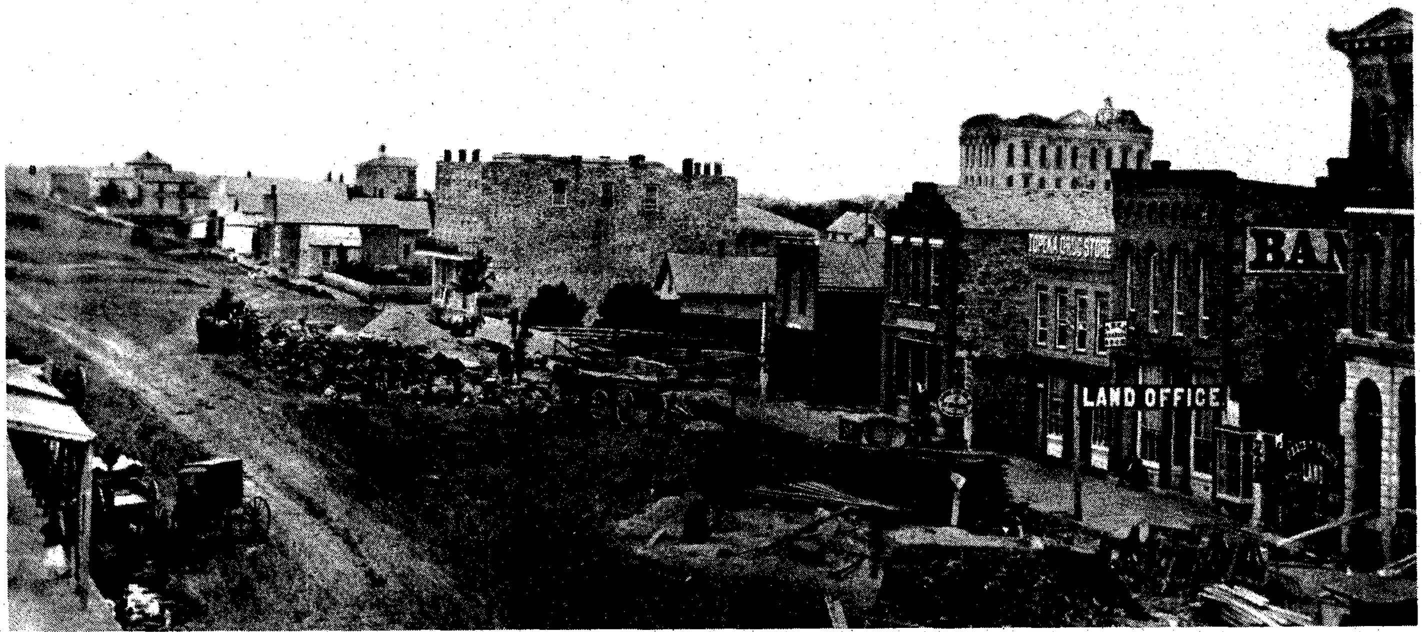
I was awake before the sun was up in the morning. I got up and dressed and— well, I had some trouble in dressing, as I had no socks left. Some fellow had inspected my wearing apparel and as my socks were new and of extra good quality, they had disappeared. I went to my grip to get another pair, but it had been opened and practically everything of my wearing apparel was gone. Fortunately

At right is Bull Bear, the Arapaho Chief. This picture originally appeared in Custer's *Wild Life On The Plains.* Below is Kansas Avenue in 1870. An early view of Topeka.

Courtesy Santa Fe Railway



Courtesy Kansas State Historical Society, Topeka



Courtesy J. E. Tompkins

Old Fort Dodge, five miles east of Dodge City, Kansas.

my pants and my shoes were left—I had slept in my shirt and drawers or I might not have had them. I went down to breakfast a sadder and wiser boy.

Yes, I was wiser, but not so wise as I was when I got through with the landlord. When I told him my troubles he just laughed and told me what a chump I was to undress. Said I should have slept with all of my clothes on and then I would have been safer. Mind, he did not say "safe" only "safer." I had put what little money I had in my shirt pocket; it was safe so his admonition might have been worth something.

I got aboard the mixed train for Great Bend about 8:30. Along about 10:30 we passed the ruins of old Fort Zarah. I knew nothing of its history then and do not now, except that it was a very early frontier post and that it had considerable experience with the Indians before it was eventually abandoned.

We arrived at Great Bend in the middle of the afternoon, where I joined our party and rejoined my friend Byram. It is a prosperous little city now; then, there were but a few stores and some shacks to live in, a number of saloons, all of which were dance halls, and one long adobe building that was there long before there was any settlement within one hundred miles of that place. It was the most important place in town, as it had the biggest and most popular dance hall and the biggest and most imposing bar. Afterwards I learned it had a reputation that reached clear away to civilization.

About six o'clock there came a stentorian voice shouting: "Grub pile No. One!" I asked my friend what that meant. He replied: "That means us, it is our supper call, come on."

He led and I followed. We soon came to a group surrounding a fire of buffalo chips. The group was circled around the fire with the cook and his assistants in the center. We took our places in the circle at an open place on the grass—or rather sand, as there was very little grass to be seen. The assistant cook came with a tin plate for each of us loaded with warmed-over beans, stewed dried apples and big slice of cold bacon that had been boiled with the beans. This we took. Our next neighbor handed along a box containing knives, forks and spoons. We helped ourselves. The assistant cook returned with two tin cups full of black tea and a big hunk of bread for each of us. This lay-out was our supper.

I had been somewhat daintily reared for a country boy. While we did not have all the luxuries of the rich, we had plenty and what we had was good and clean. This lay-out might have been both good and clean, but the evidences to me at that time were against it. I minced along taking a sip of tea occasionally, and then a bean, then a dried apple, and then a taste of the bacon. It did not take long to satisfy me and I quickly pushed back my plate. I saw my friend winking out of his eye at me. However I pulled out of the endurance contest and let him have full sway. He kept on and made a good hand. So did I—the next morning at breakfast and ever afterwards. But that first meal was too much for me.

About 7:30 a bunch of the boys who had been out there several days came to me and wanted to know if I did not want to go to the dance that night. Though I never cared much for the dance, I had attended some dances at home as I liked to go and look on. I agreed to go though there was no special attraction in it for me. The dance was in the big adobe house to the west of the tented and shanty town. We paid our dollar to get in just the same as we used to do at our party dances at home.

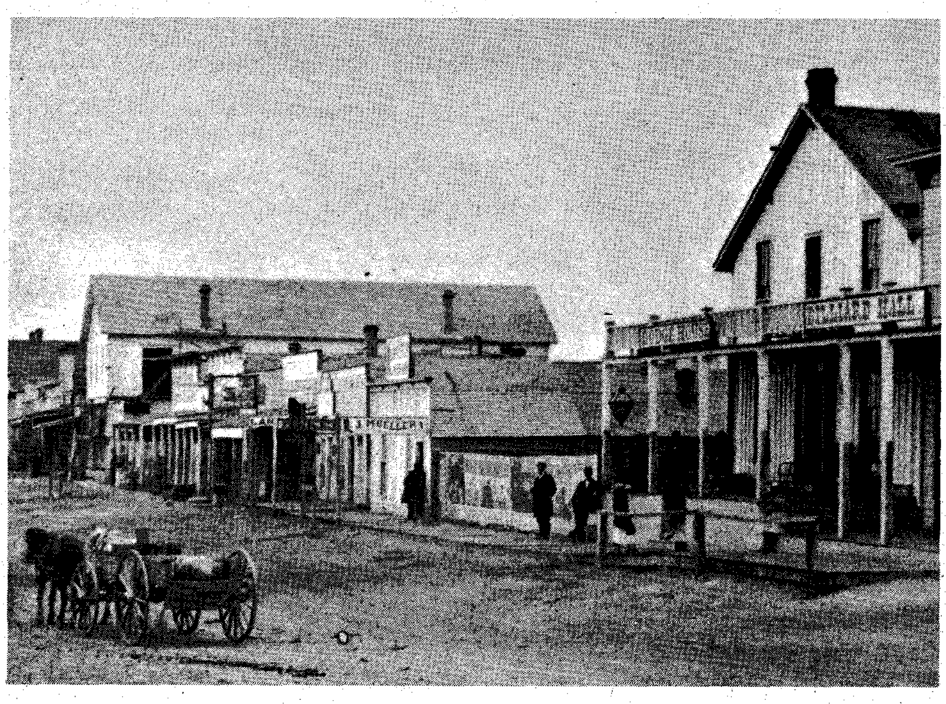
I was the youngest and greenest looking of our party. As I entered I was grabbed by a big buxom lassie and yanked out on the floor in a jiffy. The sets were forming and we were quickly included in one of them. In a moment or two the violins were busy with "Money Musk," "Natches Under the Hill," "The Girl I left Behind Me," and such other old-time dance music.

It seemed that parts of the orchestra had gotten mixed up on the tunes. Every member was playing to suit himself. But they made noise and that was the one thing that was needed and the dance went on at a furious pace. We danced. That is we *had* to dance—at least I did, as my big partner would not have it otherwise. She pulled me through the mysteries with great finesse.

When the musicians and the caller were exhausted with their efforts and were exceedingly thirsty, there was a cry: "Bellies to the bar," and thither we all drifted. I don't know that I "drifted" very much, as it seemed more like I was floating as my lusty partner yanked me on with great speed.

Whiskey was the main thing called for. As I was a tenderfoot, I took water. But it cost the same—50c a glass. I paid another dollar for the drinks before we were on the floor again and ready for another dance.

The same performance was repeated. And thus we danced four times. At the end of the fourth dance I saw an opening and I made a quick getaway—but minus my hat. I was glad enough to leave it and thus make my escape. I had paid $4.00 for drinks and a dollar to get in. If I had found it necessary I would have paid another dollar to get out. However



Courtesy Kansas State Historical Society, Topeka

Front Street in Dodge City—1879.

I simply slid out and was soon back at camp.

IN the morning when I awoke I found my pants and coat, but no shoes or shirt. I put on my pants, my coat over the upper part of my body, and hiked to the supply wagon where I bought a couple of woolen shirts—blue with wide sailor collars—and a pair of No. 12 army brogan shoes. I wore eights, but the twelves were all that were left. My last purchase was a sombrero hat.

Later I found my shoes but they were of no use to me or anyone else. They were literally cut to shreds. I spoke to the boss about it and he expressed sympathy for me, but said nothing could be done as the boys would not tolerate any fancy clothes in our party.

When I had my blue flannel shirt on, my sombrero hat and my two Colt's revolvers in my belt I had a somewhat different look from the Sunday School boy that came out there only the day before. It was a wonderful transformation. The boys teased me quite a bit at first about my dance and my clothes, but in time they got over it and I began to feel I was truly one of them.

The morning after the dance was Saturday. As we were to start westward that afternoon we busied ourselves during the forenoon getting ready. I did not have much to do as most all of my clothes had been stolen or cut. The balance I had on. I had a few medicines packed in a grip which had not been opened. All I had to do was to give the grip into the kindly care of old Bill Thomas, the driver of our mess car, and trust they would be found when wanted. After giving my two horses some grain I was ready to leave.

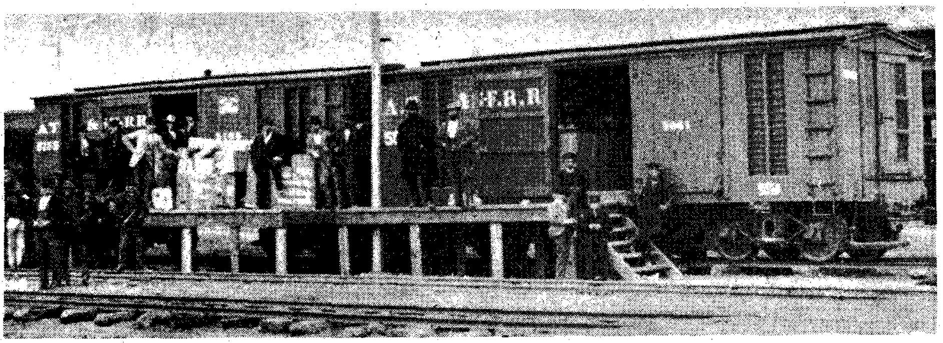
About two o'clock we set out. We arrived at Walnut Creek at six that evening. It was a fine stream of clear water—fortunately at the place we struck the Walnut there was a fine swimming hole. The ford was just above. This we crossed and were in the confines of Fort Larned—the first fort I had ever seen.

The soldiers and their maneuvers and their way of living were a source of endless interest to me. I remember one grizzled old sergeant who told me that he had been in the army thirty-five years. His term of enlistment was soon to expire and I asked him what he would do then. "Oh," said he, "I guess I will do like I have always done before—re-enlist." He said that he would not know what to do with himself, nor how to behave anywhere else. He made me think of the story of the old man who had served sixty years in the penitentiary who had been pardoned. Two days on the outside was all that he could stand. He came back begging to be taken in again.

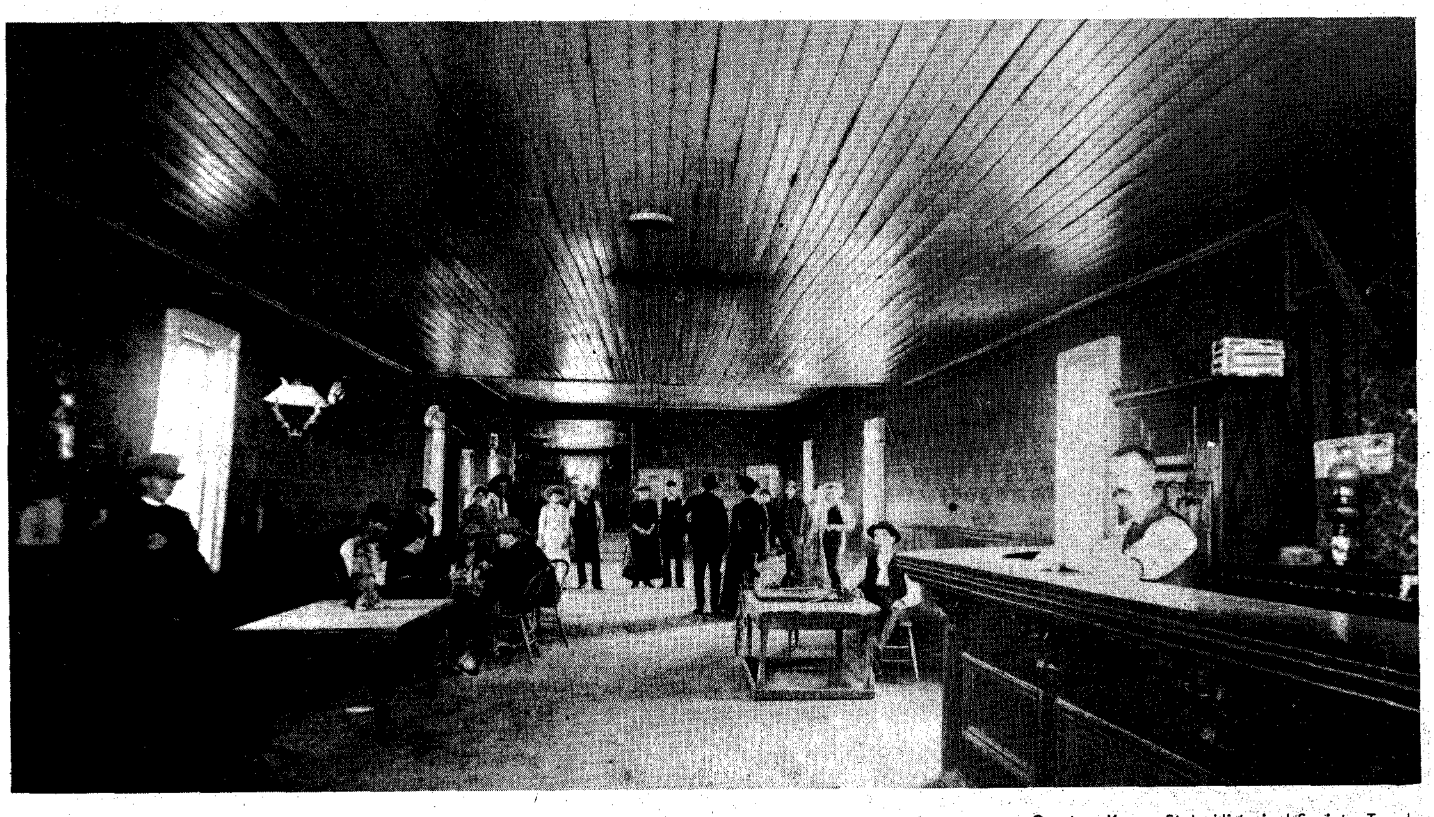
The fort was built of limestone and was as neat and trim as such buildings could be. The quarters were kept scrupulously clean. The whole place looked mighty good to me. I almost felt like I might want to enlist myself. But the old sergeant said they did not always have such nice quarters, nor did they stay long in one place. In fact he said one of the main charms of army life was that they were on the go most of the time. When they stayed too long in a fort, life grew very monotonous.

We stayed over Sunday—had several good swims in the Walnut and enjoyed the soldier life very much. I had the pleasures of a dinner with the old sergeant's mess.

(Continued on page 28)


Courtesy Kansas State Historical Society, Topeka

The A. T. & S. F. depot at Dodge City in the late 1870s.


Courtesy Kansas State Historical Society, Topeka

"The Varieties," a dance hall in Dodge City in 1878.

IRON MAN

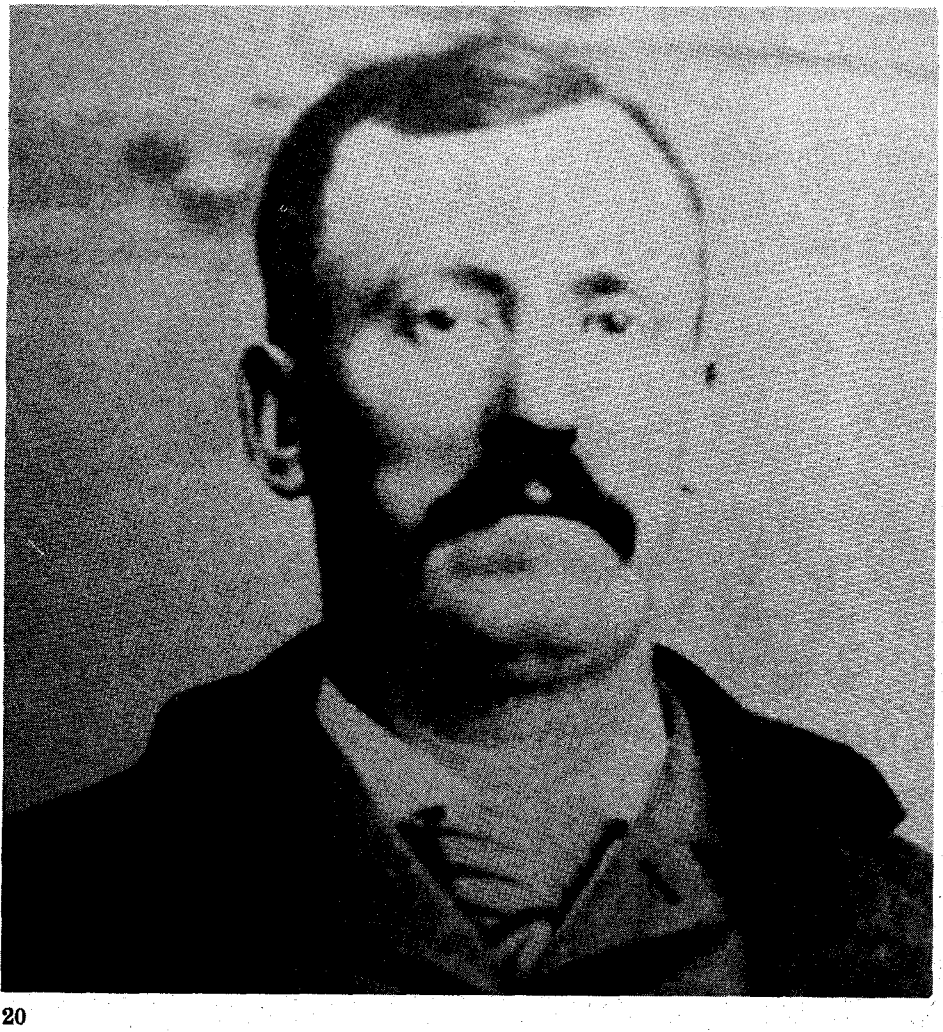
Sometimes more unpopular than the outlaws he chased, Lew played by his own rules—one of which was that in every instance the end justified the means...

By JOHN CARSON

Photos Courtesy Author

WHEN William Henry Harrison Llewellyn died in El Paso, Texas in 1927 at age seventy-four, it's possible that no other man of his time had packed more living into three quarters of a century. He was a broken shell at the last—almost blind, subject to violent dizzy spells, racked by pneumonia, arteriosclerosis, nephritis, cystitis, prostatitis and urethral obstruction. He could withstand death no longer, this man who had cheated the Grim Reaper so often that even he would have admitted to the law of averages.

William Henry Harrison Llewellyn. This picture was taken while he was the Indian Agent on the Mescalero Apache reservation in New Mexico (1884).



Llewellyn was the contemporary of Thomas B. Catron, George Curry, Miguel Antonio Otero, Bucky O'Neill, Albert B. Fall, Pat Garrett—the list is a long one. Llewellyn was a personal friend of two Presidents, William McKinley and Theodore Roosevelt. He sponsored the statehood bill in the New Mexico Territorial Legislature and served his adopted state and his country all his life. He was, however, more than just a politician. He was a man of action.

Llewellyn was born in Monroe, Wisconsin September 9, 1853. His death certificate gives his date of birth as 1851 but Captain Cudlipp who signed it didn't have all the records. Lew was twelve years old when Lincoln sent his waves of Union Blue southward to quell the Gray rebellion and he was just seventeen when Grant finally accepted Lee's surrender. Only his youth kept him out of the conflict, and as long as he lived, as long as he was able, he never missed another.

He was sixty-four when his country was plunged into World War I. He couldn't go but three stalwart sons, Charles S., William H. H., Jr. and Theodore R. Llewellyn, picked up the battle flag in 1918.

IN 1875 Lew was in Omaha, Nebraska, a frontier town with more than its share of toughs. He served as marshal of the police court and later, from 1876 to 1878, he was deputy city marshal. This had to be one of the roughest police jobs in the territory but Lew managed not only to survive but to gain an enviable reputation as a shrewd detective and courageous officer.

Northern Nebraska and Dakota Territory had likewise gained an unenviable reputation. Selling whiskey to Indians had become a real problem to a government which was trying desperately to tame the fighting Sioux and Cheyenne. The Custer debacle was but two years past and many of the reservation Indians were edgy and ready to decamp. The raw whiskey which traders sold at outrageous prices kept the Indians ready and willing to declare war all over again; since this was the responsibility of the Department of Justice, United States Attorney Charles Devers had to do

LLEWELLYN

something about it. He decided to send an undercover agent into the Niobrara country to stop the bootlegging.

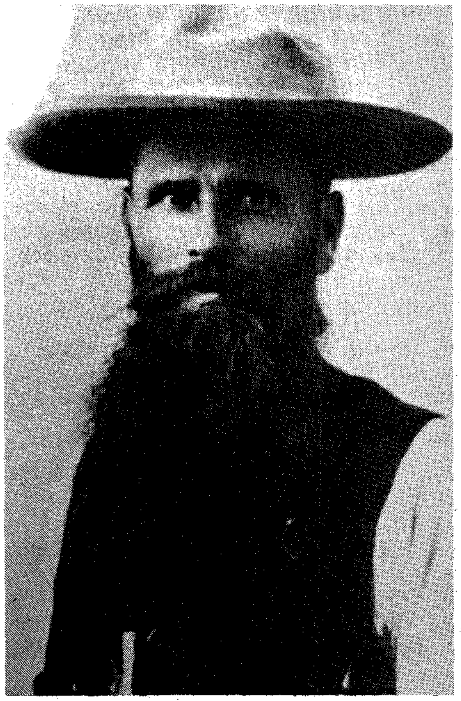
Such a man would have to be scrupulously honest, inordinately rugged and totally lacking in fear. He would have to be shrewd and above bribery and collusion. This was not a job for a timid man or one who would flinch from snowstorms, cloudbursts or bullets. The deputy city marshal of Omaha fit that description and Devers wrote to Llewellyn, outlining the duties, warning of the danger, and offering wages of five dollars a day plus expenses. This was good pay for the time but, considering what the job entailed, perhaps a little on the skimpy side.

Llewellyn had married Ida May Little in 1877 and the couple had two children, Clinton and Morgan. Notwithstanding the risk, Lew accepted the appointment becoming a special agent of the Department of Justice in May 1879. He told Devers he would work out his own method of operation and submit regular reports. He practically guaranteed results.

Devers then informed Lew of a little matter he had neglected to mention before. The government and the Indians were losing hundreds of horses to a band of thieves operating along the Niobrara. Led by David (Doc) Middleton, these "Ponyboys" were as fearless an aggregation of outlaws as there was in the territory. To take on Doc Middleton and the Ponyboys single-handed seemed tantamount to suicide but Lew made plans and he made them work.

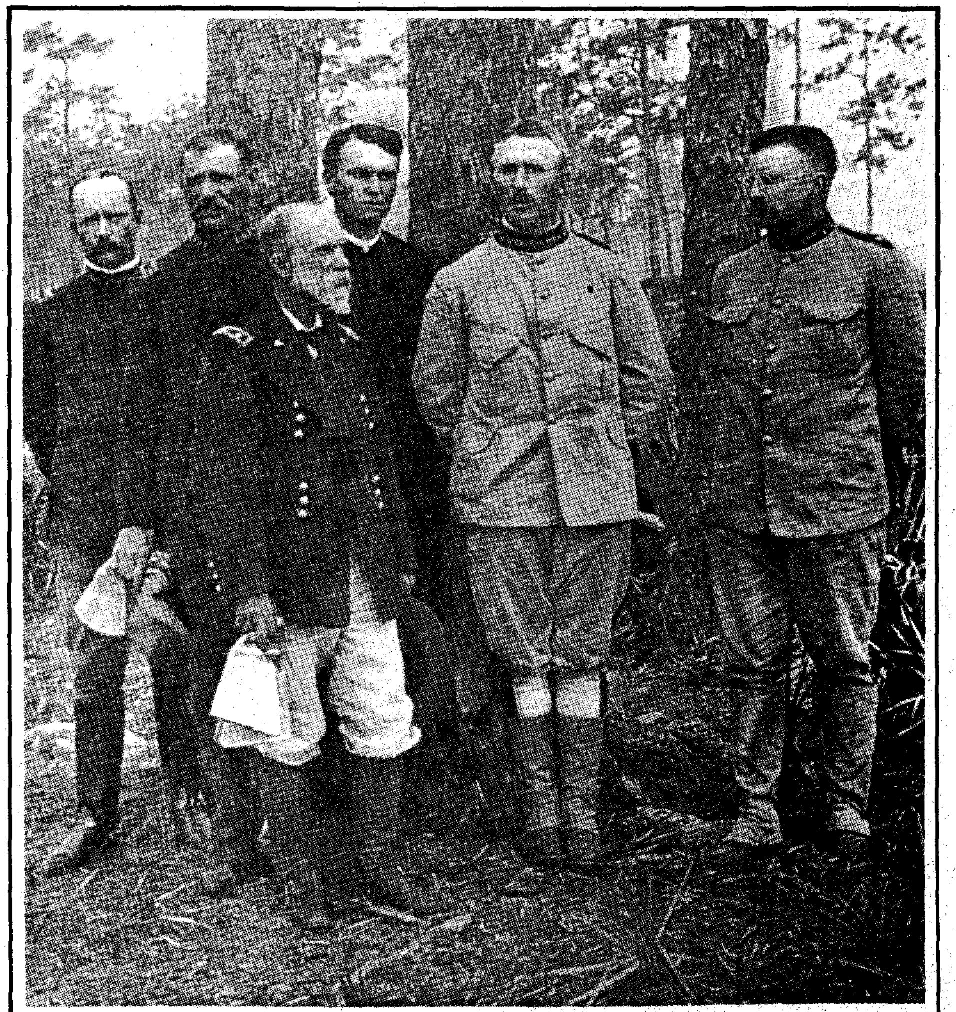
Unquestionably some of his maneuverings in the ensuing months were devious and perhaps not always in the highest tradition of honor and chivalry. But he was dealing with men who would shoot him down like a coyote and the end, he felt, would justify the means. What puzzled him, no doubt, was the antagonism of local newspapers and many of the ranchers, some of whom, it is believed, made deals with Middleton. One of the ranchers, Print Olive, made a deal with Doc that only Olive could have made. It was simply, "Leave my stock alone or take the consequences!" Print had the men to make it stick and there is no record that Doc ever stole

(Continued on page 58)



Courtesy Nebraska State Historical Society

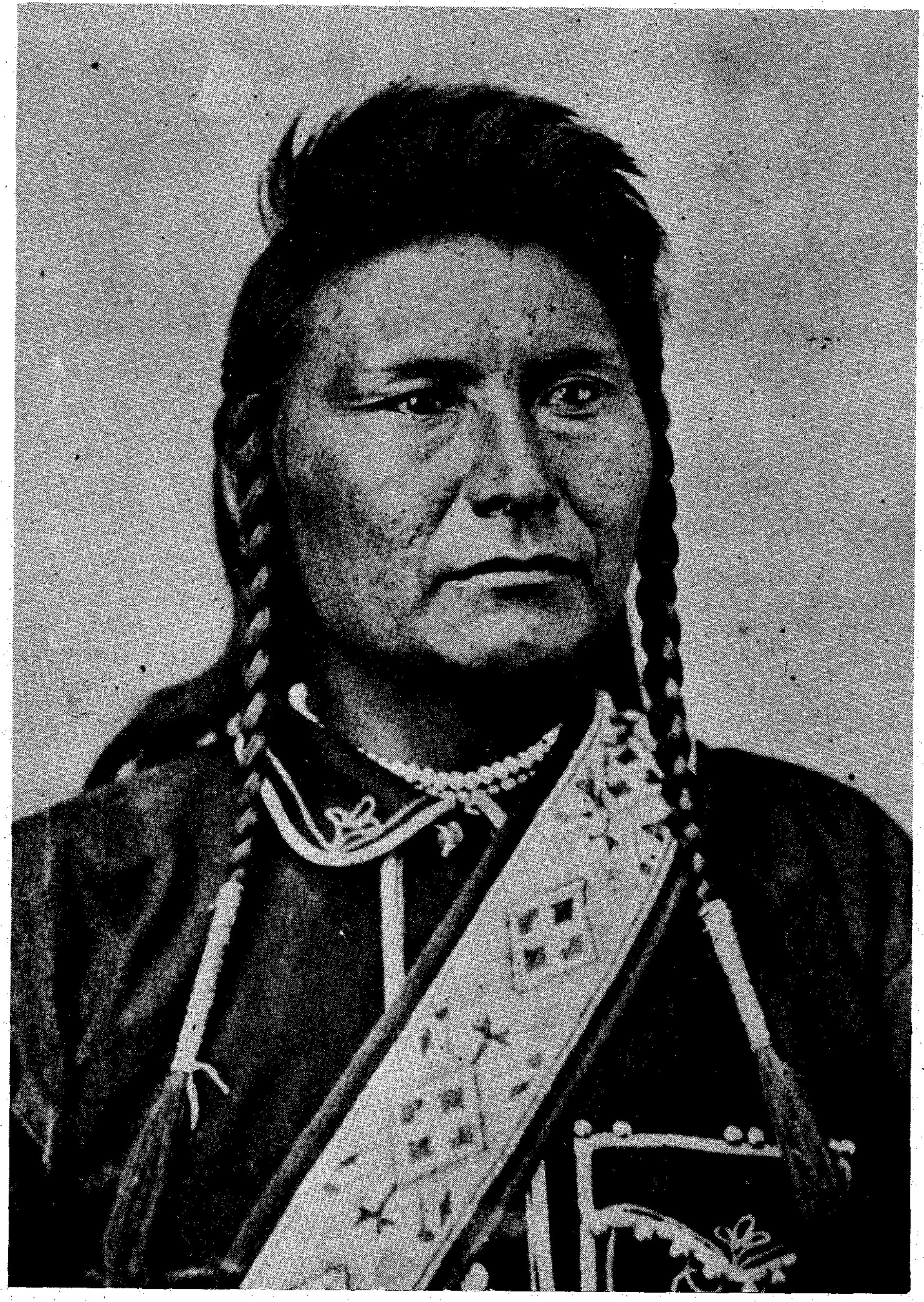
David C. (Doc) Middleton, Nebraska outlaw captured by Llewellyn.


Major Dunn.
Major Brodie.
Major-Gen. Jos. Wheeler.
Chaplain H. A. Brown.
Colonel Leonard Wood.
Lieut.-Colonel Theodore Roosevelt.

Llewellyn's fellow officers—Spanish-American War.

DID CHIEF JOSEPH SLAY MRS. MANUEL?

There are mysteries about this murder which may never be answered but at least one suspicion can now be reevaluated…



Courtesv Western History Collections, University of Oklahoma Library

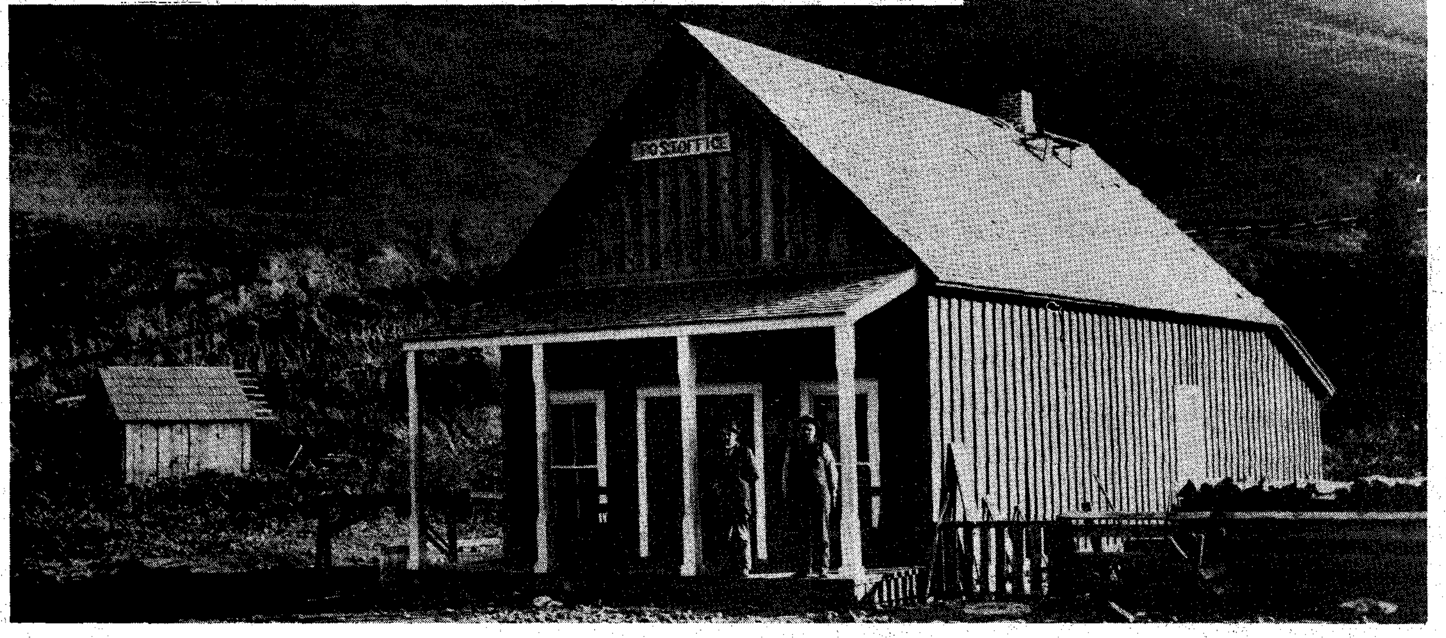
Joseph, Nez Perce Indian Chief.

By
HELEN ADDISON HOWARD

NO controversy arising from the Nez Perce War of 1877 is more mystifying than that surrounding the disappearance of Mrs. John J. Manuel. Exactly how and when Mrs. Manuel and her baby met their deaths has long been a moot issue. Chief Joseph was accused of her murder, although never tried for it, and even now some of the Treaty Nez Perces put credence in the allegation.

The chain of events in this bizarre case, fatal to many, was triggered when the Federal government ordered all Non-treaty Nez Perces to be on the Lapwai Reservation by mid-June 1877. The Non-treaty bands of Joseph, Tuhulhutsut, Looking Glass, and Hush-hush-cute (a sub-leader under Chief Hahtalekin's Palouses) joined White Bird's people already encamped in Rocky Canyon. This was an eastern branch of Salmon River Canyon, located near the southwestern boundary of the reserve about eight miles west of Grangeville, Idaho.

Here the Indians held a ten-day council preceding the deadline, during which each one told of the wrongs he had suffered at white men's hands. The *tewats* or medicine men inflamed the young men's hearts for war. Joseph, who had counseled peace for years, again pleaded for non-violence despite repeated acts of aggression by certain white men against the peaceable Nez Perces in Oregon's Wallowa Valley and on the reservation in Idaho.



At left is the Indian encampment at Lapwai. Below is the post office at White Bird.

Photos Courtesy Idaho Historical Society

One popular young man, Walaitits, threatened reprisal against the whites, and defiantly left the council on the tenth day. His father had been murdered by settler Larry Ott in 1875 during a dispute over land. The white man, as usual, had never been punished for the crime. Joseph, too, left the conference, but went forth to butcher cattle for his family.

Walaitits, taunted by an older man for his failure to avenge his father's death (although his father had expressly forbidden any retaliation), set out at dawn of June 13 for Slate Creek, a tributary of the Salmon, to exact retribution. Riding with him were his cousin, Red Moccasin Tops, and his seventeen-year-old nephew, Swan Necklace. All were members of White Bird's band. Larry Ott, the man they sought, had fled to the Idaho mines, so the young braves slew four other white men who had committed various crimes against the Nez Perces. They returned to the village, proclaimed their deeds of vengeance, and rode off with a larger party next day (June 14). One man of Joseph's band, Philip Williams (Lahpeealoot), also joined the raiders, who in two days of pillage and rapine killed fourteen or fifteen white settlers.

JOHN J. MANUEL, postmaster at White Bird, being warned that hostiles were cutting a bloody swath across the countryside, attempted to escape to the settlements where townspeople and ranchers had barricaded themselves. Putting his wife with the baby on one of the unharnessed team horses, he mounted the other animal with seven-year-old Maggie, riding double. Too late they left their cabin home. Indians espied them and gave chase.

An account in the *Century Magazine* (March 1911) relates they had gone only a few miles before "they were overtaken by the Indians and fired upon. Maggie and her father were both wounded and fell from the horse. The little girl rolled down the hillside and secreted herself in the tall grass, where she escaped detection. She lay among the willows bordering a small stream to which she had crept." Maggie had been shot through the arm, and the arrow's shaft remained in the wound causing her great pain.

No mention was made of her father's fate, although it later became known that the arrow had penetrated his hip.

Maggie lay in fear and feverish agony for a day or so until discovered by Patrick Brice, a miner who was walking northward from the Florence mines. He carried the injured child back to her cabin home, now "a heap of smoldering ashes" on White Bird Creek.

"Among the embers," the *Century* article continues, "lay the charred body of a woman and her infant. The Indians had taken Mrs. Manuel and her baby back to the house, killed them, and then fired the house." Presumably Brice was the source of this information for the article writer, Charles S. Moody.

Brice improvised a litter from the back and seat of a discarded chair, and strapping Maggie to it, carried her by a roundabout route of fifty miles to the town of Mount Idaho. There he left her in the care of settlers' wives.

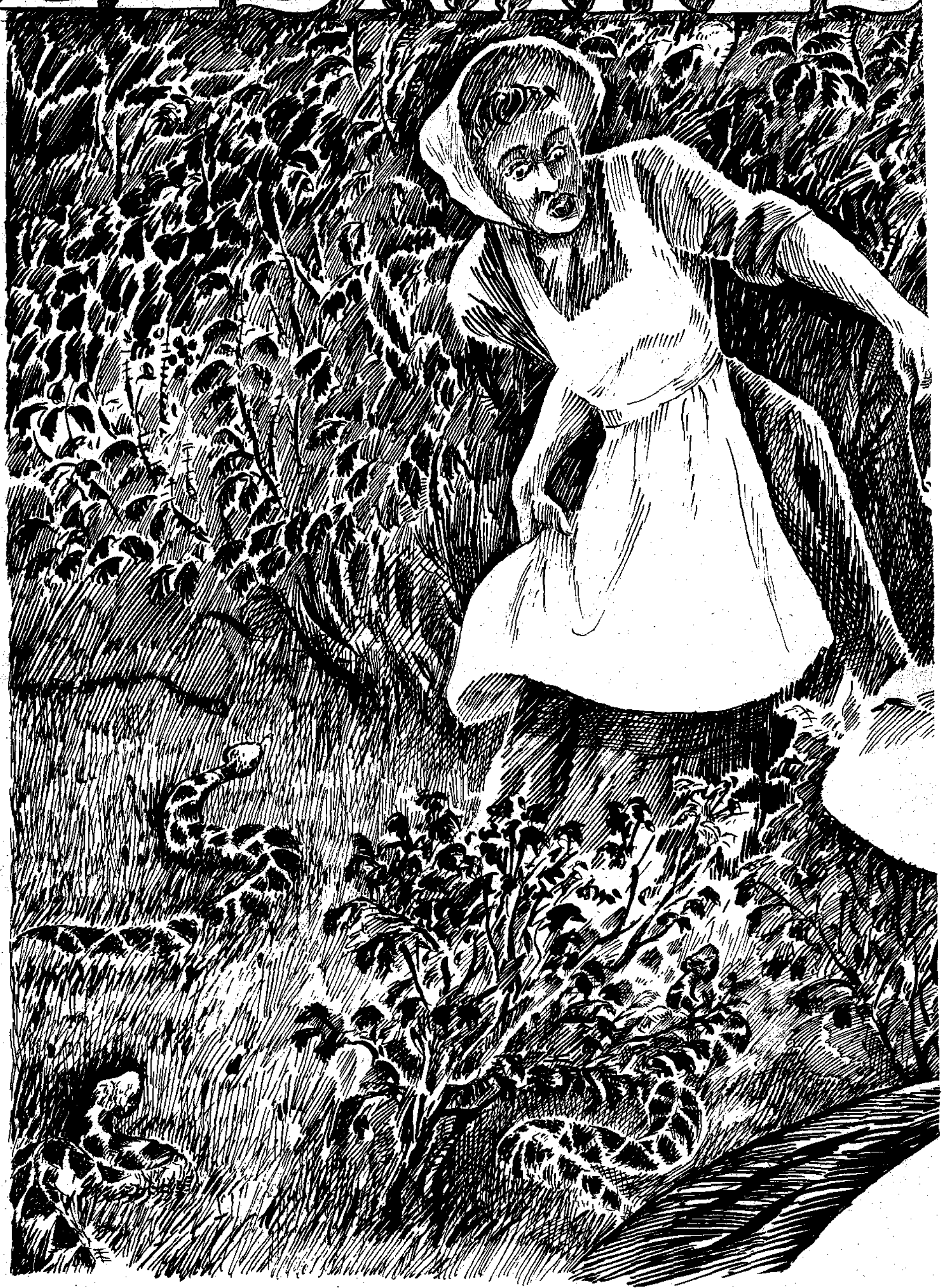
Another account of the original attack is given by Norman B. Adkison, son of pioneer parents then living in Mount Idaho. Janette Manuel he describes as "a beautiful woman of slight frame and long braids of golden hair. She was not only beloved by the white women of the Salmon river country but was a special favorite of the Nez Perce women, because of her kindness to them, and her many acts of mercy and charity toward the Indian children."

There was some question, Mr. Adkison continues in his booklet *Indian Braves and Battles with More Nez Perce Lore* (Grangeville, Idaho) between Popham and the Manuels "about trying to get to Mount Idaho, when the group was attacked by about 18 Indians." Both men were wounded but manged to conceal themselves in brush along the creek.

"Mrs. Manuel was thrown from her horse and bruised her knee badly. Maggie Manuel's arm was broken by her fall. There is one report that while Mrs. Manuel was being outraged by the young Indians of the party, the two men were allowed to escape. Soon Mrs. Manuel

(Continued on page 45)

HEMMED IN BY RATTLESNAKES



A couple of carefree berry pickers find themselves in a situation guaranteed to freeze the blood!

By BERTHA G. COCKBURN

Illustrated by Al Martin Napoletano

It was spring in southwest Texas and the algerita [agarita] berries were ripe. All the berries near home had been gathered, but my brother had told me of finding some extra large ones just beyond the big hill in our pasture. That was a section I had never seen, and even the men seldom went there, but I determined to gather some of the berries before the birds and insects ruined them.

Since my mother's death the year before I had been head of the household and often worked with a neighbor, Mrs. Alice Jackson, when canning food for both our families. It took a great deal of jelly to supply my large family, and my sisters were not large enough to help me with berry gathering. It took two people to gather algerita berries—one to beat the berries from the bushes with a short, heavy stick, and one to hold the big square of duck sheet to catch them. There was no picking them, for the leaves have long sharp points down the sides and at the end, and they grow very close to the berries. I asked Mrs. Jackson if she would like to go berrying with me to the back of our big hill.

"I will be glad to go," she said, "if we can drive Ida Looney. I won't ride behind anything but the mare." I smiled and agreed.

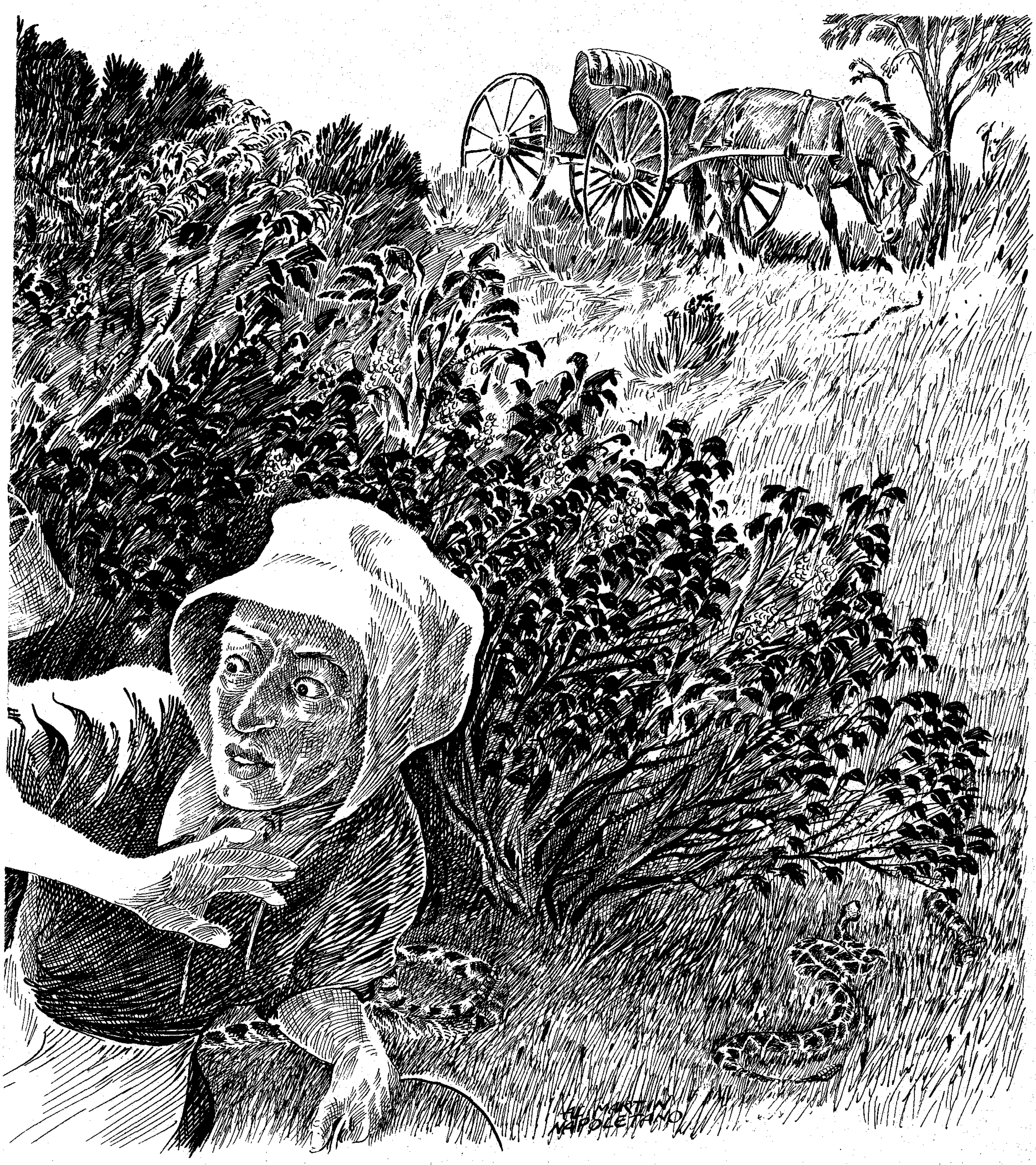
"Ida Looney," I assured her, "is the only animal on the entire place that I would trust out there in that brush and mesquite."

Mrs. Jackson was of Mama's generation, and afraid of everything—spiders, wasps, snakes, even the horses we drove. Nothing could have induced her to ride in one of the new automobiles just then coming into use. The mare was of Quarter Horse stock, and was Papa's pride and joy. Mama had driven her for a year before her death, and Mrs. Jackson knew that she was gentle and safe.

I hitched the young mare to our rubber-tired buggy the following morning, and found my neighbor waiting with a large tin bucket. I hoped to get the berries in the early morning while it was cool, and I let the mare start off briskly; but each time Ida Looney, from the sheer joy of living, threw up her head and broke into a fast pace, as she had been trained to do, Mrs. Jackson would gasp and beg to slow down.

Papa had built a new road the year before that was finished to within half a mile of where we were going, and we made good time on it. I found the berries in a pretty little valley between the big hill and a smaller one. Heavily loaded algerita bushes grew profusely there, and the berries were the largest and finest I had ever seen. We were in luck!

Cedar bushes and mesquite trees grew among the algerita bushes. I tied the



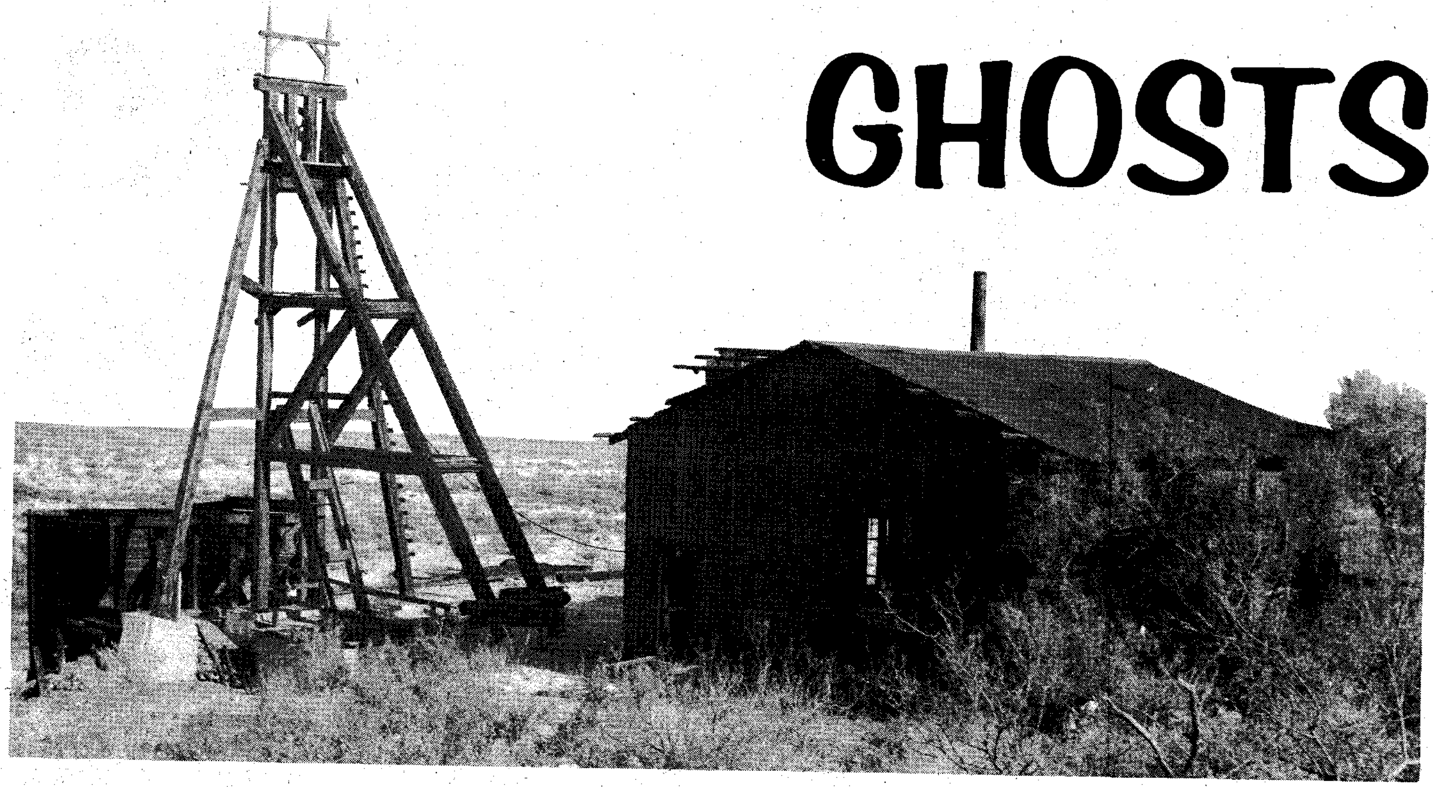
mare to a small limb of a mesquite, and we were soon hard at work and filling our buckets fast, for the berries were untouched by birds or insects. I had seen no birds at all, and this was strange on a warm, lovely day, for mockingbirds usually are nesting near such places as we had found, and singing, but I dismissed it from my mind. I was glad there were no horses or cows to bother us.

We moved from bush to bush, too busy to look around us at anything, and were a hundred yards away from the buggy when a frightened snort from Ida Looney startled me. Looking up I could see her head above the intervening bushes, and it was tossing up and down nervously. I saw that she was staring at something on the ground near her. Suddenly she began striking the earth lightly with her forefoot in rapid, even beats. What could be bothering her? Nothing was in sight. She snorted again, then turned her head toward me and whinnied in agonized pleading. I could see the whites of her eyes, even from that distance.

"Let's go," I said. "Ida is terribly frightened at something and is calling me." We dropped our sticks, grabbed our buckets and duck sheet, and started to the buggy. I hurried around a big cedar bush, Mrs. Jackson at my heels, and was

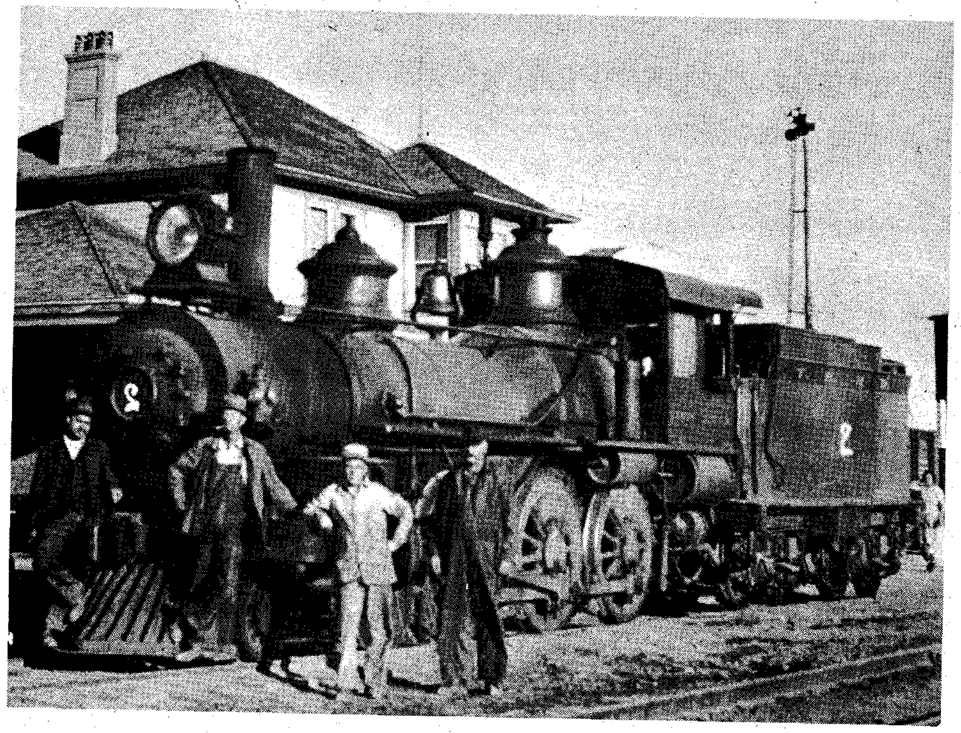
(Continued on page 60)

GHOSTS



Ore hoppers, headframe and powerhouse of the Copper Queen mine in which Foy struck a big pocket of native copper.

Copper-rich Twin Buttes was a long way from Wall Street, but the panic of '29 closed the last of its swinging doors . . .



Courtesy Arizona Star

Twin Buttes Railroad crew poses with its No. 2 locomotive at Sahuarita in 1916. Nobody noticed the backward No. 2 until after the picture was taken. The crew, left to right: Dave Stinson, conductor; brakeman, unidentified; Charles Ashburn, fireman; James Ashburn, engineer.

By JAMES A. LONG

Photos Courtesy Author

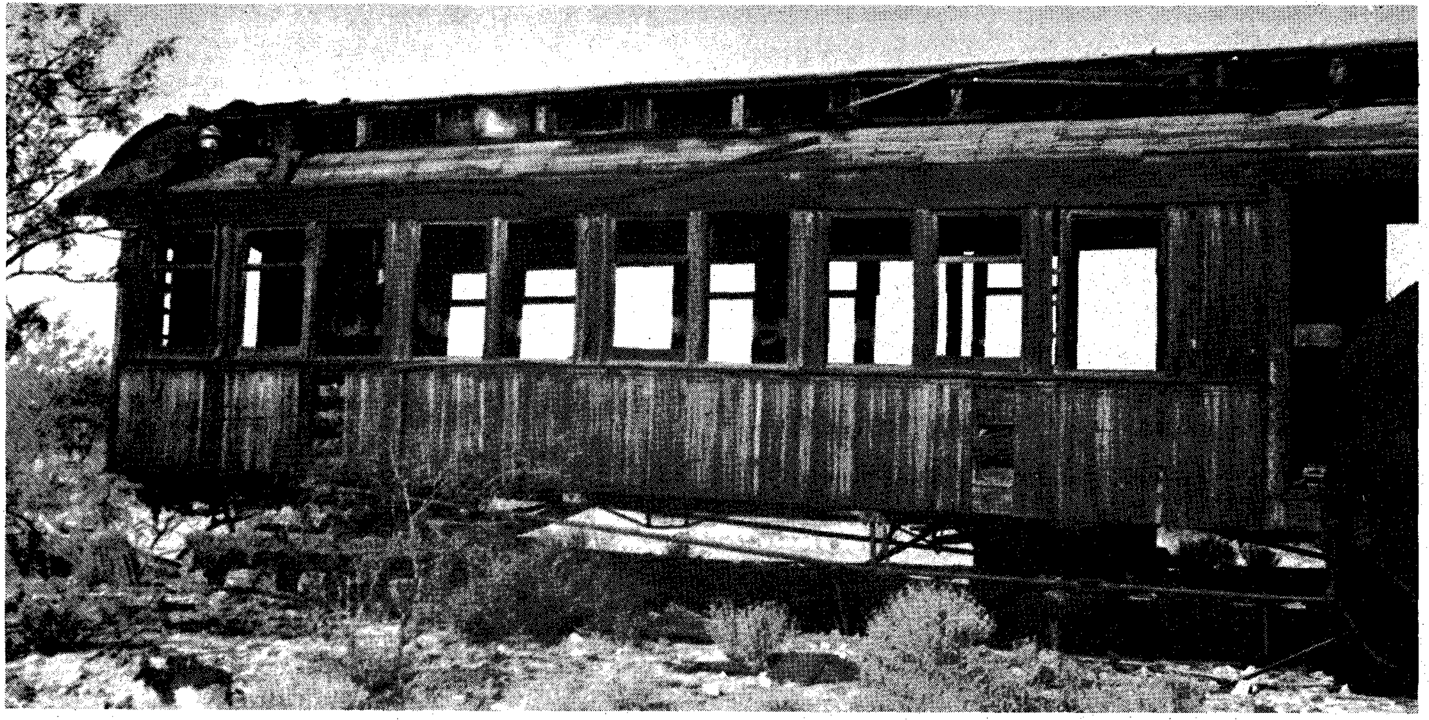
"WE DON'T INTEND piddling with horses and wagons," announced David S. Rose, mayor of the city of Milwaukee, Wisconsin and newest investor in the struggling copper town of Twin Buttes, Arizona Territory. "No sir! We will construct a railroad and ship ore by trainloads!"

There seemed scant reason for such a boast that day in 1903. The panic of the previous decade had made ghosts of most of the towns in Sierrita Mountains' Morgan Camp-Twin Buttes region, and few prospectors remained around to try their luck. But John Ellis, Mike Irish, and John Baxter, undaunted by the demise of silver, had developed copper claims and had finally sold for a profit to Rose's Milwaukee organization. Big things were in store for Twin Buttes!

Southern Arizona's Sierrita Mountains were first mined by the Spaniards. Local legend has it that American prospectors found rusted tools, remains of charcoal furnaces, and man-dug pits in a rock fault called the "Crevice" where the vein cropped out close to the surface. Whether these long-ago miners, whoever they were, left voluntarily or were driven out by Apaches is anybody's guess. The Crevice was worked for years and produced thousands of tons of native copper, silver and gold. Varying in width from two to ten feet or more, the rich vein finally was abandoned at the depth of 1,000 feet because of hoisting difficulties.

The Crevice was probably formed millions of years ago by an upheaval which

# of the SIERRITAS



Lonely in the desert is this once handsome passenger-baggage coach of the Twin Buttes Railroad.

split the mountain in half. The fissure gradually became packed with copper and silver, sweetened with gold. It was once 500 feet long but to facilitate surface travel and prevent mishaps a portion was filled in after its abandonment.

When the Morgan Mine, discovered in the 1880s by an unknown prospector, assayed paying quantities of silver-lead-gold, the mine was taken over and developed by the Calabasas Land and Mining Company. Colonel C. P. Sykes operated a smelter nearby and a deal was made with him to reduce the Morgan's ore. The operation proved to be a success and soon a settlement grew near the mine. First a few miners' shacks appeared, then a boarding house and a blacksmith shop. The embryo town was appropriately dubbed Morgan Camp.

ONE DAY two enterprising Italians, the Rossi brothers, blew into camp, liked what they saw, and decided to tarry. They secured a lot on which they slapped up a ramshackle building and opened a combined saloon, gambling den, and dance hall. Rossi's became headquarters for all manner of frontier riff-raff and was a favorite liquoring place for dust-caked prospectors.

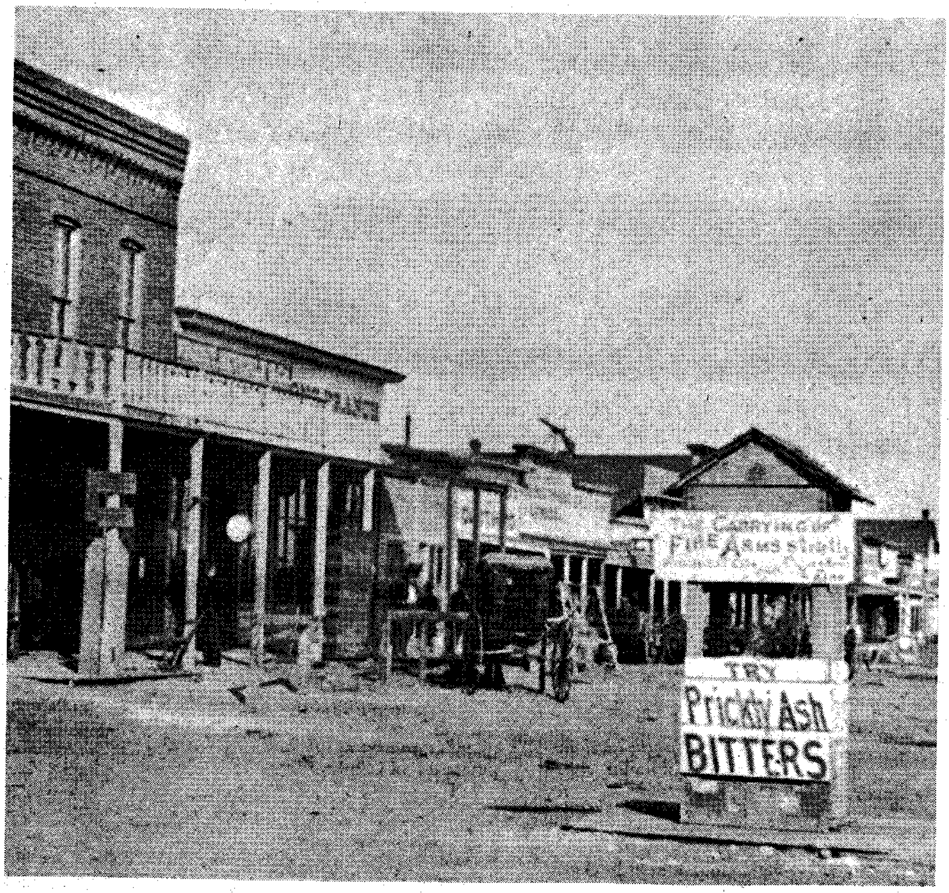
The little town, supported by the steady Morgan Mine, breezed on until the panic of 1893 hit the nation. The mine closed down and the citizens drifted away. Morgan Camp became a ghost.

Some years later those buildings worth the effort were moved three miles north to become a part of Twin Buttes. Today only bits of rubble and a few rotting timbers remain to mark the site of roaring Morgan Camp.

The copper discoveries of Ellis, Irish, and Baxter aroused the interest of a group of Wisconsin capitalists who investigated and hurried back to Milwaukee. In no time they returned, headed

(Continued on page 53)

Mutilated remains of Twin Buttes post office.



Courtesy Kansas State Historical Society, Topeka

Front Street in Dodge City in 1880.

Wising Up in the West

(Continued from page 19)

On Monday morning as we left I looked back on the flag as long as I could see it, thinking that I had never seen anything half so beautiful. It was with deep regret that I saw the last of it as we disappeared over a range of hills.

As a boy at school I had read many stories of how they chased buffalo. I had always longed for a chance to get into one of those hunts. Along about ten o'clock as I was riding my horse along the valley of the Walnut a little ahead of the caravan, I saw to the north about a half-mile away a small herd of buffalo.

They were the first I had seen except for an old decrepit bull that had been feeding in his loneliness down by old Fort Zarah. This little herd looked good to me. I saw a chance for sport and was determined to have at it. I told the boss of my find and assured him he could have some buffalo steak for his dinner. He laughed and said it would be good if he got it. But I noticed he put much emphasis on the little word "if."

I had my two revolvers and a belt full of ammunition. With this supply I set out, greatly to the amusement of the older men who had been that way before. I presume if I had known as much about the trouble ahead as they did, I would not have made the attempt. But I did not know. I went on to the north with full confidence and assurance that I would get at least one, just as the oldest and most experienced hunter would.

The buffalo has a very hairy head, covered with long shaggy hair that almost obscures his small eyes. In fact, it does not look like his eyes were ever meant to be used they are so nearly covered up. But what he lacks in eyesight he makes up with acute hearing and smelling. In approaching a buffalo, I learned afterwards, one has to do so with the utmost precaution. A hunter must not make any noise. He must not get on the windy side of them.

I made right for them as fast as my horse could go. Fortunately there was a coulee up which I had to travel. The grass was thick and heavy so my horse's feet did not make much noise. Still more fortunately, the wind—what little there was—was coming toward me from the buffalo.

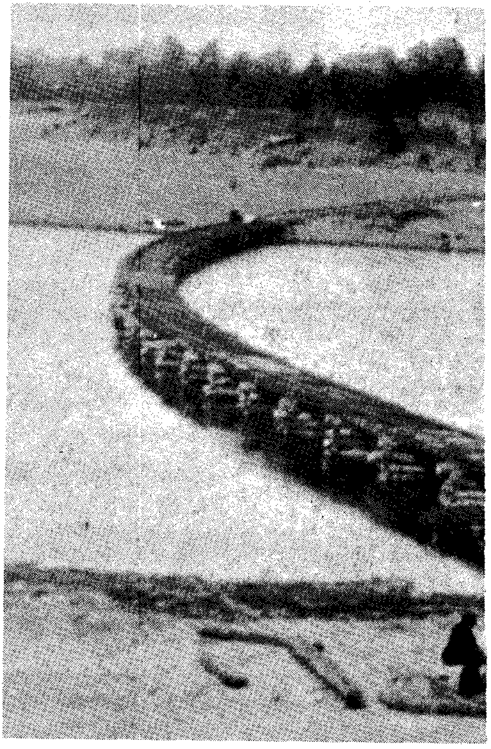
I got within a hundred yards before they knew I was in the neighborhood. Then I dashed right into their midst, firing my gun as rapidly as I could. I was greatly surprised that there were not three or four dead ones lying around when I ceased to fire. The results of all my efforts was one buffalo wounded in the left front leg—a bone broken. This was fortunate as all the rest scampered away at such a lively pace that I could never have gotten another shot at them. Even the buffalo left behind could still run at a pretty lively gait.

I chased him, firing as rapidly as I could. But to no avail. I don't know if any of the shots I fired at him took effect. Upon reflection I feel sure that they did not. However, I was tiring him out. That counted for something. By and by he stopped to rest and get his breath. I rushed up on him and fired another shot. This got home somewhere, as he lifted up his shaggy head and charged toward me.

He was not over ten feet away at the time. His horns just grazed the flank of my horse. I could not get him within firing distance again. I had less sense than the horse for I tackled the job on foot. I had promised the boss he should have buffalo steak for his dinner and I was not used to failure or disappointment. I got down from the horse's back and tried it on foot. I could walk up pretty close to him then as he was very tired. However, when I got a good chance shot at him, he started for me. I could get out of his way without much trouble as I was fresh and he was nearly tuckered. It was a lively stunt that I put on after every shot, as he always made a lunge for me. Finally I noticed he only made a few jumps toward me and then stopped.

I turned, knelt on one knee, and used the other as a rest for my arm. Thus, taking deliberate aim at a place about four inches back of his front leg and four above the lower part of his body, I fired. I was only about thirty feet from him. This time the blood spurted from his nose. Soon he went down. I went up to the body with great triumph, put my foot on him and fired another charge at him just to be sure he was dead.

I had fired over fifty shots at the fellow and spent over two hours time, but I was triumphant. I had my buffalo—

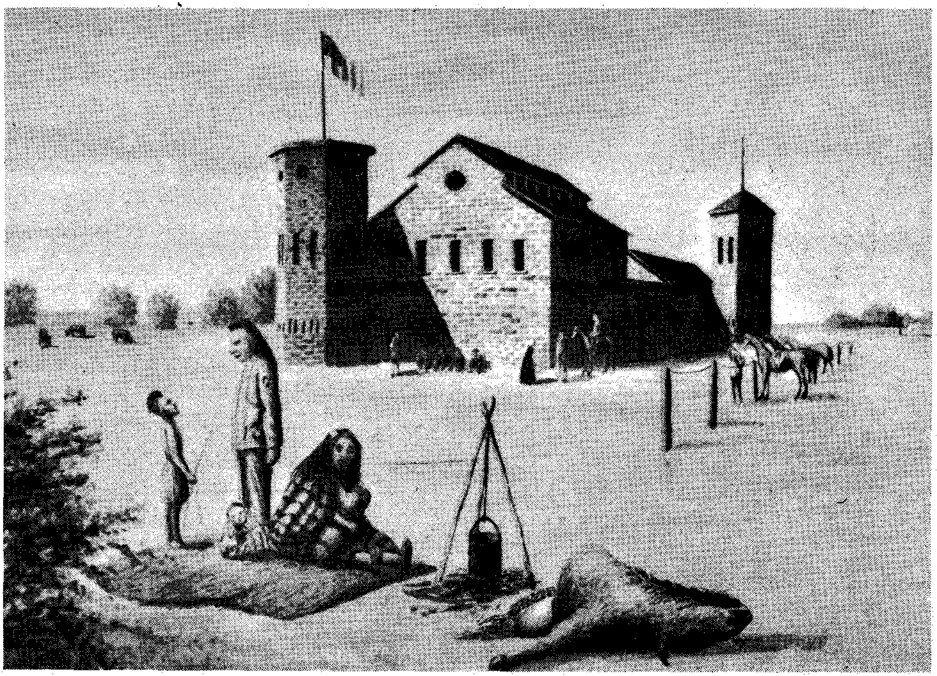


something many a fellow had not. The boss would not have the laugh on me even if he would not be having buffalo steak for his dinner.

As soon as I could get over my boyish triumph, I went the mile to my horse, mounted him and struck out for the trail of the caravan. Five miles on I found it and was in camp for dinner. I was too elated and excited to think of food. I told the boss what I had done. He only laughed. He did not believe me. Said it was impossible that a stripling of a boy, only about four days out from Topeka and a green farmer at that, to go out on his first hunt—alone and unaided, without any instructions and kill a buffalo.

Though I admitted it did seem strange, I insisted it was true. Finally he detailed a man with a yoke of oxen and a cart to go with me and bring in a portion of the carcass though he threatened if I was fooling him there would be trouble in camp. We found the dead buffalo after a while, cut off the two hams, the hump, the liver, the heart and some of the backbone for a stew, and left the balance for the wolves and the coyotes. We arrived in camp between five and six, prepared to feed the whole bunch on good buffalo meat.

The cook cut slices of the meat which we put on sticks and held over the fire until it was nicely broiled, then we put it on our tin plates and fairly reveled in its tender juiciness. My, but it tasted good. I had never had anything which tasted better. I was something of a hero around that camp for days.

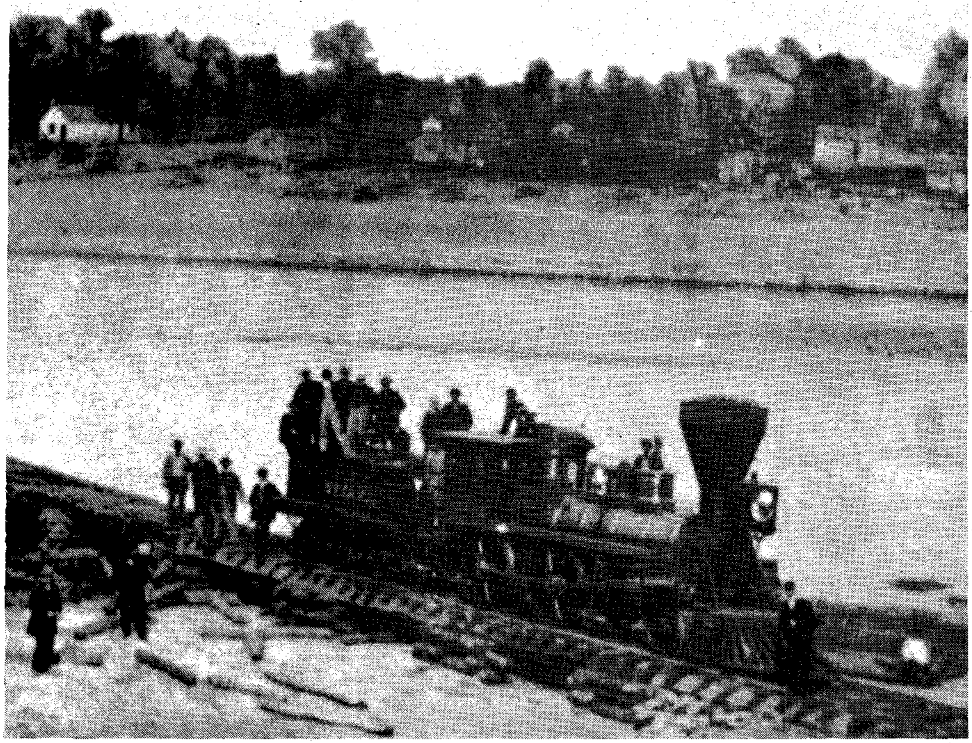


Courtesy Kansas State Historical Society, Topeka

Fort Zarah—1864-65. The author viewed the ruins of this fort while a passenger on the Santa Fe in 1872.

THE scarcity of water was a great drawback in our work. It was one of our great difficulties. If we could have camped where we pleased, we could have found all the water we needed. Instead, we had to camp where the day's work was done in order to be ready to go in the morning. Many times when we pitched camp there was no water in sight.

It was part of the duty of the cook and his assistant to keep a lookout for water during the day. If they found some they were to give the oxen all they would drink and then fill up a barrel which they carried with them. Then they would pitch camp the middle of the afternoon at the place designated by the boss and set out on a hunt for water. Three times while we were out they found none; our meals were somewhat short in consequence.



Courtesy Kansas State Historical Society, Topeka

Leavenworth, Lawrence and Galveston R. R. bridge across the Kansas River at Lawrence, 1867.

I have lain down on the ground a number of times and drunk two or three buffalo tracks dry before I satisfied my thirst. This alkali would work havoc with the men until they got immune to its effects—some never did. I had in my pack several bottles of Jamaica Ginger. A half-spoonful in a glass of water with a little sugar added would most always relieve the pain. I saved many a poor fellow with my Jamaica Ginger.

Some talk has been occasioned recently (1916-17) over the fact that Lodge Pole Creek in western Nebraska and some other streams in that section have a habit of disappearing in places and coming out in others below. It has been commented upon as a remarkable circumstance. It is not especially so, as lost rivers are known the world over. I found a number of them in southwestern Kansas that summer. Some of them were four chains wide, with banks ranging from five to twenty feet high, and with driftwood and other drift all the way up the bank and even on top of the bank. In places the bed of those creeks or rivers would be dry as dust, even down two to three feet. In others they would show moisture within a few inches of the surface. In none of them, however, was there water running on the surface.

Another remarkable thing about those lost rivers was that they all disappeared or faded away. The banks would gradually grow lower and lower until they would not be an inch above the bed of the stream, then they would entirely disappear. Below that the buffalo grass would appear and the surface of the

M.H.BATES
DRUGS
DRY GOODS

Courtesy Kansas State Historical Society, Topeka

Emporia in the 1870s.

ground would be just the same as if no lost river had been above that place. That was a very remarkable fact to me and caused me much thought. I have never been able to solve the problem.

In one place, away to the west, in the breaks of the Arkansas River on the north side I did find water in one of those lost rivers, but it was not running. It stood in pools and was clear as crystal and very good to drink. It lay under an overhanging rock of sandstone filled with fossil shells. These fossil shells were an inch to three inches wide and from four to eight inches long. The stones were made up almost entirely of these fossils, firmly cemented together with the sand that had filled the spaces; all had been formed into rock. These rocks were in layers or strata, and in one place I walked under twenty feet before coming to the wall.

I will not attempt to give any account of the geology of that part of the country. I was not sufficiently learned at that time to have made scientific geological observations even if I had been there for that purpose alone. But there were some things that were apparent to even the casual or illiterate observer—that is, if he would only observe.

I have spoken of the lost rivers and of the fossils that I saw in those overhanging ledges, and of the character of the soil on the high land. Now come the sand hills to the south of the Arkansas River and the chalk cliffs and gypsum beds to the north, as well as the alkali deposits in various places. There were many chalk cliffs and many gypsum beds and very many alkali deposits. The whole appearance of the country indicates that it had once been the bed of the sea.

There were no sand hills north of the river, but south they occupied a space from a mile to ten miles wide, and all the way from Hutchinson to the west line of the state. How much below Hutchinson, I do not know. When I was there they had no vegetation on them except sagebrush, a few tufts of grass and some vines. There were occasionally a few flowers. Some of the prettiest phlox I ever saw I found among those sand hills.

WE surveyed that ground—sectionalized it—but it would have been a difficult matter six months from that time for a county surveyor or any other kind of a surveyor to have located the corners. Our instructions were to drive sticks into the exact corner at the exact place where the corner would be, then dig a pit on the east, the west, the north and the south—throwing dirt onto the place where the charred stick had been driven in the ground. At the quarter corners the pits would be on each side of the line—only two in number—but the charred stick had to be in the center of the mound just the same.

Of course stone corners were out of the question in most instances. I do not think we used a stone corner more than a couple of dozen times on the job. Charred sticks were very difficult to obtain, as there was no timber except along the streams. We were not near a stream but once in a while.

In the sand hills the pits and mounds would fill up with the first winds that came. The burnt matches, often used for charred sticks, would never be found. It looked to me then like much folly to survey that country, as it would never be worth anything for farming, and the work of surveying would all be lost in less than six months.

But the contractor had the job at so much per section. He had to go through the farce in order to get his money. Of course the sand hills have grassed over since then and are good pasture land today, but it will take a few generations yet to make good farming land out of them. The markings of the township corners, and doing it right, would have been much more use to the country than the sectionizing in the way it was done.

That country was still in the making at that time. A geological description then would be but landmarks to the geology of today. However the fame of that land had reached Yale. Professor Mudge of Yale University and a party were out there studying its geology when I was on the survey. I ran across them one day and had the pleasure of dining with them and getting my first taste of condensed cream.

One day at dinner I was ordered to leave our camp and report to another some twenty miles away. Of course we did not know exactly where the other camp was. We only knew where it had been three days before and in what direction it was moving. I packed up my belongings, strapped them on one of my ponies and rode the other. I left camp about three in the afternoon and headed for the new location. As I had to travel slow and the direction was not exactly certain, I did not expect to reach the new camp that night.

Just a little after sundown I found a pool of water where I watered my horses, took a drink myself, picketed the horses out to feed, ate my supper and prepared to bed down for the night. After the ponies had eaten as much as they wanted and were preparing to lie down, I brought them up close together and lay down between them. There was just a sensation of timidity in me. Though I had learned much while out there, I was still quite uncertain as to whether it was safe to be alone like that. I wanted the close company of my ponies. They were very docile and did about what I wanted them to. I spread one blanket down and rolled myself up in the other, using my saddle for a pillow.

Sometime after midnight I was awakened by a noise which sounded like thunder. I got up and looked around. It was clear, the stars were shining brightly, and there did not seem to be any sign of rain; but the thundering noise continued and grew louder. Soon it was apparent what it all meant. A herd of buffalo was coming to drink at the pool. It was up to me and the ponies to get out of the way or be run over. The buffalo stops for nothing. I have seen them dash headlong over a bank ten feet high. When they come to any obstruction they don't let it obstruct—they just go on. That's all.

I hastily got my things together and we were making our escape when the advance guard came upon us. I fired a half dozen shots as quickly as I could. This turned their course a bit and we got away without accident. Just how many of them there were, of course I did not know but there must have been as many as three or four hundred fighting and bellowing around the pool.

Courtesy Kansas State Historical Society, Topeka

Fort Dodge, Kansas 1867.

There was no more sleep for me that night—or for the ponies. It was almost morning before all the buffalo satisfied their thirst; however, those who drank went a-piece and lay down to rest.

At daylight, I got up and fired my revolver a number of times. The big herd took fright and scampered away. When I first had come to the wild country I was very anxious to see buffalo. Now, I was very anxious to have them out of my sight—glad to have them go. After a cold breakfast, I got my ponies ready and was on my way to the new camp about sunup. I arrived at nine o'clock.

The men were all out on the line at work, though the cooks had not broken camp. I told them my plight and they stirred up the fire to get me something to eat.

Before they could get to the big five-gallon coffee pot and put it on the fire, one of my ponies had found it and was drinking from it. The other had found a slab of bacon and was eating it. I managed to get the coffee pot away from the pony in time to save a little of its contents. This the cook warmed, and it enabled me to get my stomach in order for the day. After eating baked beans, bread and fried bacon I felt pretty good. But I was not anxious for another night on the prairies all by myself.

I had been used to seeing Indians since I was ten. The Indians from Tama County, Iowa used to come through our country when I was a boy. They always camped on our land near our pond. They would stay from ten days to two weeks and I was in their camp almost daily. I had no fear of them. So I had no fear of Indians in Kansas country.

We were out on the prairie fully three months before we saw any Indians or any sign of them. Then one afternoon when we were south of the Arkansas River—down in the neighborhood of Crooked Creek, south of the old Cimarron Crossing—a lone Indian rode into our camp.

He was a fine specimen of manhood. He reminded me of a description of Napoleon Bonaparte which I had read in one of my school books which said Bonaparte sat "grand, gloomy and peculiar wrapped in the solitude of his own originality." The two men were not much alike, only in manner. But the Indian on his pony, to me, was the Bonaparte of the Plains.

He uttered not a word—just sat there and looked around. Nor did he look around very much. Actually he sat there as though he was a part of the pony. They might have been a statue which had been cast to commemorate some great event and had not yet been put on its pedestal.

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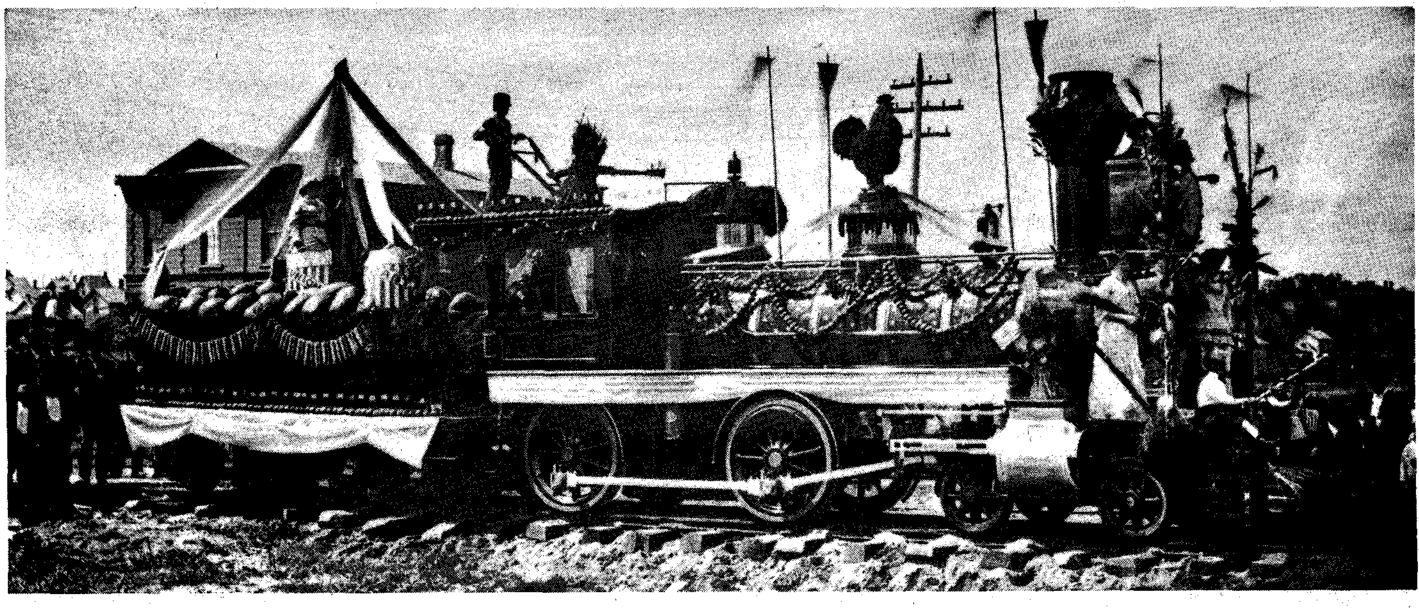
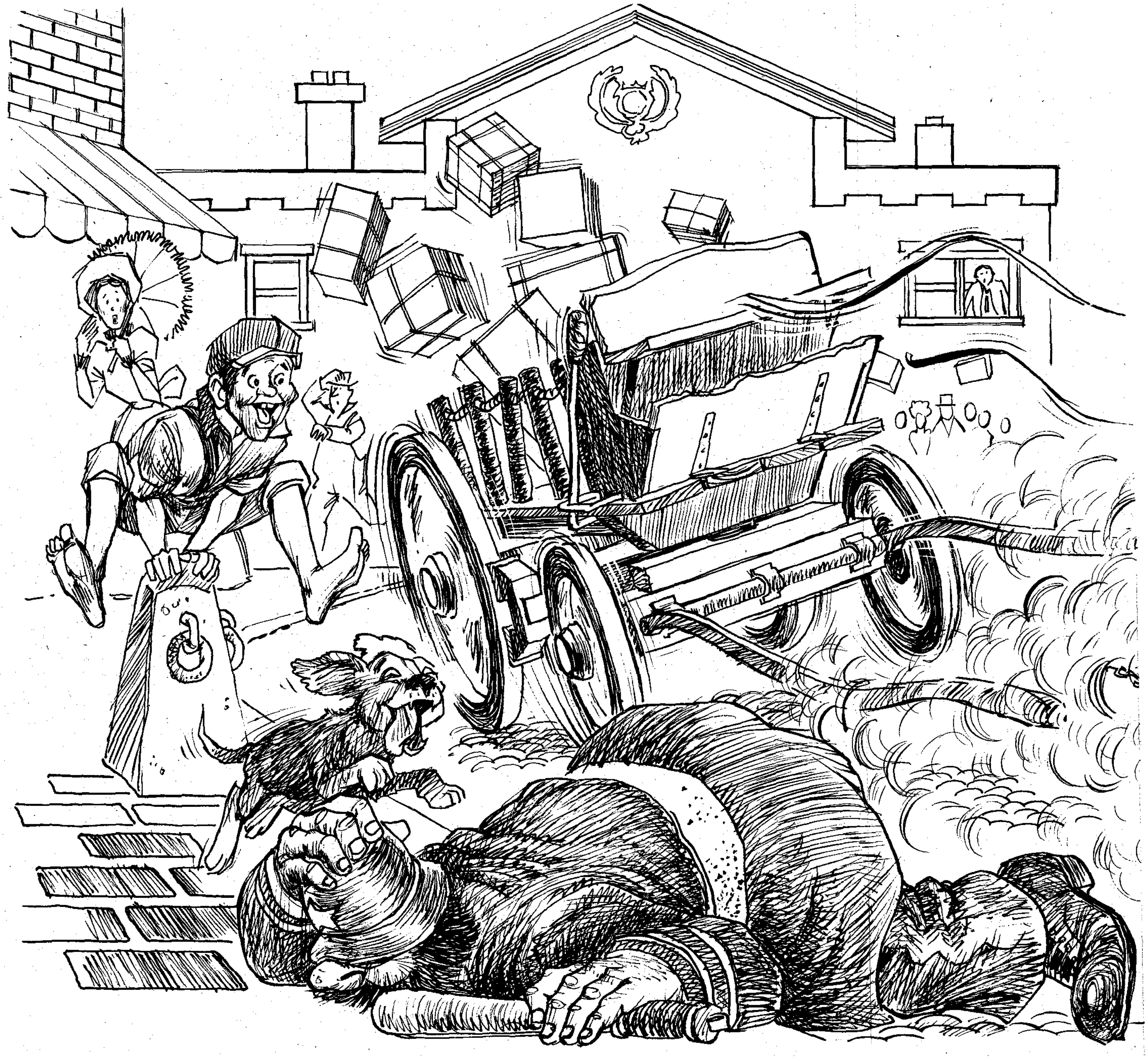


Courtesy Kansas State Historical Society, Topeka

"Little Buttercup," a Santa Fe locomotive. This picture was taken in 1880.



The author witnessed the end of an era—

WELLS FARGO

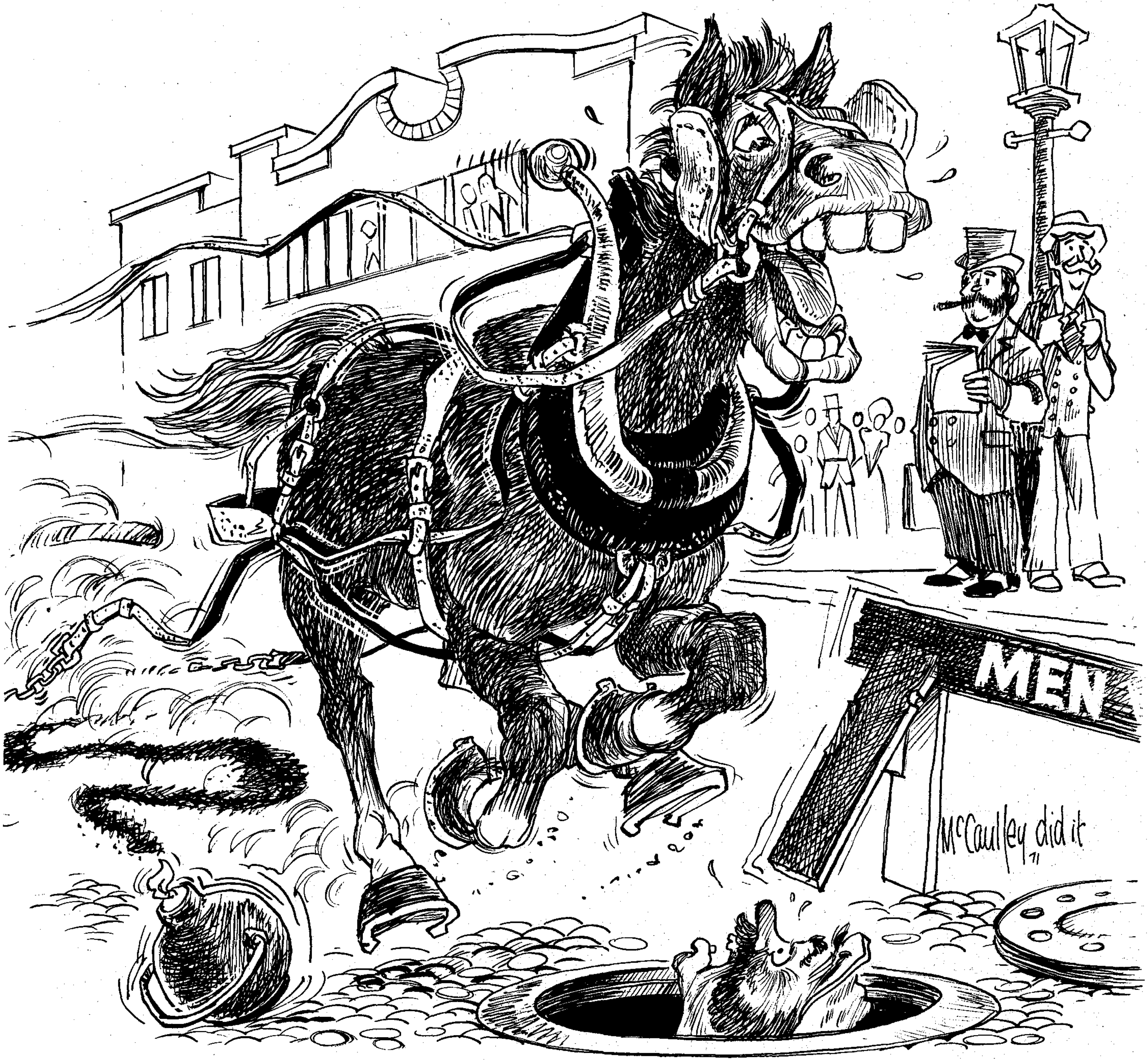
By GEORGE W. CRONYN

Illustrated by Bud McCaulley

JERRY was merely a Wells Fargo horse, but he was known as the "horse express" among the loading crews at the Southern Pacific terminal in Los Angeles. The honorary title stemmed from his long service with the company and the esteem in which he was held.

Our acquaintance began when I was promoted from express handler to driver of the string of loading trucks. "Driver" is hardly the word for it. Jerry consented to be led by a halter rope, but with the air of suggesting that humans were fallible, especially the amateurs who took him in tow. My own appointment derived from a casual mention of ranch experience and some knowledge of horseflesh.

The day I took over the job, Big Jim (the Wells Fargo day-shift foreman) offered some friendly advice. "Charlie," he



the waning days of the back-breaking

HORSE EXPRESS

said, "I've got to tell you that Jerry ain't no cow pony; he's come up from the ranks. I mean, he was hauling Fargo express wagons long before I joined up with the company ten years ago. But if you humor 'im and let 'im show *you* a thing or two, you'll team up fine." (I was known as Charlie because of my small mustache, resembling that of a famous comedian.) "There's one thing more," Big Jim went on. "When you sign in at seven in the morning, you might have to hunt for Jerry."

"What do you mean, hunt for him?"

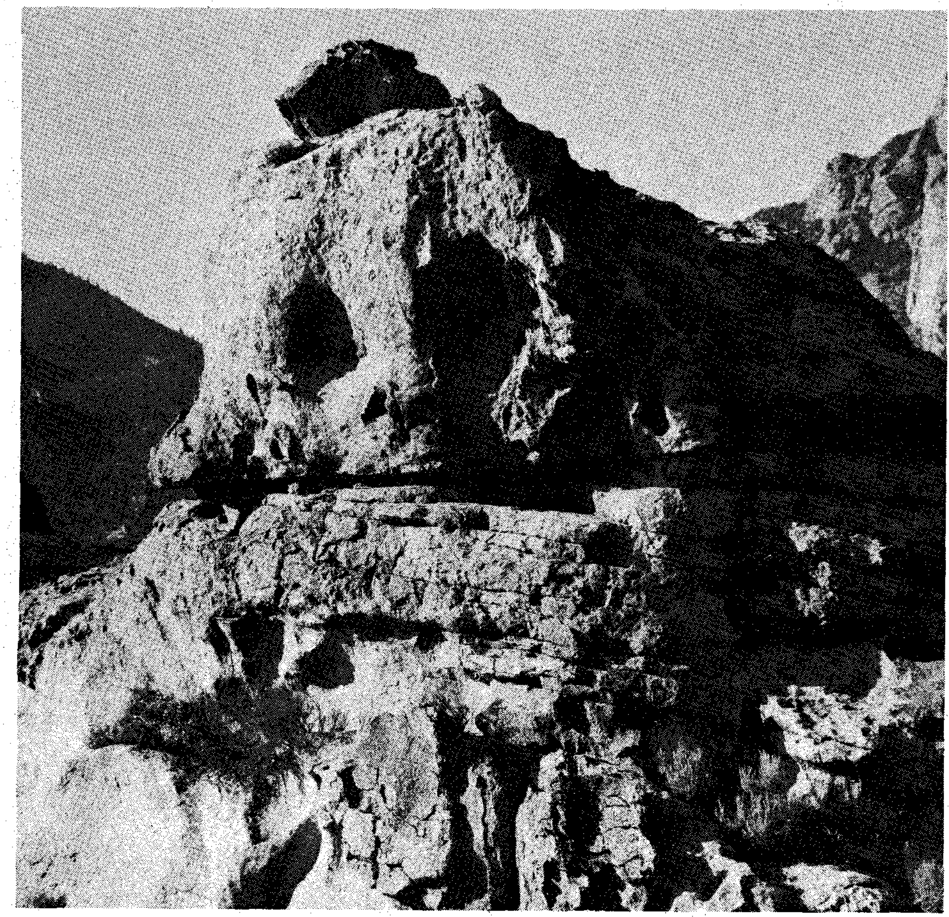
"Well, Jerry can get tricky now and then," said Big Jim. "If he turns up missing, just look down where the bread-and-milk train dumps its freight before the day shift comes on. The milk cans are taken away pronto, but the big bread baskets are left for the grocery pickup. And that's what Jerry counts on."

"Are you telling me that Jerry cuts loose from the hitching post to swipe bread? Aren't the containers closed?"

"Yep, but Jerry's right quick at opening 'em, sticking his muzzle in and picking a good fresh loaf for breakfast. 'Course he's too slick to work it every

(Continued on page 42)

NUGGETS



Photos Courtesy Author

Weathering and erosion have carved strange and curious formations in the City of Rocks.

SILENT CITY OF ROCKS

By H. E. Arbuckle

AMONG the thousands of names carved, scratched, or painted with wagon grease on rock formations along the old emigrant trail that extended from St. Joseph and Independence, Missouri to the Pacific Ocean, one of the most conspicuous is that made by Isaac Jump Hattabough as he passed through City of Rocks in 1849.

This geological oddity, unmentioned in most textbooks, lies in a twenty-five-square-mile area about thirty-six miles south of Burley, Idaho near the Oakley-Almo road. It is a strange and beautiful formation, eroded and weathered into weird shapes. Pyramids and monoliths, once part of a great dome of granite, encircle and dot a meadow watered by a cheerful little creek. Explorers and trappers called the place "rock Citty" or Monumental Rocks, but later travelers referred to it as City of Rocks.

Hattabough, born near Wilmington, Delaware on November 5, 1821, moved with his family in 1841 to Richmond Indiana where they farmed. Threatened with tuberculosis at age twenty-eight, young Isaac gave up farming, joined a party of Forty-niners with the idea of regaining his health, and headed for California to try his luck at panning gold.

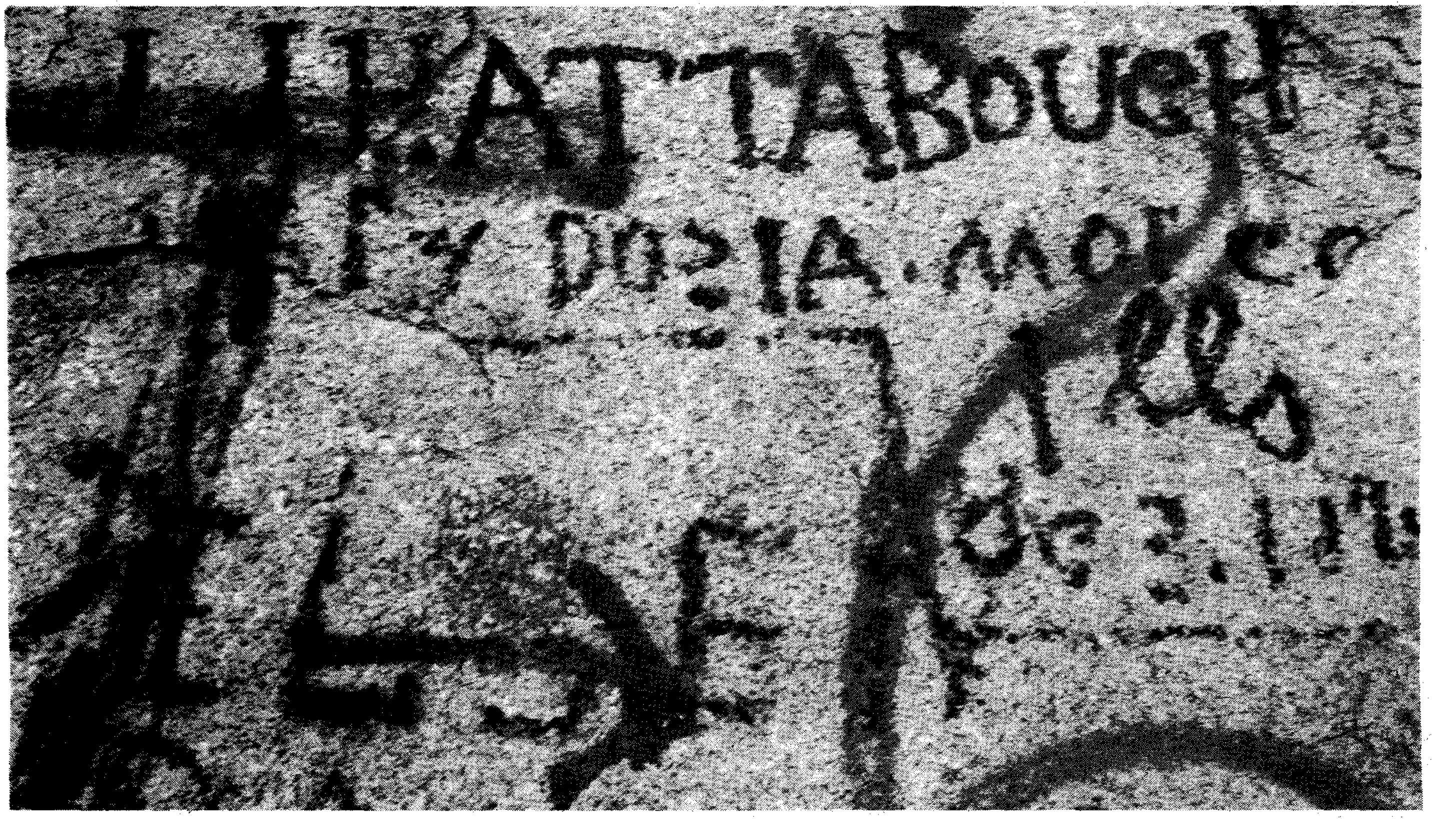
During the seemingly endless days after leaving Missouri, the party jolted over prairies, forded rivers with hidden quicksands and endured unrelenting daytime heat—"for there is not a bush nor has not been for near 200 Miles Large suficient to shad a Rabit." Animals began to play out and drop in their tracks. The odor from their decaying bodies was almost more than one could stand. After monotonous miles through sagebrush and dust, with little water, the emigrants had tired long before of scenery. To them, the view of City of Rocks with its cool water and fresh grass was like the comforting words of the Twenty-third Psalm:

He maketh me to lie down in green
pastures;
He leadeth me beside the still
waters:
He restoreth my soul . . .

With almost a thousand miles and two months of travel behind them, Hattabough and his party still had to cross Nevada and the Sierra before their journey was finished. They stayed only long enough to rest their animals, make a few repairs to the wagons, and leave their names on the rocks beside those who had preceded them.

DESPITE the hardships of the trip, Hattabough's health was completely restored by the time he arrived in California in September 1849. After a few days in Sacramento, he went to Coloma, the gold discovery site, where he observed the excitement of gold mining in all its phases. He mined at Cold Spring and Placerville until July 1850, then went to the Santa Clara Valley where he became a farmer again, and planted the first field of wheat in the area.

He engaged in farming until 1867 when he sold out, moved to San Jose, and



Names were scratched or painted on the rocks not as an idle pastime, but to assure relatives or friends coming later that the owner had reached this stage of the journey alive.

turned his attention to inventing farm implements. The U. S. Patent Office awarded him patents on several inventions. An advertisement in the June 20, 1867 San Jose *Mercury*, announcing the manufacture and sale of the "eagle fork," a device to load threshing machines mechanically, states: "It will readily perform the labor of from six to ten men." He sold several thousand dollars worth of these implements. In addition to other labor-saving farm machinery, he also invented and sold thousands of squirrel and gopher traps.

Though in frail health when he set out for California, Hattabough lived to the age of eighty-nine, an admired and respected citizen of San Jose.

Until the completion of the transcontinental railroad in 1869, City of Rocks continued to be a camp stop for California-bound emigrants. In later years it was a noted stage station between Boise and Kelton, Utah, a distance of 300 miles, also a point on the Overland route which linked the states with the Far West.

In the course of his job as register of the Public Land Office of Idaho Territory from 1869 to 1875, Thomas C. Donaldson sampled the accommodations of many stations. The usual fare was bacon and bread made from "self-raisin'" flour, and men sometimes slept with the horses. But in his reminiscences Donaldson wrote, "City of Rocks I remember as the home station . . . which offered anything out of the ordinary; in fact it was delightful. Mr. and Mrs. William Trotter were in charge. Mrs. Trotter was a quiet, motherly woman of forty years and she supplied meals that were excellent. She also had clean, comfortable beds for those compelled to remain at City of Rocks when the roads were impassable. She employed, as did everyone else in Idaho's early days, a Chinaman to do the cooking. On her table were napkins—clean, red ones at that! Napkins in those days were suggestive of everything cultured and luxurious."

Since stages carried money and other valuables they were often victims of hold-ups. And the narrows at the head of Raft River was an ideal place to waylay a coach. According to some accounts, two robbers made a big haul and buried their loot amounting to over $100,000 in gold somewhere between Treasure Rock in City of Rocks and Strevell, Idaho. But doubters shot holes in this story because they could find no records or newspaper accounts to substantiate the buried treasure report.

Today, cattle grazing in the meadow and swallows flying in and out of their nests built in the recesses of creature-looking formations are all that disturb the silence of the City of Rocks.

THE GRAVE ON SMITH CREEK

By Olaf Folkvord
As told to Borghild Folkvord

IN 1907 my dad, Thore Folkvord, was camp tender for Ed Skaar's sheep outfit located in eastern Montana about thirty-five miles north of Wibaux. Every day it was his job to make the rounds with a team and wagon to the various sheep camps to bring them supplies such as groceries. Quite often he would have to move a herder's camp to a new location so the sheep would have better grazing.

It was in July when he came to a camp that a newcomer from Scotland by the name of John Sullivan was supposed to be tending. Thore found the camp quite disorganized with the band of sheep scattered all over the hills. The saddle horse was running loose with the saddle on, but no rider. My dad couldn't figure out what happened. He thought maybe the sheepherder had gone berserk and just walked off. He didn't know just what to do but he decided the sheep had to be gathered up so he just took over the camp for a few days thinking the herder might return. He lived in the herder's covered wagon, and every day he would go down to the nearby creek for a bucket of water that he needed for drinking, cooking and washing dishes.

On the second day Dad rode over to the next camp to see if they had heard anything but they didn't even know the herder was missing so he returned to camp to take care of things. In the morning of about the third day, it being very warm even for July, he walked down to the creek to get a bucket of fresh drinking water only to find, floating on the water, the body of the missing herder.

Dad knew it was John Sullivan but what had happened no one will ever know. Some people thought maybe the herder had ridden his horse down to water him and as the creek was pretty

(Continued on page 50)

TRAILS
GROWN
DIM

Readers' letters for "Trails Grown Dim" are printed as soon as space permits, so please be patient! If possible, please type your query; or if handwritten, print or write clearly, especially names, dates, and places—and most of all, please be brief. In accord with the content of our magazines and purpose of this service since its beginning, preference is given writers whose trails have grown dim out West: lost ancestors and relatives who were sheriffs, pioneers, Forty-niners, muleskinners, cowboys, Indians and Indian fighters, and so on. We can't run current "missing persons" notices or lengthy genealogical requests, but we do attempt to print all letters as soon as we can. Any reader having information concerning persons referred to below is asked to communicate directly with the letter writer; please do not write to us.

Caldwell-Custard

Stephen Squire Caldwell was born in Mercer County, Pennsylvania in 1845. He was the son of John H. and Mary Caldwell. His brother John Daniel was a Presbyterian minister who cared for him after the deaths of his parents. Sisters were Amanda, who married Sam Gill and lived in Delphos, Kansas; Jane, who married a Christ also lived in Delphos; Chatrine and Phoebe.

Stephen S. joined the Civil War in 1861. He married Elizabeth Elvyn Custard November 26, 1868, in Independence County, Iowa. She had inherited a farm there. She was born in June 1851. She had one sister named Sarah who married Oscar King who was a banker in Hazelton, Iowa. She was supposedly born in New Jersey, but I can find no records there. The Kings had one son named Frank.

I will exchange information with anyone who has information about these families. Stephen S. Caldwell was my great-great-grandfather.—Mrs. Milton Gilreath, Box 394, Midlothian, Texas 76065

Terrell-Sutphen

I am searching for names of the parents of Achilles C. Terrell, born in Kentucky in 1798, married Elizabeth Osborn, died somewhere in Arkansas 1855-57. Son, James J., settled Bosque County, Texas in 1874.

Also searching for John S. Sutphen, born 1805, married Matilda W. Chrisman, 1833 in Williamson County, Tennessee, moved to Nacogdoches, Texas in 1850 and died in 1858. Need New Jersey-born parentage of John S. Their ten children married and died in Texas. Have records of these children.—Mrs. C. F. Vanecek, 1115 N. Lima Street, Burbank, California 91505

Crum

After reading your "Trails Grown Dim" column, I thought you might help me find an old buddy. Forest C. "Buck" Crum was born in Scott City, Kansas, April 8, 1916. He was last heard from at Winterhaven, California in 1960. Anyone having any information as to his whereabouts please contact me.—Sandy Baker, Rt. 1, Box 219, Sheridan, Oregon 97378

Glossinger

I would like to hear from anyone who could tell me about the Glossinger [Glassinger or Glossenger] family. Very little is known but there were two brothers who came from Germany—one about the 1840s and the other, earlier. Glassinger was the original spelling but was probably changed by one brother to Glossinger.—Don Glossinger, 310 Karwich Road, Michigan City, Indiana 46360

Toby

Would like to correspond with any person who has information on the Toby family. My grandfather, Gordon, was born March 21, 1860 and his wife, Annis (Mitchell), August 6, 1860, both near Warrenburg, Tennessee. They had six sons and one daughter. My father's name is Major Eldo. At some time, our last name was spelled Tobey or Tobby, but we have always spelled it Toby.—Mrs. Louie Lawrence, Jr. 1309 North Bailey, Fresno, California 93727

Chilton

I would like to have some information about a Sarah Jane Chilton, born in 1866 (?) who married a Lem Reid probably sometime between 1882 and 1886. She died in El Campo, Texas while still quite young. I have no idea if she had any children.

I would also like to hear from anyone who knew a Samuel Chilton (born 1858?) who died near Norman, Oklahoma. He married someone named May and it is thought they had several children, including a girl named May.—Penny Chilton, Box 206, Altamont, Kansas 67330

Reader Information

Your "Trails Grown Dim" column has long fascinated me and in doing family tree research, I came across an interesting publication which is issued by the U. S. Government. Many of your readers might like to know about this issue: National Archives Publication No. 64-8; Library of Congress Catalog Card No. A64-7048; sold by Superintendent of Documents, U. S. Government Printing Office, Washington, D. C. 20402

The price is fifty cents for each copy and its title is "Guide to Genealogical Records in the National Archives."

It gives information as to how to trace family trees and land grants and mentions the list of men serving in the military—not only in recent battles, but including the Revolutionary War, War of 1812, Civil War, etc. There are passenger lists for ships entering the U. S. as well as other types of information, and this booklet tells you how to go about your search.

Many downtown libraries of larger cities maintain genealogical departments complete with land grants on microfilm. Also census information, often back to 1790.—Eileen Schenck, 8640 San Miguel, South Gate, California 90280

Bowen

I am trying to locate my aunt and uncle, Hettie Heland and Sammuel Marse Bowen. They are the children of Rick and Betty [Simpson] Bowen. Hettie was born in 1900 and Marse in 1902. After their mother died, they were taken to an orphanage in Nashville, Tennessee in 1905. I have heard it was the Baptist Orphanage Home; however that institution burned in the early 1900s and all records were lost.

We have heard that some family in Alabama took both Hettie and Marse, but we are not sure of this. If still living, Marse and Hettie would be in their sixties.—Fannie McClanahan, El Patio Motel, Spur, Texas 79370

Dilworth Family

My cousins and I are trying to write a history of the Dilworth family, and have found most of the immediate family dates, etc., but are now stuck with finding proof of parents for Great-grandfather Absolom Harrington Dilworth. We think his mother was Martha Harrington. He's in the early census of North Carolina, but did he come from somewhere else? He was born July 25, 1815, and died September 1, 1896 in Montgomery County, Illinois.

We had an uncle, William Dilworth, a miner who lived in Winnemucca, Nevada. Any news of his life and interests could add to our story. Does anyone know if the Dilworths came from Scotland, England, or where? I'd be glad to correspond with anyone concerning this lifeline.—Mrs. William F. Marsh, 2802 Francis Lane, Costa Mesa, California 92626

Custer

I would like any information about Nevin Custer. He was the brother of George Armstrong, Thomas W., Boston and Margaret. I only know that he didn't join the army as did his two other brothers, but became a farmer. He may have lived in Ohio or moved west. Another possibility is that he moved near Monroe, Michigan. Nevin died in 1915. Would appreciate hearing from any descendants.—Lisa Ann Adolf, 2115 Rocky Point Road 28A, Bremerton, Washington 98310

Barton

Would appreciate information on a Mr. Barton who married Sarah Ann McLeod of Ontario, Canada in 1903 or 1904 in Sault Ste. Marie. They had one son, Chester, who might have moved to Oregon in the mid-1900s to work in the orchards in or around Celio or Scio. Sarah Ann and Chester are dead now, but left one granddaughter.—Mrs. Lynn Gurney, P. O. Box 731, Drain, Oregon 97435

(Continued on page 48)

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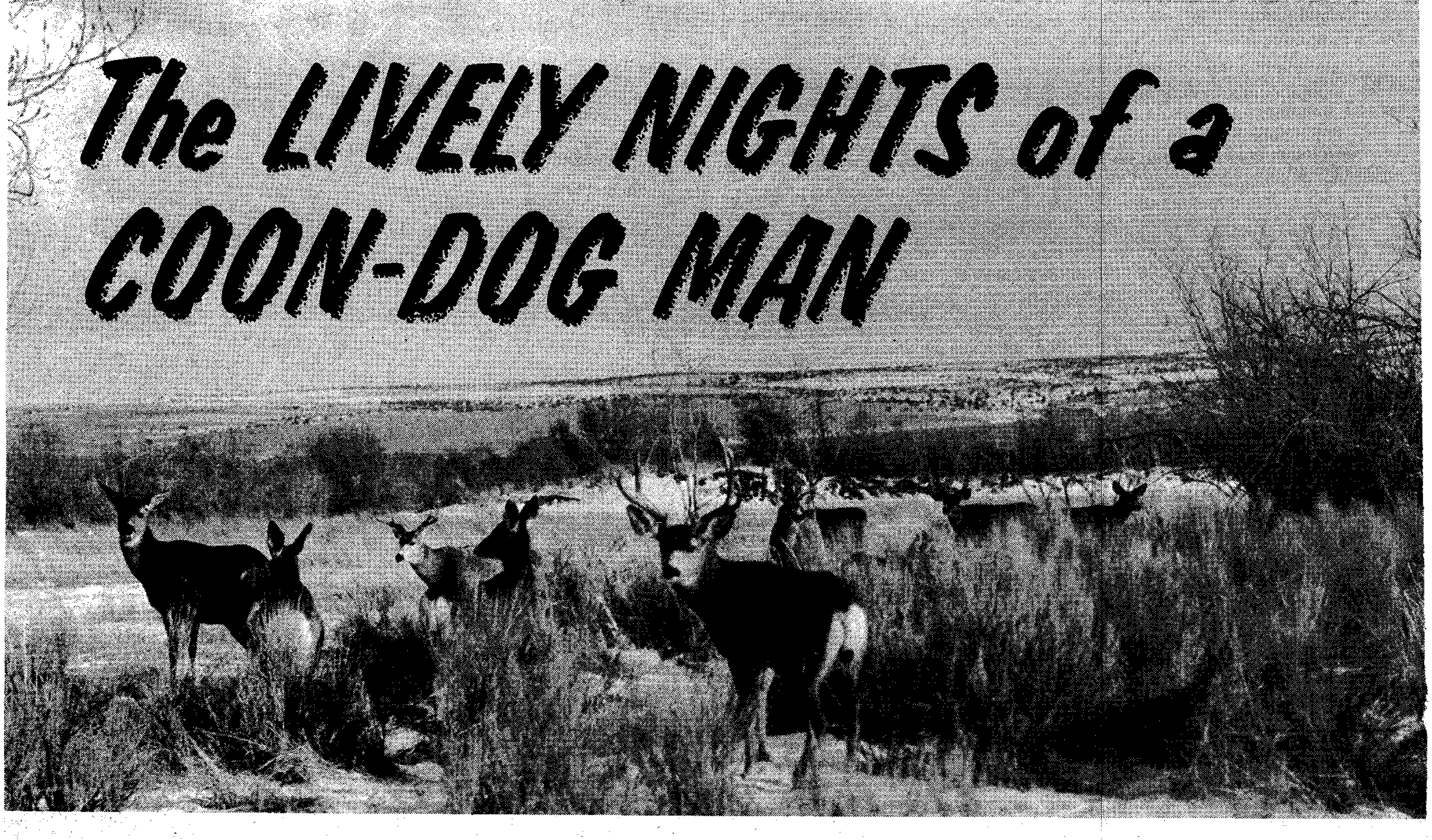
The LIVELY NIGHTS of a COON-DOG MAN



Courtesy United States Department of the Interior, Fish and Wildlife Service

After a snow, deer trails were easy to follow and hunters combed the country setting the deer to moving and making hunting good at deer crossings.

Courtesy United States Department of the Interior, Fish and Wildlife Service

Raccoons were favored by hunters because their meat was good and their pelts were legal tender—even at the tax office.

By FRANK HOVER
As told to LEOLA LEHMAN

Photos Courtesy Author

AFTER I bought my dog, Seymour, in 1896, I spent each winter hunting and trapping on the Boston Mountain in Arkansas. One year I went in early and helped Sam Barker make sorghum and take a herd of hogs down to Little Rock before it was time to trap.

Sorghum had to be made before the cane froze or it had a fermented tang and most people didn't like the flavor. We used a mule to turn the press. When the work was over we had a candy pulling and started down to Little Rock with the drove of hogs.

Sam had around a hundred head and they were a bull-headed gang to get underway but after the first day leaders developed and the rest followed them fairly well. Sam walked along on one side and I walked on the other keeping the stragglers in line. Ed, Sam's nephew, followed with the chuckwagon.

We made about ten miles a day and the hogs were glad to lie down and rest by the time it got dark. We hauled enough feed for the first few days and after that we bought from nearby farms. The hogs were fat but stood the drive well enough. It took us around two weeks to make the drive and I never did take part in another one. Too slow and tiresome.

This is a story about those long ago days when there was plenty of time to mosey around, roust out a varmint or two, and let the rest of the world go by...

By the time we got back from Little Rock the trapping season was near so I tramped around the country looking for mast. When you located the mast beds you knew where to go to pick up a varmint's trail. That was their food.

Dark Bend, on the Little Red River, was the best place in the neighborhood to hunt turkey and squirrel. Dark oak, light oak and post oak all grew in that bend of the river and, among them, furnished acorns the year around. Sweet and bitter mast it was called. Post oak acorns were sweet as soon as they fell in early autumn. Light oak acorns were sweet after the first freeze but dark oak acorns were bitter until they froze all winter. They were sweet in the spring. These mast beds drew animals from all around.

One day I went to Dark Bend for a turkey. When I came out of the timber I saw a whole flock across the river, out on a big sand bar. They were picking up gravel. They needed a lot of that in their craws when they ate acorns.

I had my .38-110 Marlin rifle with me that day. I didn't want a tough old gobbler so I got a bead on a hen. When I shot, the rest of the turkeys took to the trees. A young turkey will always go up in a tree when there is an alarm. I went across the river stepping from rock to rock.

When I got across I shot a fryer out of a tree. That, with the hen, was all I wanted because I had to cross a mountain to get home and turkeys were heavy to carry. I never shot game and let it lay.

Turkeys are smart and, like all wild things, they try to protect their young. Once I was on a ledge up on the side of a mountain. The ledge was from 150′ to 300′ wide and trees grew all along it. I flushed a flock of turkeys, and this just shows you how smart a turkey is. The hen turkeys had young ones about frying size. When they heard me the hens went one way and the young another. Then the young ones went up into the trees. I stood still against a tree and soon the old hens began to call. The young turkeys started through the trees toward the hens. They would come a little way and stop, then come on again.

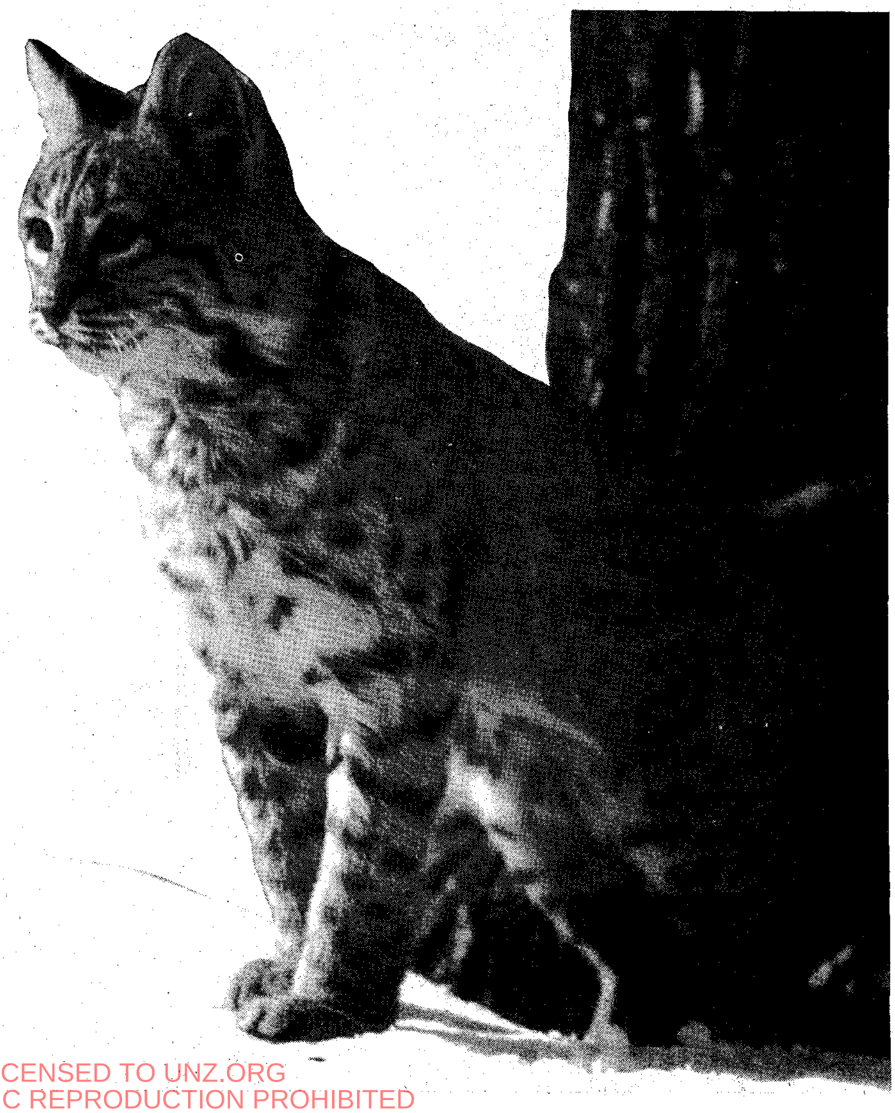
Two lit in the tree just above me and I shot one. When I shot, the hens stopped calling. I didn't need any more so I went on. Seymour had his own way of hunting turkeys. He just said "Boo" and sent them up in the trees.

(Continued on page 63)

F. M. Hover

Wildcats were vicious fighters and unless a dog knew how to go in from the side in an attack, he got his sides ripped open.

Courtesy United States Department of the Interior, Fish and Wildlife Service



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Hell on the Largo

(Continued from page 9)

the back seat, and he got in beside me. Oliver drove. Going down the Largo Foster said, not once but repeatedly, "Don't drive so fast!" They were not making more than twelve miles an hour and I tried to figure why he wanted Oliver to slow down. So I asked.

"Might get wrecked. This road's awful slick."

We reached a fork with the right trail leading over a hill. Ahead, dimly visible through the beating snow I saw two horsemen headed for town. Oliver said, "There's Felipe and Bourbonnaise now." In five minutes we'd have overtaken them but Foster said, "Take the left fork. I'm afraid we can't pull this hill." It dawned on me that Foster didn't want to overtake those riders. I wondered if one were Bourbonnaise as they said. I was sure of Felipe but the other rode like Henry Coleman.

THE DRIVER backed up and took the left fork. I kept my eyes on the riders while warning Oliver of ditches on our left. Foster reversed his tactics and urged Oliver to speed up. The roads converged at a washout in a wide lane. A car was stalled there with snow up to the radiator. Instead of stopping to help the people Oliver straddled one of the tracks and Foster jumped out to tramp down snow to make a track for the Ford. When Oliver started, the front wheels went over a bank. We got out but nobody mentioned helping the driver of the stalled car.

I knew that something strange was a-foot. We got into the road ahead of the horsemen and stopped at a new house at the edge of Quemado. The door was open and so blocked with snow it could not be closed. There was a small stove in the house, and some wood; but with the door standing open anyone in it would have frozen. I waited until the others had gone and asked, "Foster, why not go to a hotel and get a room? I'll pay for it."

He nodded. We walked to the Rocas, and Foster locked me in a room. In a short time he returned and said that Henry Coleman wanted to see me. Though he was Coleman's man I felt sure that Foster was in sympathy with me. That was why he had schemed to avoid meeting the horsemen. He said again, "Coleman wants to see you."

"I suppose you have some protection?" I replied.

He flipped back his coat and showed me his .45. I told him, "Give me that gun and Coleman and his whole gang can come. I'll hold the fort."

He answered, "Oscar, I honestly wish that I could. I don't like this."

That evening Profanio Baca sent another guard. That confirmed my surmise that he anticipated trouble.

The next morning Baca convened court and I learned what had happened: the younger Baca had gone to Mrs. Coleman's and found her and Oliver dead. Papers had been issued for me, Fred, and Bourbonnaise. Felipe Padillo, Ben Foster, and Ben Oliver had gone to Bourbonnaise's before coming for me, and they had found him in bed. They told him they'd come to make an arrest. He asked if they'd have coffee and told them it was ready. They refused. They said that they would find it waiting at the Coleman place, and they took Bourbonnaise there a-foot. As he walked through the door into Mrs. Coleman's house he was shot.

When witnesses were called to the stand not one of them connected Bourbonnaise, Fred, or me with the shooting. Profanio Baca adjourned court and told me that there was no testimony against me. He added that he had decided, though, to put me under bond, and Fred, too. I told him that my brother knew nothing of this, and that when he learned of it he would come in. Baca explained to me that if he did not put us under bond Coleman would have us re-arrested and that it was better to put us under bond.

"You're the law. I'll do whatever you say. But Fred's out in the Escondidos. The storm's so bad they may have trouble finding the house. He probably doesn't even know that Mrs. Coleman and Oliver are dead and you can be sure that when he learns of it he will come."

My Spanish-American friends signed my bond right there and in five minutes I was released. As I left the courtroom I met Hazel coming in. I'd asked her to stay quietly at the ranch, but her anxiety was so great that she'd saddled a horse and followed us. She was almost frozen and her mount had icicles hanging from his nostrils. Both were exhausted. Hazel could hardly get into the Baca house when Profanio had insisted that we stay. His wife helped her up the steps while Profanio and I took care of the horse.

Hazel said that as she was putting her saddle on old Dan, a sure-footed and gentle horse, she heard a woman call. At the stable door she met Isabel Guyon, Bourbonnaise's daughter. The girl was hysterical and almost frozen from plowing through snowdrifts on foot. She asked if her father were at our place and Hazel told her he was not. When she asked where Hazel was going and was informed of my arrest she said, "They've taken Daddy, too, and they said they were going to Mrs. Coleman's. Was he with them when they came after Oscar?"

"No."

"Then they've killed him! Will you go to Mrs. Coleman's with me to find out?"

"Just as soon as I can saddle another horse." Hazel changed her saddle to Booger, a dangerous animal, and started. When the girl reached the bank of the Largo the drifts were so deep that the horse missed his footing and stumbled.

"Tighten up on your reins or he'll kill you," warned Hazel.

"I don't care if he does."

When they reached the Coleman house there was only silence. Hazel called but got no answer. She rode to the porch and through the beating snow could see dimly that the door was open and that extending through it lay the body of a man with his feet outside. She recognized Bourbonnaise's boots.

Isabel slipped from the saddle and began breaking her way through deep drifts. Hazel called to her to stay back because somebody might be in the house and they might be killed. Isabel knelt by her father's body and gathered his head in her arms. She begged Hazel to go to the kitchen and bring water.

"It's too late; he's gone."

Hazel had difficulty in getting Isabel to leave. She also had a strong sense of being watched. She was afraid that whoever had killed Bourbonnaise might still be in the house, and every second she expected to be shot. By half-carrying Isabel she got her to her horse and helped her mount. Then she took Booger's reins and led him. Isabel's long hair had come down and was hanging to her waist. Her dress was bloodstained and she slumped until Hazel feared she would fall from the saddle. She took the girl to her father's house and told her to stay there, and to bolt the door. She would send someone to stay with her. Isabel moaned as Hazel explained that she must go to Quemado and find what had happened to me.

HENRY COLEMAN was tried for the killing of Bourbonnaise. On the stand Foster said that Bourbonnaise had grabbed a Winchester as he entered the Coleman house. Foster was questioned as to his being able to see it upon entering, and especially if the Winchester was in an inside corner as he had said in his testimony. Foster said Bourbonnaise had it trained on Coleman, and that Henry had fired in self-defense. I do not know what really happened and doubt that anyone did.

The judge instructed the jury to find a verdict of "not guilty because of self-defense," and it did so.

Elfego Baca, sheriff at Socorro, sent his brother Leandro, who was at that time his deputy, to Quemado to arrest me and Fred. Leandro asked if we had guns and when told that we did, asked us to put them on. He said, "If you are molested on this trip I aim to get in the first shot." We spent the night at Magdalena, and Leandro got two rooms at the hotel. He told us there was a *baile* (dance) in town which we might attend. He asked us to let him know when we returned to our room.

When we got to Socorro, Leandro fixed up bonds for us, and without consulting us got signers. When the case was called there were no witnesses. I announced that we were ready for trial and the judge replied that without witnesses he could not try us. He continued the case for six months.

I went to Elfego Baca. He advised me to get a good gun for Hazel and to carry one myself. He told me not to let anybody else get the first shot. He asked me what I knew about the death of Mrs. Coleman and reminded me that Henry had been acquitted and could not be tried a second time on the charge. I debated awhile and said, "If he claims her property, land, cattle, and horses, I'll think he hired it done; because if he were in Magdalena when he said he was he could not have done it. But if not, I just don't know."

Elfego thought it over, then nodded. Coleman could not have got anyone to kill his wife without it costing him a big sum of money.

When the case again came to trial no witnesses appeared against either Fred or me and we were acquitted. But the prolonged ordeal of trials, attorneys' fees, and the living expenses of our two families who left the ranches and stayed in Socorro so long had created a financial problem difficult of solution. When we returned to our homes we found that nearly all of our cattle had been stolen. I had left mine in care of Guyon, who lived near and who probably had done all of which he was capable to protect them. I had known that he was not a cowboy, but at the time could get no one else.

Ray Morley, of the Drag A, was appointed administrator of the Clara Coleman estate. Whether or not he declined serving I do not know; at any rate he did not. Henry Coleman petitioned the Court to permit him to act in that capacity and the request was granted.

It was reported that Mrs. Coleman's mother and sister lived in Texas, but neither attended her funeral, probably because the storm made it impossible to get there. It is possible they were not notified of her death, but more probable that the impassable condition of the road to Magdalena was to blame.

Whether or not they made a claim for Mrs. Coleman's property I do not know. One month after her death Henry Coleman became her administrator. Her estate was estimated at about $8,000, which was a big amount at that time. And Coleman collected it. Never again did he live on the ranch where his wife had died. He owned a small one northwest of Quemado, near the Arizona line. It was near Goat Spring and called the Goat Ranch.

Coleman was tried for the killing of Bourbonnaise, but it was a long time before the legal proceedings were completed. He was defended by an attorney whose brother, too, came for the trial, and both were said to be Coleman's brothers; but that, too, was a surmise that lacked proof. Again Henry Coleman was acquitted.

IN his long absence, Henry had employed a dependable man to take care of his property at the Goat Ranch. Once more his charm of manner seemed sufficient to bind men to him and insure their loyalty. No man who can do that should be underestimated.

After his return to the ranch he lived much as he had before the tragic death of his wife. He attended roundups and dances. Though many believed that he had not acted in self-defense in killing Bourbonnaise, he had been acquitted and people were deferential to him. He had many loyal friends who defended him to the last.

And again he married. His wife, a Mrs. Davis, was a widow with two small boys, and they were loyal to Coleman

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and resented any criticism of him.

It was alleged that Coleman attempted to establish control of nearly all the land between his home and Quemado, a stretch of about thirty miles. He maintained it until the end of World War I brought many nesters into the country. They filed on homesteads in that area. The Nations were on their north and the Lynches owned a big tract on the state line.

The Nations were losing cattle. They lost so many that when the depression struck, it did not take many months to break them. Just what became of their cattle was the pertinent question and they were unable to answer it. Upon one thing people were agreed—it was not the Spanish-Americans who were getting them. There was a settlement of those people at Atarque who depended upon cattle for income but they had enough to supply their simple needs without stealing.

The Anglos who attempted to make a living by farming, the so-called squatters, may have killed a few steers when they were hungry but that was accepted as necessary for their existence. People quoted Henry Coleman as saying to those who lived near him that he wanted nobody to go hungry. He told them not to do without food but to kill a beef when they needed meat.

Meanwhile he was selling beef to the Zuni Reservation. Apparently instead of dealing directly with the agent, he delivered cattle to a trader on the reservation. Unjust though it may have been, it was commonly assumed that all Indian agents were dishonest. This one may have been profiting from the cattle transactions. This angle of the Coleman story is as controversial as the others.

Upon one point dissenters agree—Coleman sold beef to the Indians. It was alleged that he sold not only his own cattle, but many that belonged to the Nations. The animals were driven to the reservation by cowboys working for the Half Circle N until a drunken hand boasted in Quemado that he had left headquarters with a few steers and picked up every one he found along the drive. That could have been a joke, as the cowboy later claimed it was. And if Henry Coleman were selling beef that did not belong to him, the cowboys knew it and were getting their cut.

After an investigation Coleman was charged for it. His accomplices knew that if he were brought to trial they would be subpoenaed as witnesses or charged as accomplices. Within a short time several of them became deputies. Their suspicions caused Coleman to be absent from his ranch much of his time, but his enemies knew that from time to time he returned. How, in a country with no telephones, men so far apart managed to get word and to assemble as quickly as they did when it was learned that Coleman was at the Goat Ranch, nobody has as yet explained, but they did it.

They knew Coleman, his habits, and his habitat. They knew also of his skill with a six-shooter, and how fast he was on the draw. They felt that it was necessary to send a few men after him. Some defined "few" as twelve, and some said fourteen. Those men were, or claimed to be, a legally authorized posse. Whether or not they had a warrant for Coleman's arrest is another of the controversial questions concerning him.

His house sat in a draw that narrowed to a V where the buildings were located. The draw widened out to form a horse pasture in the flat. About a hundred yards from the corner was a little bare round knoll. From it the entire pasture could be seen. Coleman was accustomed, as was every other man in the country, to keeping a night horse with which to wrangle the remuda. It was his habit to ride up on the little hill each morning to locate his horses.

The posse, more than a dozen strong, slipped in one night, concealed their mounts in a thicket, and walked to a hiding place in the arroyo. When Coleman rode up the hill they gave him no chance to surrender but opened up on him with high-powered rifles. They knew that except for his six-shooter he was unarmed, and that it was of little use at long range.

They killed his horse and shot him down. With a bullet in his knee he managed to get on his feet and run downhill to take cover in the arroyo. And there he lay. He lay there from dawn until noon. When the members of the posse finally got sufficient courage to investigate they found that Henry Coleman had bled to death.

Not so much the killing, but the manner in which it was done, caused a reaction in favor of Coleman. Regardless of what he may have done, the local people felt that he had died gamely, and they felt that if it were true that he had not been permitted to surrender that the posse had acted contrary to the code to which they subscribed. There were some who many years later said that regardless of what Henry Coleman may have done, he was a far braver man than those who made up the posse. Others still insist that he was a dangerous outlaw and that the officers could not have acted otherwise than they did.

Henry Coleman is a legendary character in western New Mexico, and still has the charm of gallantry and courage. As to his guilt, I cannot say.

Wells Fargo Horse Express

(Continued from page 33)

day—only a few times a week. Don't do no good to cuss 'im out, either."

"How about giving him bread with his feed? That might break him of stealing it."

"Nope," said Big Jim, "we've tried that, too. It ain't that he's skimped on feed bags either; he gets a good fat one morning and evening. Jerry just likes to pick his own grub. And no matter how the boys from the stable tie him up, that nag can give 'em the slip. Pretty smart, eh?"

JERRY worked from 6:30 a.m. to 6 p.m. or later, depending on whether the trains were on time. The rest of us put in nearly as long hours. We were clocked by the company at 55 working hours per week, and the wage was $55 a month, paid promptly. In 1915 a single man could live well on that income and a small family could get by. Although the West Coast was undergoing a severe recession during World War I, paradoxically the express business was booming. We had to hustle along, day in and day out, to meet our loading schedules on time.

Before I landed the horse express job, I had to go through a grueling initiation in the method of stacking trucks for express cars and unloading from the carriers. It was particularly disagreeable to unload sealed fruit cars which arrived early in the morning after an all-night trip from the Imperial Valley. The crated fruit—cantaloupes, watermelons, grapefruit, and other delicacies—were pleasanter to think about than to remove from the oven-hot vans.

On my first trial-run at this work, half a dozen of the express crew were detailed to unload a couple of fruit cars at the far side of the station. Our supervisor, perhaps with malice aforethought, assigned me to the receiving end on the platform facing the open door. I was instructed to take hold of each crate as it was handed out and place it carefully on the platform.

A few minutes later, I received my first delivery—not handed to me, just tossed out. I managed to snatch the object, a standard fruit crate, but had scarcely deposited it when another came hurtling through the door. Others followed in rapid succession.

Half an hour later, when the car was empty, I was nursing scratched and bruised arms, from wrists to elbows. At the end of the ordeal, the boss poked his head out, surrounded by grinning faces, and yelled, "You pass, Charlie, old boy!" Thereupon I was handed a large cantaloupe which I ate back of the car, along with the rest of the crew who had divided up the "broken" crate. Then I learned that it was an unwritten rule of the game to charge off one fruit crate per car as received in "bad order." No one seemed to object.

When I graduated to truck locomotive "engineer" I had reason to be grateful for Jerry's special talents. On my first trip in charge of the express horse, his assorted load appeared to be properly stacked, but after a few paces Jerry came to a halt, blinking noncommittally at my impatient jerk at his halter rope. In a moment I discovered the reason. The last carrier, which I had not examined too closely, was plainly unbalanced at one corner and a large package was starting to teeter perilously. After I corrected the faulty loading, Jerry dutifully resumed his slow pace.

Heading toward the maze of tracks, he could detect the distant whistle of an oncoming train long before the signal was audible to human ears. At that moment, regardless of urging, Jerry would halt and stand motionless, calmly switching his bedraggled tail. Not until the train had rumbled slowly past and the way was clear again, would Jerry proceed.

(Continued on page 44)

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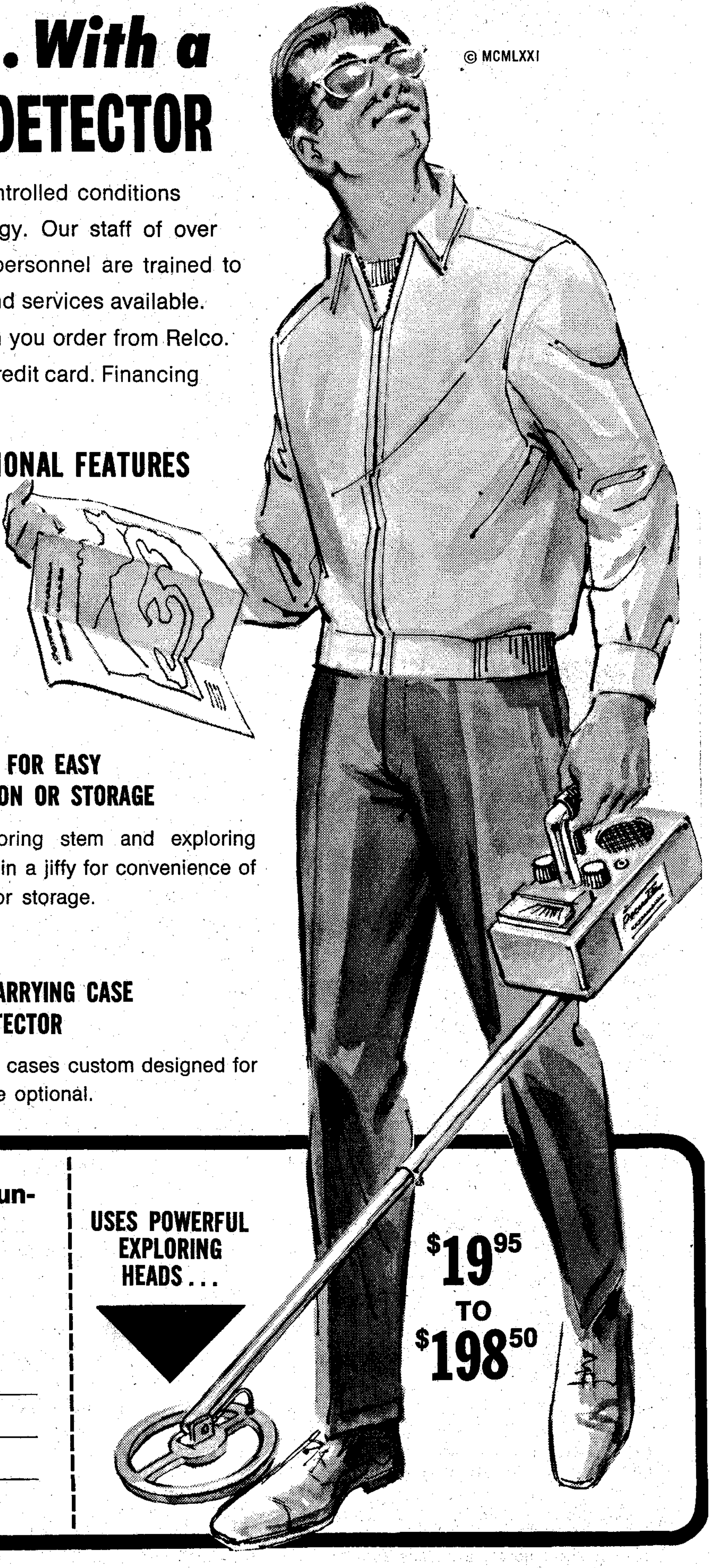

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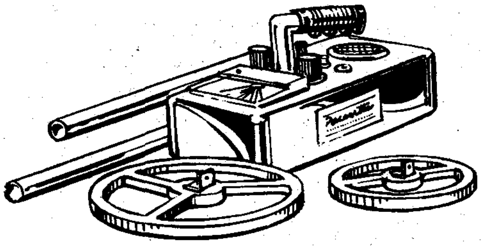

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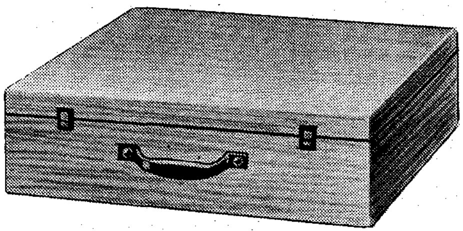

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All things considered, Jerry and I got on well enough until he staged a spectacular runaway. Apparently annoyed at being put to work too early—the night driver hitched him to a loaded express truck before leaving at 6:30 a.m.—Jerry loosened his tie rope and took off uptown, trailing the wildly veering wagon. Parcels were scattered along the way and finally the truck itself broke loose. For several hours there was quite a rumpus in the Wells Fargo office. In due time, all the packages were safely recovered, along with the truck. Jerry himself was found several hours later at his favorite haunt—the bread baskets—munching his breakfast.

After a stretch as horse engineer, I went on the night shift as custodian of the messenger safes—a post that was not quite the sinecure it appeared to be. True, little physical labor was involved, but precise record-keeping was part of the job; so was the correct disposition and floor arrangement of twenty or more massive steel chests, each weighing 300 to 500 pounds, provided with bandit-proof locks. Or so it was assumed.

The storage room was well guarded. One door led to the night foreman's office, and the only other access was through a sliding steel door to the loading area outside. This was kept locked except when a messenger's safe was in transit, in or outward bound.

The express messengers on the whole were a dedicated type, more conscious of the great name and honorable history of the company than other Wells Fargo personnel. A grizzled veteran, Joe Beekman, often stopped to reminisce before signing out. He recalled the last attempted holdup of a Wells Fargo stage, in 1883, by the noted bandit Black Bart. Young Beekman was not on the stage but got the story first-hand from the driver. Oddly enough, it was Beekman who witnessed a holdup down the line while I was in charge of the safes.

At about four o'clock one morning, I realized that the fast mail from the East was two hours overdue—not in itself an unusual circumstance. However, the night foreman soon came rushing in with the big news—"Hold-up!" he announced grimly. "She's pulling out now and will make up some time; maybe be in by five. Come on over to the depot agent's office if you want to get the story. Hasn't been a holdup tried in a hell of a long time!"

At a quarter past five Beekman showed up in the depot agent's quarters to give us the details, which were greeted with appreciative chuckles. For the job had been botched due to inexperience in moving a 500-pound safe loaded with gold bullion from an open express car to the body of a Ford truck.

"You should have been there to show 'em, chum!" said Beekman, turning to me with a broad grin. The rest guffawed.

Only recently the night foreman had sternly lectured me on the technique of shifting messenger safes. I was warned never, under any circumstances, to "monkey with those infernal dingbats except the regular way!" The regular way meant that a small crowbar was used to work a safe onto a metal roller; the safe was then brought slowly forward until a second roller could be adjusted underneath. After that, it was possible to maneuver a safe in any direction.

As for the bandits, their preliminaries were simple and effective. At a desert road crossing they swung a red lantern across the track, bringing the locomotive to an unscheduled stop. A gang of five or six leaped from the Ford and quickly rounded up the train crew at gunpoint—that is, except for the brakeman who, by good luck, was on the back platform of the last car.

When the bandits threatened to shoot their hostages, one of the two messengers on guard duty inside the train rolled back the door, and the gang proceeded methodically with their project. The Ford was backed up to the express car; three of the robbers entered and managed to shove two safes well forward. Then they prepared to transfer the safes to the truck by way of a wide plank. At this point the whole scheme misfired. As the first safe was being inched across, the plank broke under the heavy load and the safe crashed to the ground.

By no means stymied, the gang leader ordered the truck itself backed clear to the train door to receive the other safe. This might have worked if safe number one had not landed directly behind a rear wheel of the truck, thus obstructing the whole operation. Despite the exertions of the would-be robbers, the safe remained imbedded in the sand. A final attempt to bridge the short distance between the door sill and the tailboard ended when the second safe tumbled out, wrecking the tailboard. Now there were two safes down, and time was running out. Nevertheless, the gang desperately tried to salvage the loot.

In the meantime, the brakeman had not been idle. Alarmed by the unusual commotion, he peered around the end of the last car, and with an instinct for doing the right thing at the right time, ducked out of sight and dashed across a strip of desert toward a pinpoint of light in the distance. This proved to be an adobe ranch house equipped with a telephone. The brakeman got the local sheriff on the wire and within minutes a posse was on the way to the scene of the holdup. The band, however, escaped capture. When a row of lights was spotted approaching across the desert, the men hopped into their truck and took off over the cactus-studded sands. At least, Wells Fargo retrieved its safes, which were reloaded with the help of the posse.

Beekman's narrative was greeted by cheers, and the depot agent—breaking another company rule—passed around a bottle which he had tucked away somewhere. The story never made the papers, perhaps because the company did not want to tip off other potential safe-snatchers on how to do a better job.

In time, when an attractive offer came from the East, I prepared to leave Wells Fargo and Company. My departure on the limited was enlivened by farewell shouts of "Good luck, Charlie!" "Don't ferget the compan - ee!" et cetera. As express and baggage cars, day coaches and sleepers, began to move in the wake of the mighty locomotive, I caught a glimpse of a familiar form—Jerry the horse express—plodding with patient deliberation back to the loading platform.

I believe that no one working for Wells Fargo could possibly have imagined that in a few years the world-famous express giant would disappear from the American scene. But in June 1918, Wells Fargo became part of a three-way merger which resulted in the American Railway Express. That event marked the end of a picturesque era.

Did Chief Joseph Slay Mrs. Manuel?

(Continued from page 23)

with the baby and Maggie were permitted to return to their home, and the men lay concealed in the creek bushes."

Another victim of the war party, Mrs. Samuel Benedict, related that while she was en route to Mount Idaho she stopped at the Manuel home and "'found Mrs. Manuel alone with her children. She showed me her knee and told what the Indians had done. I tried to induce her to go with me, but she said she would not leave her husband and father, who were wounded and needed her aid.'" So Mrs. Benedict went on.

"Maggie says that the Indians came back, led by either Joseph or his younger brother Olicut [Alokut]; that the chief tried to embrace her mother, that she struck the Indian in the face, that the chief drew a knife and plunged it into her breast, also killing the baby. Maggie, later as Mrs. Maggie Bowman, made a sworn affidavit that this story is true."

However, Mr. Adkison "favors the theory that Mrs. Manuel was carried away by the Indians."

The Indian version of this episode, as reported in L. V. McWhorter's *Hear Me, My Chiefs!*, recounts that the raiders had gotten drunk on whiskey at Benedict's store. Philip Williams (Lahpeealoot) told McWhorter about his part in the attack on the Manuel family: "We chased a white man who was mounted with a small boy riding behind him. I used an arrow drawn on the man but it struck the boy on the arm and he cried. When I heard that pitiful voice, I turned my horse and backed away. Not used to killing, it hurt my feelings to hear that little child crying." Williams had mistaken Maggie for a boy.

Although details are lacking at this point, and understandably the Indians involved were loath to discuss the exact sequence of events, McWhorter's Nez Perce informants did admit to him that Red Wolf transferred Mrs. Manuel to the back of his pony, intending to abduct her. But she snatched the knife from his belt and desperately tried to stab him. "He struck her," the Indians declared, "felling her to the ground, and she died from the fall." Presumably the raiding party then carried her and the infant back to her home and plundered it before setting the house afire, as Maggie later claimed she recovered her mother's charred earrings from the ashes.

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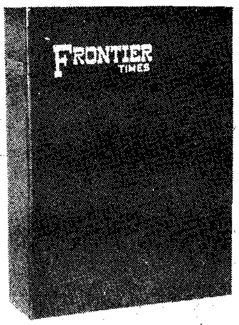
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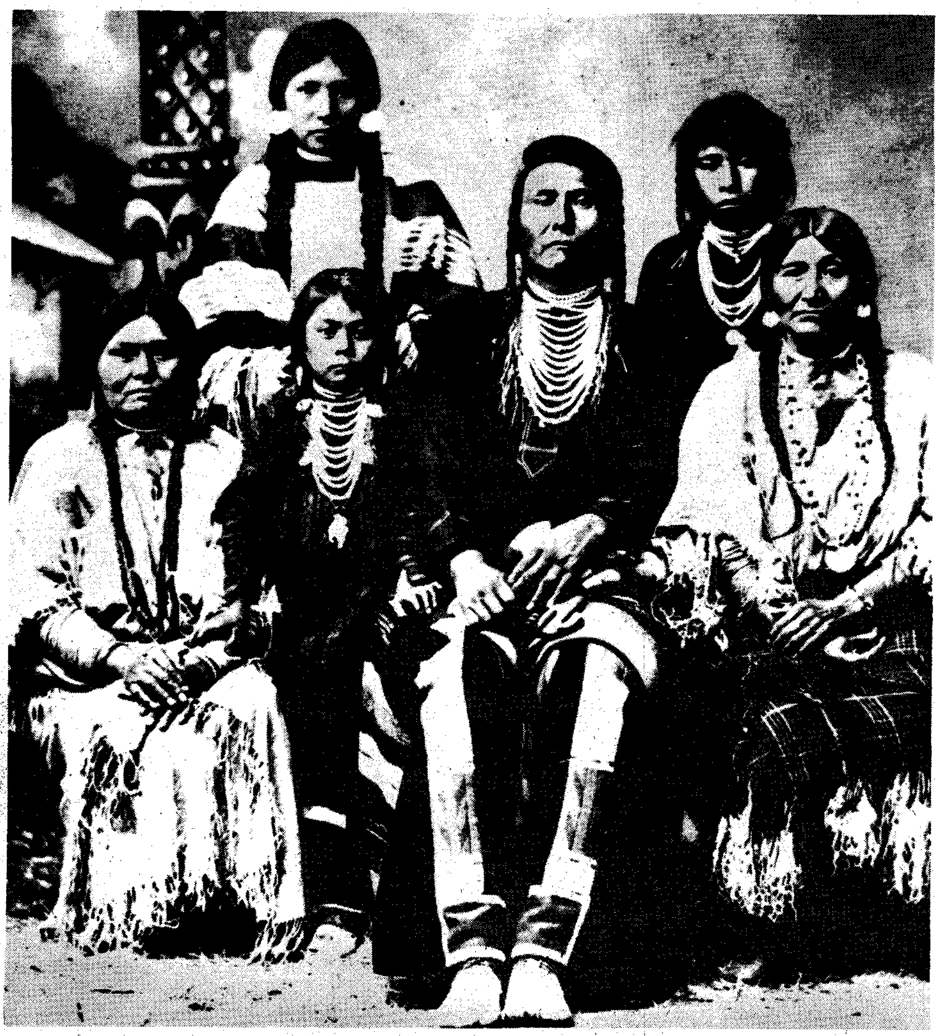

Courtesy Washington State Historical Museum, Tacoma, Wash.

Chief Joseph in the years immediately after the Nez Perce war. The two women at his right are believed to be his wives, Heyoon-Yoyikt, his "older" wife, and behind her standing, Springtime.

A revealing news item describing the attack on the Manuels appeared in the June 24, 1877 Lewiston *Teller Extra* which recently came into my possession. George Popham, father-in-law of Postmaster Manuel, gave an eye-witness account to L. P. Brown, secretary of volunteers at Mount Idaho, who took down Popham's statements verbatim:

" 'I was stopping at Jack Manual's, my son-in-laws, since last Fall. The first alarm we had was on Thursday [June 14?] about noon, when we saw three Indians go past, soon after Mr. Baker and Fruth came to Manual's and told us that the three Indians just past had shot Sam Benedict in the legs. Mr. Baker wanted to come to the prairie and inform the people, but Manual did not deem it safe for any of them to leave.

" 'Mr. Baker went home and in a short time returned with Pat Price [Brice] and intended to come to Mt. Idaho, they had only gone a short distance when they saw the Indians coming. Baker, Manual, wife and children started to go down to Baker's house, had got but a short ways when they were surrounded by the Indians, about 20 in number, they killed Baker and Manual. Mrs. Manual fell from her horse and they ravished her and afterwards [in the house] killed her by a stab in the breast. The little girl's arm was broken and the baby boy was killed.

" 'Mrs. Manual got back to the house and the Indians told her that if Price and myself would give up all the arms and ammunition we had that they would not kill us. We gave up a Henry rifle and shot gun. We kept secreted that night and Friday night [June 15]. On Saturday at about 11 A.M., the Indians come down the hill from prairie [Camas Prairie], Price went to brush and stayed all night, I also took to the timber. On Sunday morning [June 17] they burnt the house and Mrs. Manual and child were burnt in it. . . .

" 'Price left White Bird at 3 P. M., Sunday packing the little 6½ year old girl by permission of the Indians. . . . He arrived at Mt. Idaho Monday evening where they now remain. . . .' "

The foregoing should have put a quietus on the rumors, if people read the newspapers then as avidly as they do now. It may be remarked that this contemporary, unembellished recital bears little resemblance to the colorful story dramatizing Patrick Brice, as written by Charles Moody in *Century Magazine*. Despite the news report a plethora of wild accusations circulated, one of which, implicating Chief Joseph in Mrs. Manuel's murder, has persisted to the present.

THE LATE L. V. McWhorter of Yakima, Washington, devoted over thirty years to researching the Nez Perce War and recording the testimony of numerous Nontreaty participants during the early years of this century. He accused Arthur "Ad" Chapman of concocting and circulating the "vicious story implicating Joseph." Chapman had married an Indian woman and served General Howard as interpreter throughout the campaign.

Later Maggie Manuel also accused Joseph of murdering her mother. In adult life she became Mrs. Maggie Bowman, was a resident of Butte, Montana in 1934, and testified under oath that "she saw Chief Joseph drive a knife into her mother's breast while she was nursing her baby in their cabin home." She claimed that their house was set afire that day in which mother and infant were cremated. In partial proof of her charges she asserted she later recovered the charred remains of her mother's earrings. Apparently someone convinced Maggie Bowman that Joseph was the culprit who committed the deed. Certainly no one, adult or child, could recognize a person one had never seen!

Other whites disclaimed the charges. Various Idaho citizens tried to solve the mother and child's "mysterious" disappearance. James Conley, who served as a volunteer in the war, accompanied a party of men to the Manuel house. Although they carefully raked through the ashes, Conley reported, they failed to find any human bones.

Yellow Bull, a sub-chief in White Bird's band and leader of the second raiding foray on June 14 and 15, boasted to Harry Cone that he had Mrs. Manuel with him. Cone was a settler on Slate Creek, spoke the Nez Perce language, and was friendly with the Indians.

A former Nez Perce agent, C. T. Stranahan, declared a member of Yellow Bull's band later told him under a secrecy pledge that the rumor of Mrs. Manuel's murder and cremation by Chief Joseph was not true. The tale had been denied by two members of Joseph's band who declared that the chief had "stayed for some time by her side and made his men leave her alone." General Howard told him personally, Stranahan further stated, that Joseph, instead of harming Mrs. Manuel, did "everything to protect her."

Stranahan confronted Yellow Bull in 1900 about the claims and counterclaims relating to the postmaster's unfortunate wife. The sub-chief again repeated that she was a captive. Following the Indians' retreat over the Bitter Root Mountains into Montana, he declared, her captor and another man got into a fight over her. One of them killed her and left her in the brush. But Yellow Bull refused to tell Stranahan the murderer's name.

"The incredible part of this story is," McWhorter astutely commented, "that the month's retention as a prisoner is solemnly placed after the finding of the earrings and skull fragment in the ashes of the burned house. So much for Yellow Bull's story."

McWhorter credited the testimony of Philip Williams and other Indian participants, however, for later he wrote, "If Mrs. Manuel's earring was found in the ashes of her burned home, most evidently she had been carried there (and very probably she had) before life entirely departed."

This statement would imply that McWhorter believed the victim had been "done in" by her captors, although the assailant's identity was probably never disclosed to him. Seemingly, the historian, like many Idaho citizens, had never read the *Teller Extras*. In his book *Hear Me, My Chiefs!* McWhorter averred that no authentic confirmation of Postmaster Manuel's survival or death in the attack ever came to light, although rumors claimed he was also killed by the Indians. So much for the contradictions and rumors, all apparently negated by George Popham's "I was there" evidence, and corroborated in the main by Patrick Brice.

BUT WHAT ABOUT Chief Joseph's alleged part in Mrs. Manuel's demise? In the first place the Indians themselves admitted they were intoxicated when the postmaster's home was pillaged. Joseph, according to the missionary, Kate McBeth, in *The Nez Perces Since Lewis and Clark*, was known as a teetotaler among both whites and Indians. That reputation followed the chief throughout his life.

In addition, Joseph's whereabouts at the time of the second foray is confirmed by various Indians who were with him at the encampment in Rocky Canyon. As already narrated he had left the council to cross the Salmon River and butcher cattle for his family. Two Moons described to McWhorter how he rode out the morning of June 14 to inform the chieftain about the first killings by Walaitits and his relatives. He met Joseph, accompanied by his brother Alokut, Half Moon, John Wilson, Three Eagles, Welweyas (described by Alokut's wife as "a half-man-and-half-woman, who dressed like a woman"), Joseph's daughter Sound of Running Feet, and Alokut's wife Wetatonmi. This group was returning to the village, and the chief to his lodge after the butchering was finished.

Neither brother made any reply to the news of the first raid, Two Moons reported, but they rode on in silent haste to the camp, leaving the women to drive twelve packhorses loaded with the fresh beef.

The brothers found the encampment a scene of confused activity. Most of the lodges had already been taken down and loaded on packhorses amid the excited yelling of adults, crying of children, and barking of dogs. Wetatonmi told how Joseph and Alokut rode among the people of White Bird's and Tuhulhutsut's bands as they hastened away in panic to join the new camp of Looking Glass on Cottonwood Creek.

"Let us stay here till the army comes! We will then make some kind of peace with them," the chief pleaded with the frightened tribesmen who paid him no heed.

Yellow Wolf, Joseph's nephew who lived with his uncle, declared, "All left but Joseph and his band and about thirty-five other men. These stayed to guard against any enemy surprise, but some were afraid Joseph and Ollokot [Alokut] might desert the other Indians."

Besides the brothers' lodges of one double and one single tepee, the confinement lodge stood apart where Joseph's younger wife gave birth to a baby girl. He perforce chose to be near her, but he was also kept under surveillance by warriors alert to prevent his slipping away to Kamiah or Lapwai on the reserve. Wetatonmi confirmed this fact to McWhorter and it was corroborated by other Indian witnesses. Thus Joseph lacked the opportunity, even if he had any desire to do so, to join the second raiding party of seventeen men led by Yellow Bull.

Then on June 15 all who remained at Rocky Canyon packed up "and moved to the camp at Sapatsash [Cottonwood Creek]," Three Eagles told Edward Curtis, an early investigator. Next day when the bands of White Bird and Tuhulhutsut moved on to a better defensive site at the bottom of precipitous White Bird Canyon where it debouched onto the shore of Salmon River, Joseph and his tribesmen accompanied them. Here they

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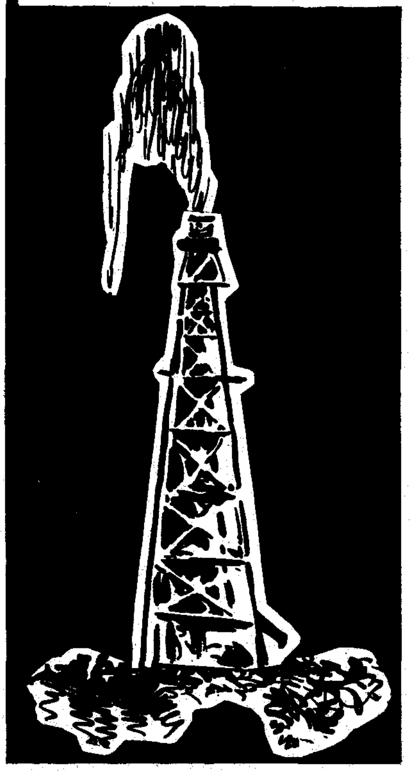

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awaited the inevitable assault by U. S. troops.

THE MURDER accusation haunted Joseph all of his days, and saddened him, according to McWhorter. Surprisingly the charge cropped up in a letter found in an Appendix to the *Congressional Record*, July 18, 1939, written by a Christian Nez Perce at Lapwai to Representative Usher Burdick at the time when a monument to Chief Joseph on the Idaho reservation was being considered.

The writer used the allegation to discourage the movement to erect the monument. When McWhorter wrote to the Nez Perce letter writer asking some leading questions and probing into the origins of the truth or falsity of the matter, his answer was silence. It must be concluded that the letter writer's charges could not be substantiated. It is so easy to slander or libel a person, but verifying the statements is often a horse of an entirely different color.

If a jury were to deliberate on the guilt or innocence of Chief Joseph, based upon the known facts and the testimony of credible witnesses, the scales of justice would balance as follows: 1. Was any *proof* beyond a reasonable doubt offered that Joseph was a member, either drunk or sober, of the raiding party (which included Philip Williams, Red Wolf and others) that attacked the Manuel party? 2. Was any *proof* offered that Joseph engaged in any marauding group June 13-16 inclusive?

No, to both questions, because credible witnesses placed him at or in the immediate vicinity of the Rocky Canyon Indian village until he moved to Cottonwood, thence to White Bird Canyon. From June 14 until the Battle of White Bird Canyon on June 17, he was under a warrior guard to prevent his defection to the reservation. Moreover, neither George Popham nor Patrick Brice ever identified Joseph as a member of the raiding party.

In addition, if sufficient evidence had existed at the time to support the murder charge, why was Joseph not arrested and tried following his surrender in October 1877, when he became a prisoner of war?

Legends, like pesticides, seem to endure forever.

Trails Grown Dim

(Continued from page 36)

Pinkston-Byington-Andrews-Patterson

Each month I keep watching and hoping someone from the Pinkston, Byington, Andrews or Patterson families will write in, but to date not one has. They were great movers, starting out in Pennsylvania to Virginia to Missouri, then some went on to Texas (soon after Austin) and some went up to Idaho to herd sheep as late as 1900, each move leaving some of the family behind.

I would like to hear from those who stayed, as well as those who went on to bigger hills to climb and greener pastures.—Mrs. Lorraine Wodraska Cates, 7260 Bruno Avenue, Richmond Heights, Missouri 63143

Benton

Would appreciate any information on my grandfather and his ancestors. John Newton Benton, born about 1841 in Tennessee, married Miarah Nation in 1866 in Independence, Arkansas. He had a brother, D. W. S., and a sister, Mollie M. Lytle, living in Fort Worth, Texas in 1907. Another brother, Edward Daniel, born in 1831, was living in Whitewright, Texas. John Newton lost his left arm at the shoulder in the Civil War and Edward Daniel was shot in both legs.—R. V. Benton, 1510 Hurley Avenue, Fort Worth, Texas 76104

Mathews

I would appreciate any information possible on Hillary Mathews, his wife, Josie, and children Josiah, Julia, Eulah and Augustus. This family in 1880 lived in Morris County, Texas in or near the town of Wheatville (now Naples).

After serving as a lieutenant in the Civil War, during which he lost his right arm, he and family moved to Texas during Reconstruction days. He was a dry goods merchant and in 1880 was fifty-three years old. He moved to Texas from Talbot County, Georgia where he was one of ten brothers and three sisters, all children of Josiah Mathews. Two of his brothers and their families, Joseph P. and Oliver A. Mathews, preceded him to Texas and settled in Marion County and Morris County, respectively, as did the family of a deceased brother, Milo B. Mathews, who located in Hunt County.

The Hillary F. Mathews family evidently moved from Morris County subsequent to 1880 and neither the family nor their descendants has been located.—Wm. H. Mathews, Jr., 1206 Walnut Street, Texarkana, Texas 75501

Gilliam

I would appreciate hearing from anyone that knew my great-grandparents, Edmond Gilliam, Sr. and Rebecca Bellows Gilliam. They were from Arkansas and later moved to Kinta, Stigler or Sans Bois, Oklahoma. Their sons were Joseph Raymond, Ruffus Clayburn, John, Sid and Edmond, Jr.; daughters were Ladilla Gilliam Gibson and Nora Belle Johnson.

A sister of Rebecca, Sina Bellows, was a doctor in the Indian Territory back in the 1800s. I was told she came from Holland.—Carol Stephens, 1495 South Morley, Le Grand, California 95333

Neal

My husband's great-great-uncle, Daniel Washington Neal, was born December 8, 1930 in Georgia. He married Nancy Ann Russell March 23, 1851 in Red River County, Texas. Daniel lived around Titus County, Texas and had several children. One was James Neal who owned a ranch somewhere near Devils River.

I would like to find a descendent of James Neal or any of the other children and would like to know where Daniel Neal is buried.—Mrs. Evelyn Ballard, Box 68, Wink, Texas 79789

Spiker-Moody

Martha T. (or F.) Mitchell, 1808-1851, was married about 1832 to a Moody. I'd like the details on that marriage. Other names in our family history are: Henry Mitchell, Tabitha Branch, Priscilla Jones, Reaps Mitchell, Paul Mitchell, Nancy Seward, Neil Buchanan Rose, William Solomon, Harriett Newell Moody, John Richard Whitby, Martha Ann Whitby, William Hemphill Langford, Jr., John William Whitby, Nancy Ella Spiker, Nancy A. Wagley, Albert Brown Errington, Grace Ethel Hughes Errington, and my dad, Ross Benjamin Whitby, who was born December 15, 1889 in Sexton, Texas and died July 1, 1955 in Dumas, Texas.

My mother first married the son of Nancy A. Wagley Spiker Errington, and then my dad, who was Nancy's grandson (son of her daughter). Thus Nancy is my brother's grandmother and my great-grandmother. I am interested in everything on the Spiker name.—Adelle Whitby Olndy, 2325 Blake St., San Bernardino, Calif. 92405

Eisentrager-Sanders

George Eisentrager and wife Seiby Dickman were from Iowa. They had five or six boys. The boys were born in Austin, Minnesota in the early 1900s. These people are my grandparents and I would appreciate any information about them.

James Sanders and Ella Bush were married around Mayburn, Mississippi. They had four boys and one girl. Oscar Sanders is my grandfather and was born in Mayburn (we think) in November, 1896.—Mrs. Jerry Sanders, 18904 Cajon Boulevard, San Bernardino, California 92407

McWilliams

I would like any information on Jessie Louis McWilliams, born November 11, 1891 in Dundee, Illinois. His father was Scott McWilliams, born in Illinois in 1866 or 1867. His mother was Jennie or Junie Graig, born in Illinois in 1866 or 1867.

Jessie married Aileen Amanda, born August 23, 1922 in Bartlesville, Oklahoma. Jessie at that time was a troubleshooter on an oil well. He and Aileen were divorced in 1928.—Mrs. Bonnie Baker, 18042 Comstock, Sonoma, California 95426

Bishop-Thomasson-Darnell

Fanny Jencie Bell Thomasson was born December 22, 1881 and died July 4, 1924. She married .... Bishop. Their children were: Horace, Robert, Sally, Annie, Johnny, Carrol and Lottie. Horace lived somewhere in Oklahoma. Robert married Jennie .... and lived in Deming, New Mexico.

Grandfather George Anthony Thomasson was born in Arkansas June 1, 1861 and died April 27, 1910. He had a sister Amanda and two brothers, Richard and John. Grandmother Jennie Bell Darnell was born in Tennessee February 10, 1864 and died March 11, 1904. Grand-

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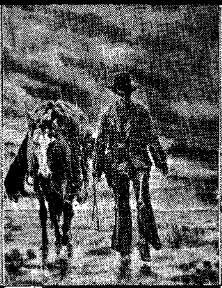
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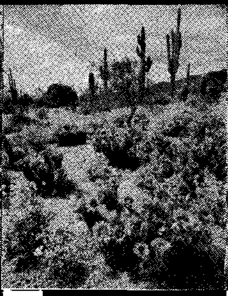
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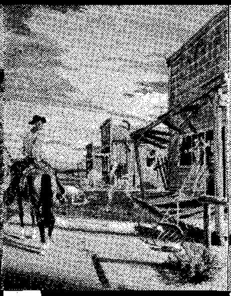
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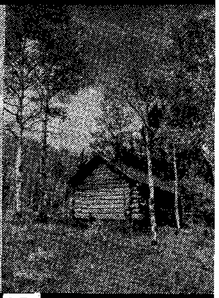
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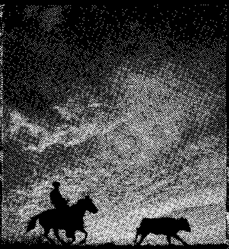
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father and grandmother were married in Decatur, Texas, December 25, 1880 and lived at the foot of Table Mountain northeast of Winters, Texas in Runnels County.

Will appreciate hearing from anyone knowing of this family.—Mrs. Ophelia M. (Sue) Pope, 2625 S.E. White Oak Drive, Corvallis, Oregon 97330

Squires

We would appreciate any information on James Harvey Squires of El Reno, Oklahoma. He was murdered June 26, 1904 by persons unknown. Newell Melvin Squires, James' brother, had a son who worked as a reporter forty miles from El Reno (name of town not known).—Mrs. Joyce Tesch, Box 484, 209 Queens Drive, Litchfield, Mich. 49252

Jarvis-Murray

I would like information regarding my great-great-great grandfather, Richard Abner Jarvis. He was born in 1845 near Wahalak, Mississippi and died in 1918 in Texas. He was a Confederate private in the 5th Regiment of the Mississippi State troops and was taken prisoner at Vicksburg.

I would also like information concerning Jasper Newton Murray, who was also a Confederate and was killed at the battle of Chickamauga. Years later when his tintype picture was sent away for an enlargement the company making the enlargement recognized a certain white band across his chest. This band had some special meaning and we were told a large picture of him was made to hang in a large Southern museum.—Kevin Riggs, 1340 Bluebell Street, Oxnard, California 93030

Washington Residents

I would like to locate anyone who lived in and around the vicinity of Lucas, Klickitat County, Washington. This area is now a part of the Yakima Indian Reservation. I would also like to contact anyone who is a former resident of Sunnyside (Yakima County) Washington, the object being to obtain historical information from a personal viewpoint. Further details will be given upon receipt of names and addresses.—Mrs. Rita J. Liska, Route 2, Box 24, Sunnyside, Washington 98944

Jarry

My grandfather's name was William Jarry. His three sons were Jessie, Fred and Hugh Monroe Jarry. Uncle Jessie had two sons, one killed when a teenager. Uncle Fred had one son. The Jarry generations of males have been very few. We never hear the name Jarry nor do we ever see it in telephone directories. It has been argued that the name is Irish or German, and some even contend it is French. A Mr. Jarry from France traveled through this area three years ago, but he said his time was too limited to give me an interview.

If readers can give me any information about the name Jarry, or know of anyone having the name or anyone related to the Jarry family, I would greatly appreciate hearing from them.—Mrs. Norma (C. F.) White, 212 Huisache, Lake Jackson, Texas 77566

Craig-Jacobs

Douglas Lee Craig was born April 5, 1945 in Gothenburg, Nebraska. His father was Keith Wayne Craig, born March 11, 1924 and died in the crash of a bomber October 17, 1944. Douglas' mother, Leatrice Jacobs, married his father May 29, 1943. Leatrice Jacobs' father was Albert Jacobs who was killed October 1967 in a car wreck nine miles west of Brady at Maxwell, Nebraska.

Leatrice remarried after the death of Keith Craig. Keith's mother has not seen Douglas since he was about two years of age. Douglas' mother having remarried injects the possibility he grew up under a name other than Craig. Both Leatrice and Douglas supposedly live in Kansas City. Douglas may be married. Last names of both are not known at this time.

I am not related to Leatrice Jacobs, that I know of, but to her son Douglas, through his father. I would like to contact either Leatrice or Douglas or anyone who might know them for additional family history.—Zane E. Jacobs, 2075 Mariposa Street, Seaside, California 93955

Schultz

I would like some information on my grandfather, Frank Schultz. He was married to Hannah Seagrove from Plattsmouth, Nebraska and had two sons, Kenneth R. Schultz (my father), of Tolna, North Dakota and Carl O. Schultz of Pueblo, Colorado. He was formerly from Cherokee, Iowa and was employed at various mental institutions around the state of Iowa.

Years later he remarried and had several children. When last heard from he was in Cincinnati, Ohio, but I don't know where he may be now. My grandfather would be in his nineties now, if still living.—Shirley M. Schultz, Tolna, North Dakota 58380

Calder-Cullum

I am most interested in anyone by the name of Calder and Cullum, but would also like to hear from anyone knowing the Pete Clover family in Oklahoma. Am also interested in the names Hyman and McKeckney. These two families homesteaded in Mitchell County, Kansas in 1860 or thereabouts.

Also, if there are any Gravetts living around Bloomington, Illinois that were married to Taylors, I have an old picture album of this family, including a cavalry officer.—Glenda Williams, P. O. Box 417, Falls City, Oregon 97344

Nuggets

(Continued from page 35)

deep with steep banks, perhaps the horse had slipped and fallen. Sullivan could have been kicked in the head and knocked unconscious and so drowned. Dad pulled the body out of the water and covered it with a tarp and then rode over to the next camp to try to find someone to ride into Wibaux to notify the authorities. A man by the name of Sam volunteered to go and report all this to the sheriff.

Sam had been gone for three days and no sheriff had showed up so another man was sent to check on Sam. When he got to town he found that Sam had tied his horse up, gone into the saloon and started drinking, and forgot what he had come to town for. The second man had a couple of drinks himself and then he and Sam found the sheriff and they all started back to Smith Creek to investigate. They took some whiskey with them and so were feeling pretty high by the time they arrived in camp.

The deceased's possessions had to be gathered up and there were papers to be filled out. The sheriff had some forms that had to be sworn to, and he had quite a time getting this done as the men at camp had taken over the whiskey. When he wanted the men to raise their right hands and swear to the truth of some statement, some of them didn't know their right hand from their left and he would have to ask them to transfer the whiskey bottle to their left hand so they could raise their right one. After a lot of confusion they finally got all the legal work done and then they proceeded to dig a shallow grave right there on the creek bank.

The corpse, without the customary funeral services, was rolled into his bed tarp and buried on the banks of Smith Creek. Sullivan's parents were notified in Scotland and to this day they probably don't know but what their son was buried with the usual funeral services and placed to rest in a regular cemetery.

Hans Walstad was working for Ed Skaar at this time, too, and was present at the funeral. My dad was about twenty-five at that time and he said this was the roughest funeral he had ever attended. Buck Harris took it upon himself to make a headstone out of sandrock. He chiseled the name and date on one big slab and on a smaller one he chiseled out "feet" and placed this at the foot of the grave. Today the stone markers are still in place but only the word on the smaller stone is legible.

Very few people remember much about this anymore but a few know the location of the grave and I never drive by the site without remembering it as the place where my father had used the water in the creek for drinking only to come down one day to find a corpse floating on the water.

THE BRIDGE OVER BIG WHITE

By Will Spindler

DURING World War II, roads in the more isolated section of the Pine Ridge Indian reservation of South Dakota were sadly neglected. To add to the many other transportation troubles in the Potato Creek Indian village area, a flood on June 2, 1942 took out the old steel bridge across Big White River near the Badlands town of Interior, the nearest railroad point.

To reach Interior from Potato Creek then meant going east all the way to Wanblee, thence to the bridge across Big White River seven miles southwest of Kadoka, and then backtracking from Kadoka thirty-two miles to Interior. Taking this vast circle added up to a distance of eighty-two miles instead of the usual twenty miles from Potato Creek to Interior.

In time a narrow, swinging footbridge was built from the high south bank of Big White River to the low north bank. Two heavy woven wire cables were covered with boards and strung out. Barbed wire was stretched on each side of the walk to afford hand holds. It was several hundred yards in length and about forty feet above the water at the highest point.

The "thing" swung, pitched, and tossed crazily when you crossed on it, all the more so if the wind were blowing, while the barbs tore merrily away at your hands. The greatest danger was the possibility of the narrow rickety floor's swinging out and pitching you over the side into the muddy water far below.

A good many persons walked across on the crazy contraption. Many more had a good look at it, maybe tried a few venturesome steps out on it, and then didn't proceed. Many who did try the dangerous crossing wished strongly that they hadn't when they became dizzy and the span rocked and pitched wildly.

Tex Estes and Dick Bead, both elderly men and our local mail carriers, had to brave crossing the footbridge on many occasions. The precarious footing so unnerved them at times that they would tie their mail sacks to their backs and crawl across the bridge on their hands and knees!

Various temporary bridges were put in for cars and wagons to cross on, but these were "in again, out again" affairs, as each sudden rise in the river—and Big White River is noted for these sudden rises—promptly took them out.

The first one installed was merely several long sections of heavy wire woven together and securely fastened on both banks. This woven wire affair kept the cars from miring down in the quicksand, so that cars could cross when the water was not high enough to drown their motors. Before long, however, the wire netting settled down too deep to be of any use.

All of the other bridges were low plank affairs strung across the rivers, and often were under water in the deeper part of the channel. The last one I remember was fastened securely to the bank on one end and designed on the other end so that it would unhook in case of high water and swing downstream. It lasted longer than the others, but finally disappeared in a flood.

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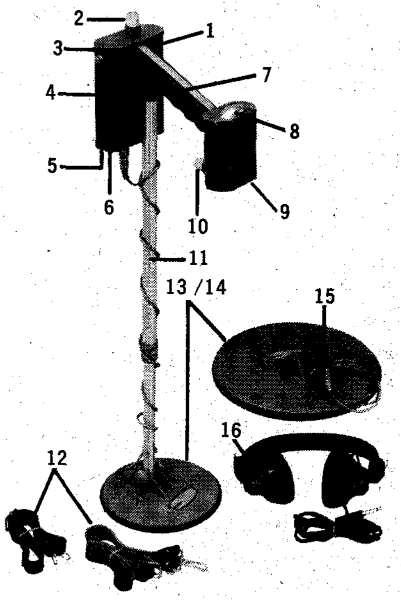

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Kiamichi Warrior's Gold

(Continued from page 12)

brush, from off the slope behind them echoed the clattering hoofs of a horse. Halting in their tracks they turned. Passing them only a few yards away, according to their story, and plainly visible in the starlight a headless rider and his horse raced by.

The gruesome sight so unnerved them that they pulled out of the mountains immediately. In fact the rattled outlaws didn't stop until they reached a family in the Cookson Hills who had befriended them before. During their stay they related their eerie experience in great detail.

In territorial days many criminal acts were never reported. Nor was action taken by either the Choctaw Light Horse Cavalry or federal officers unless incriminating evidence was presented at Fort Smith, Arkansas. Even then it had to be a case punishable by white man's law and not by the Choctaw Nation. However, the outlaws' story drifted through the hills to Tuskahoma within two or three days. The Choctaw Light Horse Cavalry went into the Kiamichi Mountains.

One of the outlaws' victims had not died in the ambush. Recovering consciousness he managed to crawl downhill to camp. He was still alive when found by the cavalry and managed to tell them what happened, although he was unable to identify any of the gang. The other two bodies were buried.

A search was made in several caves on the peak but none of the cached gold was found. On the second day the third Choctaw died and he too was buried in a rock-mounded grave.

Despite a careful search for Colbert's head, it couldn't be found. It was surmised that it had been dragged into the brush somewhere by animals. Moreover, neither his body nor the saddled horse was located.

Not many weeks later people venturing into the southern section of the Kiamichi Mountains were startled on moonlight or bright starlit nights by the sight of a headless horseman who came tearing down the mountainside. This bloody rider, it was said, was the ghost of Colbert waiting to be avenged. Until he was, according to Choctaw belief, he was fated to make his lonely rides until the end of time.

My mother was a Choctaw who believed all the tribal legends. This one in particular was handed down by her father, James Calhoun Meador—that Colbert would guard the Choctaw Nation's golden hoard until it was officially recovered by the tribe. Not until then would his unavenged spirit be able to retire in peace to the hereafter. For an outsider, such as a treasure hunter, to find the gold would mean his risking death if he attempted to take it out.

MY CHOCTAW Grandfather Meador did not go to the Nation from Mississippi until after the Civil War (during which he served in the Confederate Army). In 1889 and probably 1890, he searched for the gold with the agreement that he would get twenty per cent if successful. Meador was given clues to the hiding place known only to Nation officials. Despite their help he was unable to find the gold—and at a time when he needed money desperately. He was living in hardscrabble country near old Boggy Depot.

My mother, then a girl of about twelve, and her oldest brother, John Meador, made the crops while their father searched for the gold. He told them very little of his excursions into the Kiamichi Mountains. He did say that he saw the bloody headless horseman on four occasions. It must have been this continued confrontation that scared him out, for he was as spooky as the rest of the Choctaws. He quit searching and, when I knew him, would only say, "Them mountains is filled with evil spirits."

Barnett, too, knew all the legends and stories connected with the gold, but by the time he got to Tuskahoma he was a very puzzled and wary man. The supernatural aspects of the situation bothered him. The gold was there; he knew so. But what about the fearsome rider who protected it? That part, he always asserted vehemently, was no figment of the imagination. Was it the actual spirit of Colbert or just some joker hunting the gold and trying to keep others out of the southern Kiamichis? This question was never decided as long as he lived.

After recovery from near starvation and exhaustion brought on by his ordeal in the mountains, Barnett returned to his home village. Some years later it became known as Kitty and a post office was established there in 1892. Taking up an allotment under Choctaw Nation laws, he built a house, barn and corrals on a creek above the future townsite.

Barnett was an inveterate treasure and lost mine hunter even in those long ago days. He actually found several mines and prospects, and to the day of his death was sure that he knew where the Choctaw Nation's gold was buried. To this end, some years after his first attempt, Barnett made a deal with the tribal chief who agreed to allow him twenty-five per cent of all he could bring out. Barnett was certain he would have no difficulty in returning to the cave where he got the $50 gold pieces.

Entering the Kiamichi Mountains via Cucumber Creek, he progressed to the shallow falls and to the higher ground beyond. But to his astonishment he could not find the correct cave. After reconnoitering the string of peaks, he decided he was as much as ten miles too far north. Backtracking the string of mountains he failed to find a peak that even appeared familiar, much less containing a cave in which the gold was cached. Barnett was an old plainsman, a former guide on the trails to Santa Fe and Oregon. That he could not return to a place where he had once been just didn't seem possible. Yet that was the fact, as he was forced to admit after six months of frantic searching.

The changing countryside actually posed a most difficult problem. The St.

Louis and San Francisco Railroad had come out of Arkansas, passing through the southeastern corner of Oklahoma, more particularly Pushmataha County. It generally followed the course of the Kiamichi River through the narrow valley on the northwest side of the mountains. The railroad company had mined coal and cut timber, which changed the landscape considerably and confused him. The settling up of the country along the railroad further puzzled him. Maybe he hadn't been anywhere near Cucumber Creek in the first place. Similar creeks were numerous all through the mountains.

With a new idea Barnett went to Hashoba (Wolf) and entered the Kiamichis from there. Several peaks were searched and he located a number of caves, none of which was the one he sought.

That he was confused is not surprising, since the low lying but beautiful Kiamichi Mountain range starts as mere hills north of Antlers, gains some height above Cedar Creek which passes through them, and turns east out of Pushmataha County into Le Flore. Every peak in the mountains, rounded down by glaciers of the great ice cap, looks somewhat the same. They are not sharp pointed as mountain peaks are in the far West.

Barnett finally settled on the southern tip section of the range, in the foothills above Antlers on Cedar Creek. That is, he went in from this point as his jump-off when hunting the treasure. For the next three years he searched that one area—and during the time observed nothing of the spooky Choctaw on horseback.

Then in 1898 one day at sundown, he found a small cave. Some evidence existed that it had been dug into before. Having no light to work by he went down to camp, intending to excavate the cave the following morning. Hardly did he kindle a fire to cook supper than he was startled by the sudden drum of hoofs almost upon him. On the trail coming down the side of the peak, a horseman dashed into view. Barnett saw the headless rider once more, for the final time. Not waiting until daylight Barnett packed up his meager equipment and came out of the Kiamichis. He never returned to resume his search for the Choctaw gold.

Other searchers during the 1890s and after 1900 reported the sudden sighting of a headless rider. And most of these men did not believe in the old Choctaw superstitions. Asa Boles and Ira Jones, hunting for the gold, were found dead in their camp on Cucumber Peak. Several others, as records of the counties concerned reveal, ended their lives in the Kiamichi Mountains. The mystery of their violent deaths has never been solved.

Barnett was convinced that it was time for him to end his search for the Choctaw gold and did so. He went on to recover other buried treasure, in small amounts. Then when World War I broke out, he was able to furnish the government several thousand tons of manganese which he had discovered while prowling the mountains. It repaid him in part for the hundreds of hours he had spent seeking the elusive remains of the Indian treasury.

Ghosts of the Sierritas

(Continued from page 27)

by Major Rose, and negotiated a deal to take over the Twin Buttes district.

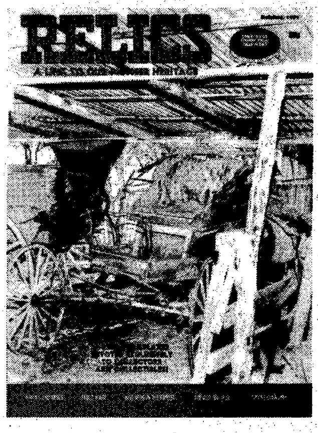
The new operators quickly began business. Grading for the new railroad got under way, development of the Morgan and King mines was initiated, and a large crew was put to work cutting and stacking several thousand acres of mesquite trees from the Canoa Ranch for firing a new steam boiler at re-opened Morgan Mine. The boiler would drive a powerful steam compressor purchased in Milwaukee and installed at the mine to furnish air for underground mining. By the time the rails were laid into the camp, some 10,000 tons of ore were awaiting shipment to smelters.

The Twin Buttes *Times* reported that the mayor's son, Earl H. Rose, a Wisconsin law school graduate, had been appointed manager of railroad construction and was expediting the work. A townsite was laid out at Twin Buttes and 100 residential and 50 business lots were advertised for sale. A school was built, a golf course laid out, and a telephone was installed at the mine office to connect the town with Tucson, Nogales and intermediate points. A fancy depot went up near the King Mine and a more elaborate one at Sahuarita. An application for a post office at Twin Buttes was granted on December 29, 1906, with David S. Rose named postmaster.

FROM TUCSON, the rails led straight south to Sahuarita, turned west and wound through the hills, then terminated on the flats below the mines. Thirteen bridges were built over the larger washes between Sahuarita and Twin Buttes. During summer storms, the normally dry washes suddenly would roar into torrential streams. Rock was hauled and piled around the bridges to hold them against such floods.

In late summer 1906 a passenger car, spick and span, and two bench-lined gondolas were hooked onto a little Baldwin woodburner locomotive to carry a host of dignitaries from Tucson to Twin Buttes. Every one of Twin Buttes' 300 citizens was waiting and cheered thunderously as the little locomotive puffed into view. The new depot, overshadowed by the King's towering headframe, was the scene of the imposing dedication.

Mayor Rose made a speech, as did Tucson's mayor and the president of Tucson's chamber of commerce. Cheers greeted the honorable Mark Smith, territorial delegate to Congress, who declined to speak. Following the orations, distinguished guests viewed the new townsite and the new golf course before enjoying dinner at the Twin Buttes Hotel (bed and board, $1.50 a day). Champagne, dancing, and lively band music entertained the merry throng and it was after midnight before the last tipsy guest was hauled aboard the train for the return trip to Tucson. Once more the citi-



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zens cheered the snorting engine, whistle tooting and bell clanging, jerked its burden into motion.

Passenger and freight service, one round-trip a day, was maintained between Twin Buttes and Tucson. An adult fare (one way) for the twenty-eight-mile trip was $1.60. But the company soon found its teakettle engine inadequate and purchased a new oil-burner.

In 1910 the Southern Pacific bought eighteen miles of the line, from Tucson to Sahuarita (at $20,000 a mile), and extended the rails fifty miles farther south to connect with the Mexican line at Nogales. However, the change had no effect on the mines and railroad except that the Twin Buttes line became strictly a freight carrier.

I once called on William Foy, of Tucson, who owned the mines and railroad in their "glory days." Tall, slender, with dark piercing eyes, Mr. Foy was still active, alert and interested in mining at age eighty-five. He readily agreed to tell me about Twin Buttes and the railroad, but warned me he might not correctly recall names and dates.

"Whatever you say will be fine, Mr. Foy," I assured him.

"You know," he began, "the wealthy Milwaukee crowd regarded the railroad as a plaything; they spent more time in riding and golfing than in mining. Consequently, the operation was not doing too well when I took over in 1914.

"My intention was to make money and I began by stepping up mine production and weeding out loafing, gold-bricking employees. Efficient management gradually returned operations to normal; the books began to show a little black. Then the European war raised copper prices and mining really began to pay. The Copper Queen claims, just south of Twin Buttes, showed encouraging surface signs. I bought the claims for $100,000 and started to sink a shaft. Indications didn't pan out, however, but looked worse as the shaft crawled down to 200 feet. I almost gave up. Fortunately the next charge of dynamite uncovered a tremendous pocket of native copper that assayed 90 to 95 per cent pure! That was the most beautiful sight I ever laid eyes on! But come with me and I'll show you some of that very copper," he offered.

I followed him into a room where he kept mineral specimens of all kinds, mostly copper. One chunk was almost pure copper and weighed 250 pounds. He pointed to a brass bell in a corner and said, "That's the bell from old No. One. I managed to save it, but vandals got the one from No. Two.

"I shipped trainloads of that stuff during World War I. That rich pocket eventually played out, but the vein steadied and the Queen continued to pay until after the war. That mine was the district's best, excepting possibly the always reliable Morgan.

"The period, 1916-21, was the heyday of Twin Buttes and the railroad, with peak production and peak population in 1919. In that period, the mines produced over 50,000 tons of ore, and the railroad hauled every pound of it to Tucson. From there it was trans-shipped via the Southern Pacific to smelters at Hayden and El Paso.

Courtesy Arizona Star

William Foy as he appeared in 1963.

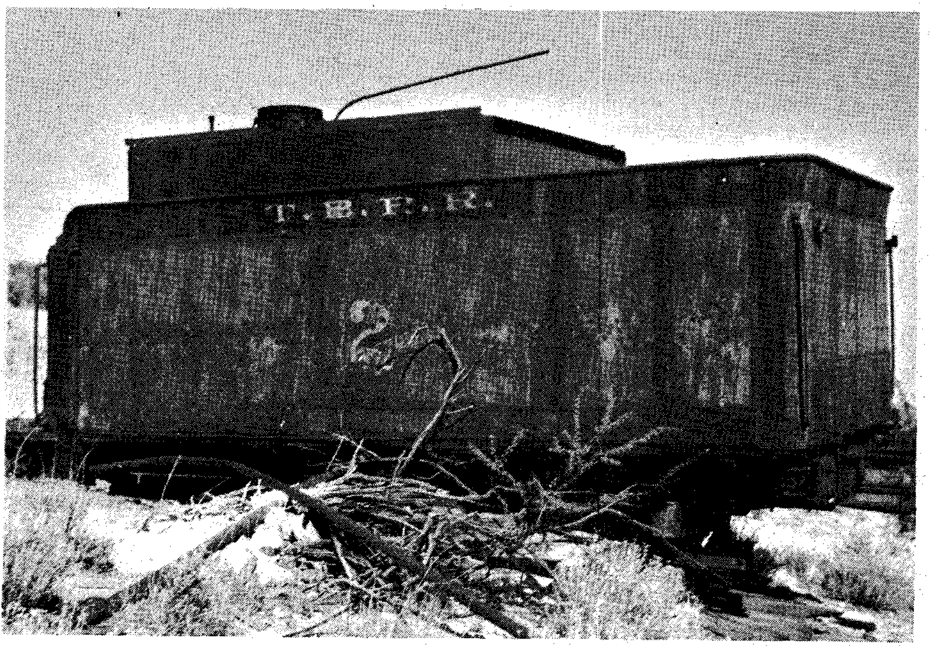
"TWIN BUTTES had four stores, two schools and seven teachers, several saloons and pool halls, and close to 1,000 residents. It was a divided town—Americans on one side of the wide valley, Mexicans on the other. Unlike many Arizona communities, Twin Buttes had little trouble with gun-packing badmen. Of course, fisticuffs occurred, with the usual aftermath of black eyes and busted heads, but I recall only one killing. One day in March 1917, Juan Lauterio came home drunk and beat Manuela, his wife, half to death. He might have killed her if she hadn't got hold of a pistol and shot him. Manuela was brought to trial but the court freed her when self-defense was established.

"Excitement stirred the community aplenty, when union men and a gang of hoodlums appeared and tried to organize the miners. They coaxed, blustered and threatened; unseen snipers shot at me twice, luckily not hitting. Madder than hell, I called a mass meeting, and spoke my piece to the men in no uncertain terms. I informed them that as they were already being paid the union scale, they had no right to strike. And if they did walk out I would close the mines and they would all have no jobs. To a man they voted to keep working. The union men were handed an ultimatum: 'Get out or you will ride out free—on rails!' That did it; they left damned fast!

"People flocked into town in such numbers during the war that housing became a major problem. As a solution, I bought carloads of redwood at $30 per 1,000 feet, and gave it to the men to build their own homes. Many of those houses were later moved to Ruby, a mining town in Santa Cruz County.

"The post-war depression of 1921-22 caused copper prices to drop, and I closed the mines until 1924. In that year conditions stabilized somewhat, and I prepared to resume operations only to find that one of my best mines, the Glance, was inoperable because of a squeeze in the shaft at the 200-foot level. Repairing the damage proved to be a dangerous, touchy, and costly job. Time after time the tremendous pressure smashed our heavy replacement timbers. Several times men were hurt but, luckily, none was killed. After I had spent $25,000 unsuccessfully trying to clear the shaft, my funds ran low. Then Ed G. Bush, my mine superintendent and long-time friend, came through with the needed cash and joined me as a partner. Together, we saved the mine.

"There were thirteen mine shafts in the Twin Buttes area and my brother Ed and I sank eleven of them from 1914 to 1926. Most of the mines were connected underground and nearly all were profitable. In 1928, I bought out Bush and the other stockholders, discontinued all operations including the railroad, and embarked on a program of consolidation and expansion to include all mining properties in the Sierrita district. I obtained options on the Banner and Pima Mines, the Mission open pit, and the Esperanza



Left high and dry in the desert this tender of No. 2 locomotive is a reminder of long-gone Twin Buttes Railroad.

Mine of Duval Sulphur. The New York banking firm of Dunn and Reisher made arrangements to finance the new operation and agreed to raise $10,000,000. Then, almost without warning, the stock market crash of 1929 doomed the whole project.

"Finally, in 1935, I gave up and scrapped the railroad. Vandals had stolen all the brass, even the bell, from the No. Two locomotive, along with tons of pipeline. Twin Buttes dissolved fast after 1928. The post office was discontinued about 1930 and soon the town was a ghost."

I found a few battered buildings still standing including the hotel, post office, assayer's office, main company office, and the depot. Most roofs are gone and vandals have ruined floors, ceilings and walls. One schoolhouse remains and is now used as a cattle shelter. Paneless windows stare vacantly; the splintered remains of a door flaps on one hinge; packrats hoard their treasures unmolested.

The old passenger car and tender of No. Two locomotive are almost hidden in a thicket of mesquite, below the headframe of the Glance Mine. Rotting ore hoppers stand nearby, below the powerhouse where desert winds whistle eerie tunes through the rusted tin roof.

Twin Buttes, in Arizona's Pima County, is about twenty-two miles south of Tucson, and is accessible by several roads. To visit the old town and mines, permission should be obtained from the owners. And, a friendly warning! Care should be used when prowling around because when I was there the Crevice, several shafts, and assorted cave-ins are open and unguarded; a slip could mean a fall to death!

"Guardians of Public Morality"

(Continued from page 13)

pack saddle. Toward the mouth of Bear Creek the party found a woodsman. While some of the men pushed on, a number stayed behind to borrow a ripsaw and fashion a crude coffin for Micky. The corpse was placed in the coffin, and a wagon was procured from a nearby rancher.

The next morning, the entourage started out, passed through Gold Creek, and stopped at Pioneer where there was a ground sluice and a saloon. They were cold and tired, and it was late afternoon; besides, it was decided that since Micky hadn't been given a customary wake, one should be held as soon as possible. The men brought in the coffin and set it on two beer kegs. The lid was removed from the coffin, some candles were lit, and in the words of one of the participants, "We had some real good singin' and drinkin' all night." Later "The boys all got pretty tired and so we made our beds on the floor around the coffin."

The next day two of the party rode ahead to make proper arrangements with the priest, and to dig Micky's grave. Their work finished, the two anxiously awaited the arrival of Micky's remains. Finally they spotted the procession slowly winding down the valley. An eyewitness said: "As the wagon pulled up, lo and behold the corpse was gone. I tell you we sure felt bad. The two drivers said that comin' down the hill the wagon had run up on the horses' hindquarters and of course they reared around acting as though they wanted to shake hands with the driver."

After some discussion, the group decided to spend the night in Deer Lodge and then set out the next morning in quest of Micky.

This backtracking was not so easy. Eventually "At the top of the hill we found the place where the horses had acted up, and after a long search we finally found the coffin down in the creek bed where it rolled. And there was poor Micky standin' on his head. We had an awful time gettin' the water out of the coffin, but we brought the body reverently to Deer Lodge and buried it with proper ceremonies."

NOT ONLY did residents of Beartown rely on Deer Lodge in times of death, but also during moments of birth. Doctoring was handled by Deer Lodge's Dr. Armistead "Mit" Mitchell.

While Beartown didn't have its own doctor, it did have a "Father of Israel" to minister to the needs of his flock. Normally, the good Father was a gentle, kindly man, the sort admired by Beartown's equivalent of a vigilance committee—"Guardians of Public Morality."

But one spring night in 1871, there was "... the surreptitious introduction into camp, by some outside barbarian, of a singular fluid known as 'benzine botheration.' One of the 'Fathers of Israel' . . . incautiously partook of the dangerous compound, which produced an effect upon his usually placid brain of the most unexpected character. He proceeded to demolish the windows and doors of a *maison d' joie* at the upper end of town and emptied a double barreled shotgun among the inmates." The early-day newspaper account continued, "The citizens threw themselves into a hollow square for the purpose of restraining these unlawful proceedings, when the 'little discussion' with clubs and sixshooters became general. Shortly after the smoke of battle cleared away, the Guardians of Public Morality held a special meeting to take steps for the enlargement of the village graveyard."

But even an enlarged graveyard would have served no useful purpose, and the Guardians should have realized it. But they were a particularly ineffective group. While they met, discussed and planned but took no action, the marauding Beartown Roughs roamed freely. Killings were frequent, as was claim jumping.

In order to polish their tarnished image, perhaps, the Guardians decided to crack down on the "soiled doves" who were more vulnerable than anyone else—certainly weaker. Following on the heels of the good Father's escapade, it seemed an appropriate time to act.

The girls headquartered in Pelletier's two-story saloon. They were known as Chicago Joe's dance-hall girls and were much in demand. The Guardians decided

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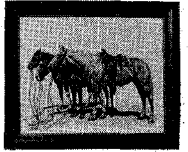

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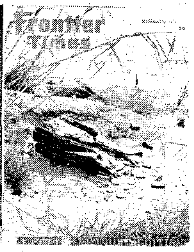
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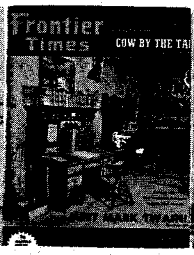
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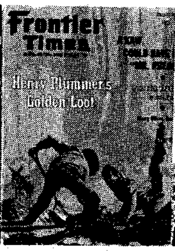
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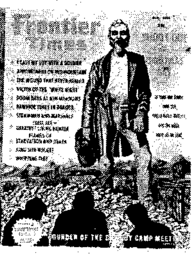
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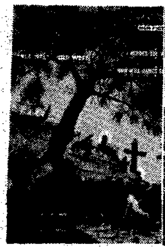
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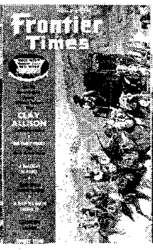
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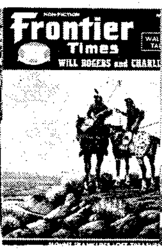
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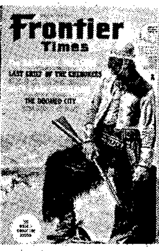
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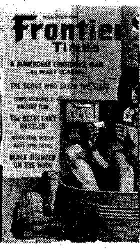
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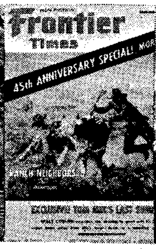
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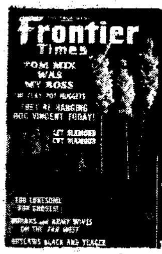
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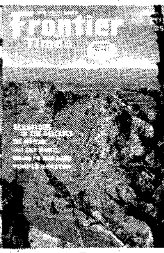
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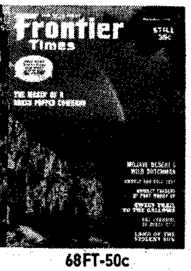
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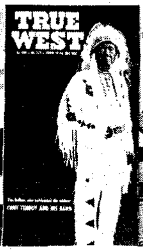

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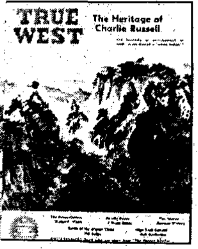
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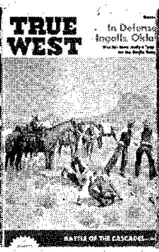

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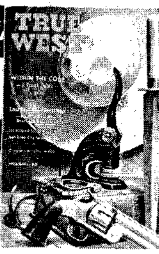

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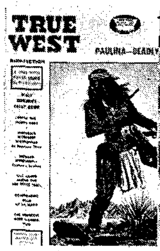

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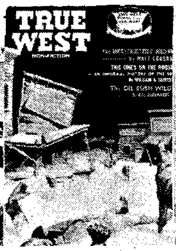

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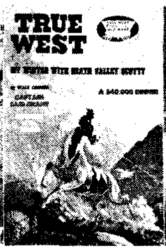

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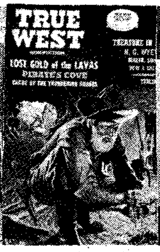
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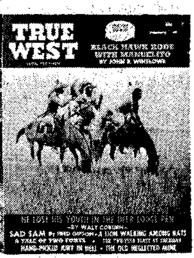

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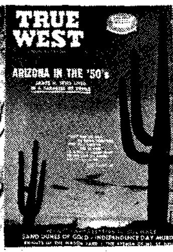
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THE COWBOY FROM YORKSHIRE
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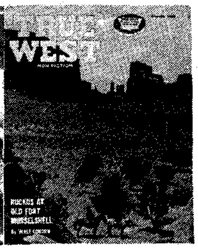

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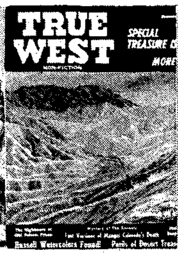

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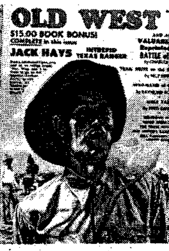
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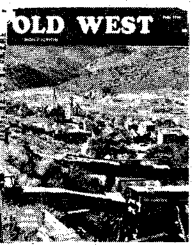
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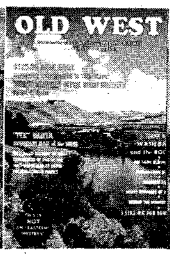
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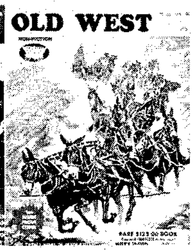
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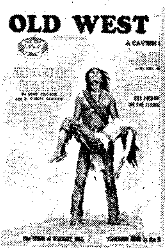
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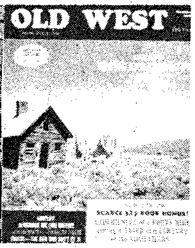
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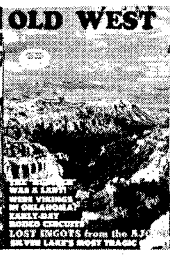
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upon their strategy—offer them for sale on the auction block!

For once the group carried through its plans, and in due time Henry Lamb and Company, Auctioneers, advertised in the Missoula and Cedar Creek Pioneer (April 27, 1871) that:

In accordance with instructions received from the Guardians of Public Morality of the City of Beartown, M.T., we will dispose of by public vendue, on the 1st day of May, 1871, at 2 o'clock, p.m., opposite the store of D. Manton, in said city, to the highest bidder for cash, three charming young ladies, whose morals have been slightly damaged by sea-water in transit from New York. The articles are almost as good as new, and will be sold at a sacrifice to close consignments.

Henry Lamb & Co., Auctioneers

The outside world heard nothing more of the proposed auction until May 11 when the same publication carried a notice from a member of the Beartown vigilance committee stating:

The sale of three nymphs du pave, advertised to come off here on the 1st inst., has been postponed on account of the scarcity of purchasers.

A GUARDIAN OF BEARTOWN MORALITY

The failure of the auction led to the decline of the Guardians of Public Morality of rough and tumble Beartown, Montana. But perhaps they had set themselves an impossible task—for there seems to have been little morality to guard.

Iron Man Llewellyn

(Continued from page 21)

from Print Olive.

Once Jack Nolan, a Middleton Ponyboy, escaped from jail at Plum Creek where he was being held for murdering a man named Valdez. Reaching the Olive holdings, Nolan swapped his jaded horse for a fresh one of Olive's and rode on to Doc's camp. When Doc saw Print's horse, he berated Nolan and rode all night to return the horse.

As far as the newspapers were concerned, Llewellyn might have been the outlaw and Doc the hero. The Oakdale *Pen and Plow*, after the eventual capture of Middleton, editorialized, "It now transpires that Llewellyn was in Middleton's camp for some time previous to his capture of the latter, having a letter of introduction to him from a penitentiary convict. Altogether this scheme of Llewellyn's seems more and more to be the most cowardly in all the annals of criminal detection and arrest." A few days prior to that, the same paper informed its readers that "Doc Middleton, the Niobrara bandit, passed down yesterday in charge of U. S. Marshals. He was captured by a posse of five detectives and twenty soldiers. Doc was wounded and on his back; otherwise they would not have got him." The Sidney *Telegraph* of August 2, 1878 reported, 'Doc is very angry at Llewellyn for his perfidy."

All this may have puzzled Lew but it didn't deter him. It only proved what he had long suspected—that either through fear or friendship, or just plain hero-worship, Doc and the Ponyboys were about as safe as they could expect to be.

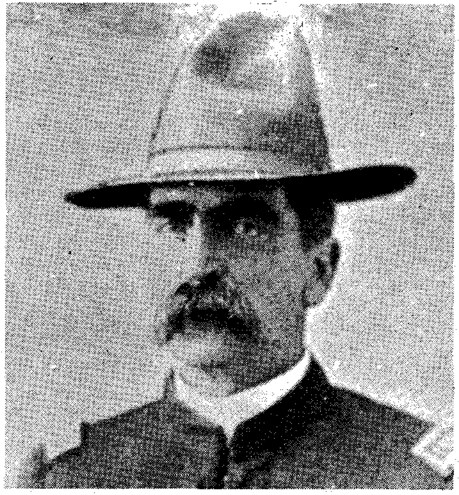
LLEWELLYN'S patience paid off. He called upon local officers and spread the word that federal law had come to Nebraska. Con Groner, North Platte's sheriff, outdrew Doc's nephew Charley Fugit in a saloon and sent him up for a long stretch in the penitentiary, one of the first of the Ponyboys to feel Llewellyn's presence in the country. Many years later Fugit would meet death at the hands of a Dakota officer, Archie Riordan, but for now his capture by Sheriff Groner was the first break in the dam. Others followed. Luke Short, the banty rooster who cronied with Doc and sold liquor to the Indians, saw the handwriting on the wall and left the country. This was the same Luke Short who was a friend of the Earps in Kansas and who, in later years, gained a measure of fame and immortality by gunning down Fort Worth's fastest gunslinger, Longhair Jim Courtright.

Llewellyn worked closely with other government officers. Postal Inspector Furay was frequently seen in his company, particularly after some of the Ponyboys held up the Bone Creek Post Office. Llewellyn and Furay hit their trail and didn't quit until they took their men into custody in Minnesota. The trail was a hard one to follow and some of Lew's handwritten reports to U. S. Attorney Devers went into such detail and were so lengthy that one wonders whether the officer spent as much time on the job as he did explaining his actions. Results proved that he did, however, and these reports contain excellent material on the Niobrara outlaws.

Perseverance and guile paid off for the officers, and Joe Johnson and Jack Nolan were arrested and convicted of the post office robbery. Two more of the Ponyboys were out of circulation.

This was only a small dent in the band; it was suspected that fifty or more riders comprised the gang. Kid Wade, Black Hank, Black George, Black Bill, Bill Clark, Count Shevaloff and Curly Grimes were only a few of the names compiled by the lawmen. It was only the capture of Middleton himself which undermined the operation. Kid Wade led the remnants of the gang for awhile after Doc's capture, but when Cherry County vigilantes strung young Wade up, the rest of the Ponyboys scattered.

Doc's capture took place after a gun battle with Lew and two fellow officers, Hazen and Lykens. Somehow—and this has always been the questionable factor of Llewellyn's treatment of Doc—the officer had a message delivered to the outlaw chief that he could give himself up and, if convicted, the Governor would pardon him. Doc had only recently married Pood Richardson and Llewellyn's offer seemed like a good way to put his past behind him. Doc, Count Shevaloff, Black George, and another Ponyboy saddled up and rode out with Llewellyn and Hazen, not knowing that the third officer, Billy Lykens, lay in wait for them. As they rode near Lyken's hiding place, the little officer raised up and levelled his rifle. Middleton was not asleep, however, and drew his pistol. He shot Hazen and whirled his horse to get away, but Llewellyn's shot took him in the side. Black George and the other outlaw were killed in the exchange; Shevaloff and Doc escaped into the brush.



Seth Bullock, a friend of Llewellyn. When Lew was trailing Middleton, Bullock was sheriff of Deadwood.

Perhaps Llewellyn panicked. Why else would he sink the spurs to his mount, not stopping until he arrived at Fort Hartsuff many miles distant? There, he immediately sat down and penned a long report of the battle, stating that both Hazen and Lykens had been killed. He was wrong. Lykens had left the scene as quickly as Lew, only in the other direction. Hazen, wounded, was left by his partners with only the two dead outlaws for company. Fortunately for Hazen, Reverend Skinner, a homesteader, happened by and took him to Skinner's cabin where Mrs. Skinner took care of him. During the time Hazen was in Skinner's house, several of the Ponyboys camped outside hoping to get a shot at the officer but they would not molest him as long as Mrs. Skinner remained with him, and the courageous lady did not leave his side.

LLEWELLYN enlisted the aid of Captain Munson and twenty troopers to comb the countryside for Doc. Joining them were Union Pacific detectives O'Brien, M. F. Leach and Captain James Smith, also called "Whispering" Smith. They found the Middleton camp and the gravely wounded outlaw was persuaded to surrender. Eight of his Ponyboys were there to protect him but Doc and his wife knew that he needed medical attention. The loyal Ponyboys stood aside as Doc was loaded into a wagon. The troopers, at Llewellyn's direction, stacked everything in the camp and set fire to it, leaving Mrs. Middleton alone and without shelter.

When this fact became known later, the papers struck out at Llewellyn again, the Sidney *Telegraph* stating, "Doc Middleton may be a way-off bad man but he has his excellent qualities and they are as redeeming as any man's can be, but it is a shameful, disgraceful, infamous deed to burn his private property, much of which belonged to his devoted wife."

The Ponyboys were finished as an organized band, although some of them remained in the area. The next to fall under Llewellyn's gun was Lew "Curly" Grimes. Grimes was a suspected stagecoach robber, a sometime Ponyboy, and one of Lew's suspects in the Bone Creek Post Office robbery. Lew and Boone May, a Deadwood stagecoach guard, had captured Grimes and were taking him to Fort Mead. They manacled the prisoner and kept him under shotgun guard as they rode. When Llewellyn and May reached the fort they told that Grimes had begged them to remove the manacles and when they had done so, the ungrateful outlaw tried to escape. A well-placed shotgun charge from Llewellyn's gun ended Curly Grimes' career of crime. Llewellyn was charged with murder but, of course, was acquitted.

The death of Lew Grimes brought an end to Llewellyn's usefulness in the Niobrara country. There was still plenty of outlawry but it was no longer organized and local officers were able to handle it. Lew could never understand why he was so genuinely unpopular for doing what he considered his duty. It is probable that he had never heard of "charisma" but he had to admit that Doc and the Ponyboys had caught the fancy of Nebraskans and Nebraska editors, emerging as Robin Hoods to his "Sheriff of Nottingham." A killer Doc was, and a horsethief as well, but he was a husband and a father, and to many down and outers he had been a friend in need. Perhaps, as has been written, Doc Middleton was the "unwickedest" outlaw in the West.

LLEWELLYN may have returned to Omaha for awhile after completing his assignment in northern Nebraska. We next hear of him reaping some of the rewards of government service. In 1880 he was appointed Indian agent on the Mescalero Apache reservation in New Mexico. He served in that post for four years and perhaps "read" law during that time. He was an ambitious man, with growing political aspirations, He was a staunch Republican, a factor which stood him in good stead for many years.

While serving as Indian agent, Lew almost precipitated another Apache war. Horse racing was the most popular sport in New Mexico, next to betting on elections, and whenever a horse race was announced everyone who could attended. Llewellyn brought six of his Apache braves to a race and the Indians bet everything they had on their own horses. They were beaten badly and lost everything, including the horses they rode. Much grumbling and many threats were muttered before the embarrassed Llewellyn finally was able to recoup the losses for his charges.

In 1885 Llewellyn opened a law office in Las Cruces. It was during this time that he met New Mexico's rising politicians, Curry, Otero, Luna and the head of the "Santa Fe Ring," Thomas B. Catron. Lew's career would be connected with these men and other territorial leaders for many years. In 1889 he was recommended for the post of United States marshal for New Mexico Territory. Lieutenant Colonel H. W. Lawton and Edward Rosewater, editor of the Omaha *Bee* wrote glowing words of recommendation but for some reason the appointment was given to another aspirant.

Llewellyn had had a taste of politics, and ran for a seat in the territorial legislature. He was elected and was appointed Speaker of the House in 1896. His close association with Governor Miguel Otero and later with Governor Curry added impetus to his political career.

When the Spanish-American War began, Theodore Roosevelt formed his famous Rough Rider regiment. More than two-thirds of the regiment were New Mexicans. Colonel Leonard Wood was regimental commander with Lt. Col. Roosevelt second in command. Curry Luna, O'Neill and Llewellyn were commissioned captains, with Llewellyn commanding "G" troop. Lew's son Morgan enlisted in Buck O'Neill's troop. Llewellyn accompanied the regiment to Cuba and served with distinction at Las Guasimas, Santiago and San Juan Hill.

Colonel Wood, later to become a General, spoke highly of Llewellyn and recounted to his biographer, Hermann Hagedorn, an incident concerning Llewellyn. In the Santiago battle, one of the Rough Rider officers had turned and run at the first shots. After the fight there was much grumbling about this officer's cowardice. Hagedorn wrote, "Gruff old Captain Llewellyn of 'G' troop was sent to Colonel Wood to advise him of the general resentment and to present a formal complaint of cowardice. Wood was grave. 'Captain Llewellyn, if you submit such a complaint, I shall have to call a court martial. But I hope you will not submit it. We have just been through a sharp engagement. The men have done magnificently. Eight or nine of them have died. If we bring that man before a court martial, the bravery of five hundred will be forgotten and the cowardice of one alone will be remembered. The stigma of his act will fall to some extent on every man in the regiment. Besides I want to remind you that Frederick the Great ran away in his first fight.' "

The Captain was impressed but he had not been Speaker of the territorial legislature without learning to think on his feet. "Quite true, sir," he answered quickly, "but this son of a blank will run away in *every* fight." Llewellyn was right. The officer repeated his act of cowardice in the San Juan fight and resigned his commission.

Richard Harding Davis, famous war correspondent during the Spanish-American War, also mentioned Llewellyn. Troop "G" had become entangled in extremely heavy underbrush; the men were jumpy and nervous. When a shot was fired the entire troop began shooting although not an enemy was to be seen. According to Davis the firing was so noisy that Llewellyn could not make himself heard, so he ran through his troop slapping men with his *sombrero* to make them understand they must cease firing.

In his own book, Roosevelt mentions Captain Llewellyn several times with glowing words of praise. He stated that the captain was a hard taskmaster toward his men, showing no pity but always in the lead, always setting the example. In the San Juan battle, Llewellyn fought so hard he became exhausted. He fell and injured his side and had to go to the rear to a hospital.

LEW returned to New Mexico and New Mexican politics after the war. As Speaker of the House he had sponsored the statehood bill and had made several trips to Washington in an effort to get it through Congress. While there he renewed his friendship with Vice-President Roosevelt and became acquainted with President McKinley. When McKinley was assassinated, Llewellyn accompanied Governor Otero to Canton, Ohio for the funeral.

In territorial politics, however, even partisans often found themselves at odds. On one occasion Otero was asked to appoint a six-man delegation to the Republican National Convention in St. Louis which would vote in toto. Although Lew was a logical selection, Otero hesitated to appoint him because it was known that Llewellyn favored another candidate. Otero talked to Lew and extracted a promise that he would, if appointed, vote with the others. Otero thereupon appointed him to the delegation but with mental reservations. He confided to a friend that he did not trust Llewellyn in this instance. Otero wrote that the Republicans had a saying in New Mexico that "there were three great liars in New Mexico; Twitchell [Ralph E. Twitchell, an attorney and politician] was one and Llewellyn was the other two."

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5-26

"It's jist about this time every morning I wonder if there ain't some other way to make a livin'!"

After McKinley's death Llewellyn, who had been appointed U. S. attorney, resigned. President Roosevelt immediately appointed him assistant attorney general, a post he held until 1909 when he was appointed district attorney for the Third Judicial District by his friend, Governor Curry. He did not remain long in that office, however, returning to private law practice in Las Cruces. For ten years he practiced law, watching his state grow and helping it grow.

In 1920 his failing eyesight made him close his law office. He applied for a government pension and for the next seven years he and his wife resided in Las Cruces. On June 11, 1927, after months of illness, the old warrior died. Had he been able, in those last days, he could have looked back on as distinguished a career as any man of his time. He sired eight children. He was present at the birth of a state. He fought a war for his country and shed blood to make Nebraska safe for honest folk. His contribution was enormous.

Hemmed in by Rattlesnakes!

(Continued from page 25)

barely able to avoid a coiled rattlesnake sunning himself! He raised his head, darted a wicked tongue at me and rattled ominously. We retreated fast, for we had left our big sticks behind, and had nothing with which to defend ourselves.

Quickly I turned to the right, went around another cedar bush at a trot, and almost stepped on another rattlesnake coiled in the sun. The only thing that saved me from being bitten was the element of surprise and the snake's lassitude. By the time it had prepared to strike I was out of its reach starting to go around a small cedar bush three feet away, only to find another rattlesnake coiled in the sun.

I had never in my life seen rattlesnakes before in such close proximity as these, and suddenly I knew why the mare was beating a tattoo with her forefoot and whinnying to me. We had unwittingly come into a den of rattlesnakes that were coming out for their sunning after hibernation. There was no time to lose getting to the buggy so the mare could take us out—else we might never be able to get out.

I stood still and looked about carefully. No more than six feet away stood another cedar bush that was in our pathway to the buggy, and coiled in the sun beside it lay another rattlesnake as big as a man's arm. Until then Mrs. Jackson had not been unduly frightened, but now I noticed that she was deathly pale. She tugged at my sleeve and pointed to one side of us, stammering, "Oh, oh!" It was another rattlesnake, one we had not seen before, and it was dangerously near. I sprang away, but by now it was becoming hard to find a safe place to move to, for snakes were crawling from holes all about us to coil in the sun. At sight of us some began to rattle in unison, furiously. My blood ran cold when I saw the way we had to walk to reach the buggy, for snakes were coiled every three feet right beside it, and there was no better way anywhere. Mrs. Jackson was trembling now. If she should faint we would be doomed, for by the time I could revive her we would be surrounded.

"How are we going to get out of here?" she cried in despair. I was beginning to wonder about that myself, but I was determined not to let her see how afraid I was. We could not climb a tree, for the nearest one to us was the mesquite where I had tied the mare. Our only chance was to reach the buggy and let Ida Looney rescue us, which I knew she would do if there were any possible way out.

Ida Looney turned, whinnying with desperate urgency and pleading. I could see the mare's hoofs, and no more than six feet from her, to the right and in a high, tight coil, was the largest rattlesnake I had ever seen. Its head was raised high for the strike but the mare's foot beat the ground in a fast tattoo which foiled its efforts. The snake's tail lashed back and forth as it buzzed, and its head darted back and forth in a swinging movement almost too swift for the eye to follow.

Ida Looney could have broken the small limb to which I had tied her rope and fled to safety, and an animal with less integrity would have done so, but I knew she hadn't that in mind. She would not leave us, but did whinny again in pitiful pleading, turning her head to me, eyes full of fire.

"I'm coming fast as I can," I called, she seemed relieved and turned her head back to watch the snake.

I began to search for a way out. I saw that the snakes had all coiled on the south side of the bushes because it was sunny there. If we kept to the north side we would be out of reach of the first for a few yards, but after that there were dozens lying in the sun, almost in a line in the direction of the buggy. Most of them were no more than three feet from where we would have to pass on the only way left open between them and the bushes to the left of us. We could make it if no more came between us and the bushes. We had to try.

"Ida Looney will take us out," I said to Mrs. Jackson with far more confidence than I felt. "But don't you dare faint," I added, giving her a little shake, for she seemed about to do that very thing. "Now, I'll put you on the side of the bushes where there are no snakes, and you hold the duck sheets on that side of you in case a snake should come up on that side, and I will hold both tin buckets in my right hand so they will come between the snakes all along yonder and me. Let's go."

The snakes had recently shed, and their new skins gleamed in shades of gray, black and red. It held a beauty of sorts, but their evil eyes and buzzing rattles made us indifferent to any beauty they possessed. There was not a moment to lose, yet I did not dare make a rapid move that would alarm them further.

It was the longest walk of my life, and I could not help but shrink back a little each time I passed a sluggish reptile for fear he would rouse and strike. As we neared the buggy the snakes were fewer, for they had been fearful of the mare's pounding hoofs. But the giant near Ida Looney's forefoot remained, and another snake was coiled at the left rear wheel of the buggy.

We had to make a choice between getting into the buggy from the left or the right. I chose the left, hoping that Ida Looney would keep the snake afraid of her sharp tattoo, giving us time to get in. I half raised my friend to the buggy step, and she made it up very well and sat down.

"How will you ever get the rope untied?" Mrs. Jackson wailed. I motioned to the left and circled out around the snake at the rear wheel, coming to Ida Looney at the left front wheel. The poor frightened mare had had a long wait for us to reach her and now she was trembling from head to foot. I walked up to her and patted her hip, soothing her with comforting words as I went to her head and untied the rope from the tree then her neck. I saw as I turned back to get into the buggy that Mrs. Jackson was deathly pale, her eyes closed, her lips moving in silent prayer. I was terribly afraid too.

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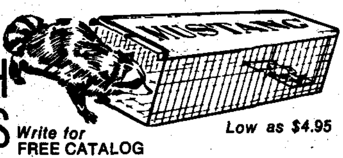

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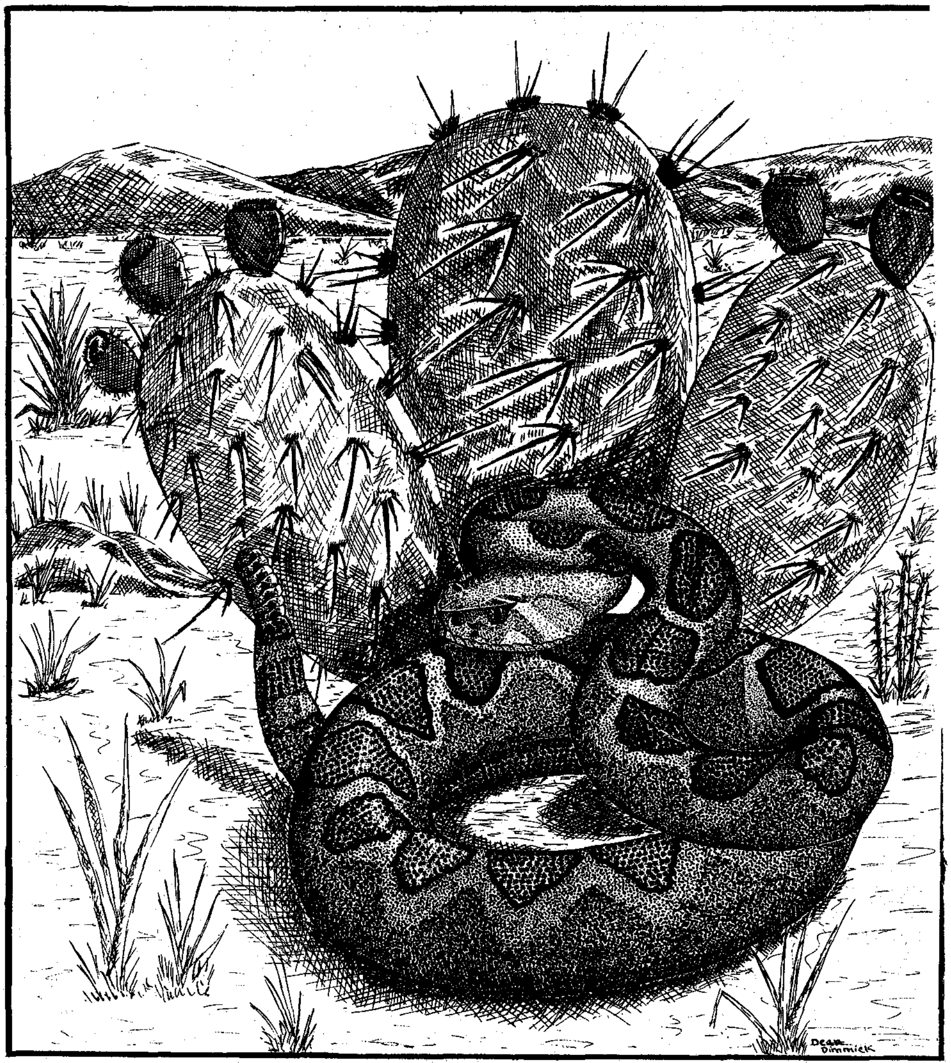


Illustration by Dean Dimmick

I made a dive for the buggy step and got in. Grabbing the lines, I shook them loosely over the mare's back to show her she was free to go as she liked. For a moment she trembled so hard that her body shook all over, then she suddenly braced herself.

"Take us out of here Ida Looney. I know you can. Go any way you please, just take us out."

It was a harrowing moment for Mrs. Jackson and me, for if the mare started off too fast she would hook the wheel on the tree, and we could be thrown out among the gathering snakes. Right there I learned why one so often hears of a smart man having "horse sense," for I doubt if any human could have made the sharp turn around that mesquite that the mare did, avoid the encircling snakes, and miss the tree with the rear wheel hub by a few inches. If she had lost her head and thrown us out she would have thrown us to our death.

There were snakes for a hundred yards in every direction of us, but Ida Looney moved in and out among them and the trees with utmost precision. Every turn she made was with an eye to our safety as well as her own, her feet in a dancing movement indescribably graceful. It was something to remember a lifetime, and I have remembered it. As we came to the outer perimeter of the infested area the mare put her feet down so softly that the snakes hardly seemed to notice our passing.

When we had left the last rattler behind, the mare's pace quickened, though she was still circling trees and brush with skill. Soon we came to the open ground where Papa had made the new road and it was smooth and nice. The mare let out her pent breath, stretched her glossy neck and showed us she had the blood of her fleet ancestors in her veins. I made no move to restrain her for she had earned the right to release her tensions, but then I remembered Mrs. Jackson's fear of fast movement and I turned to see how she was taking this fast pace. I saw that she was smiling happily, the color coming back to her face.

"What!" I said teasingly. "Aren't you afraid when Ida Looney runs?"

"No!" she replied emphatically. "Let her go—she can't get away from this place fast enough to suit me!"

"One thing I know, Mrs. Jackson," I said, "if I ever find a patch of wonderful berries again and nothing is touching them I will give that place a wide berth!"

The Lively Nights of a Coon-dog Man

(Continued from page 39)

There was a smart old turkey gobbler around there and hunters had not been able to get him. Once, toward evening, I was out and heard him gobble. I had heard him so often that I recognized him. I looked around and finally spotted him up in a pine tree. He was 200 yards away and looked as big as a man sitting up there. I had my Marlin rifle and took good aim and shot him right in the body. Other men had shot at him with their muzzle loaders and missed because he always stayed so far away. When I took him home and cleaned him I found his craw full of acorns.

I liked to hunt after going over my trap lines—deer and turkey during the day and fox or coon at night. I almost lost a turkey I shot in broad daylight once.

Si Denton had a strip of bottomland as rich as any I ever saw. Fine land. He raised oats and one year he had cut and shocked them when he came to me.

"Turkeys are pulling down all my shocks," he said. "I'll lose most of my grain if they keep it up. Will you go down and see about it?"

I said that I would. I went down and looked the land over. I found a spring that came out of a ledge of rock and dripped onto a big, flat rock and ran on into a creek. The water had worn shallow holes in the rock and water remained there when everything else had dried up. There was a slope on the other side of the creek and this slope was covered with huckleberries. I knew that I had found a good place to wait for turkeys.

An old tree stood there that had been cut in two by lightning or broken by the wind. All that was left was about a twenty-foot stump with one limb sticking out to one side at the top. I sat down and leaned against the foot of the tree. A little gray squirrel came out of the tree onto the limb and barked and scolded at me.

I sat there with my gun beside me and almost went to sleep. After a while I heard "peek-peek" and saw a hen turkey's head sticking up a few inches above the berry bushes. She was looking right at me. I eased my hand down to my gun and brought it up slow. The old hen kept watching me. I aimed. I was not wide awake and I squinted, trying to keep my eyes open. The sun was in them and they hurt.

I fired and nearly shot the turkey's head off. She threshed around in the bushes and then quieted down. I got up and rubbed my eyes, trying to get them to stay open, and then went to get the turkey. By George, I couldn't find her! There was no sign of that turkey. I knew that I hadn't been dreaming because I had shot my gun, but when I raked around in the bushes she just was not there. Then she gave a final death struggle and I found her—twenty feet away.

THERE were too many turkeys around there for me to clean out so Si had to haul his oats in and stack them by his barn. Other varmints made a nuisance of themselves sometimes. Uncle Will Passley had trouble having his chicken roost raided. His chickens slept in the trees and every couple of nights he lost one.

Uncle Will thought a fox or wildcat was getting them so he sent for me. Will's wife cooked chicken and dumplings for supper because she knew I liked them. Will fed Seymour cornbread and chicken until I had to make him stop.

"He will be so full he can't hunt," I told him.

We sat there and waited for dark and suddenly a hen squawked. Old Seymour went and raced down a hollow to the creek with Will's dogs right on his heels. Just a little way down he treed. When we got there we saw a big old wild housecat in the tree. I jumped him, and the dogs finished him off in a minute.

"I don't know if that cat is the thief or not, Will," I said.

But Will looked satisfied. "Probably is," he replied. "I've been told that if a wild housecat takes to your chickens he will kill all of them."

And, sure enough, he didn't lose any more chickens.

The only other experience I ever had with a wild housecat was at Bill Alred's. I was spending the night with him and when we went to bed he set a trap just inside the cat-hole.

"There's a wild housecat around here that's been coming through the cat-hole and stealing my bacon at night," Bill said. "No matter where I hide it he finds it. I took my own cat up to Lucinda's and left her so I could set a trap tonight."

Our beds were opposite the door. In the middle of the night all hell broke loose. The cat was in the trap and he squalled and threshed around all over the room. He sounded like half a dozen cats. When he showed no signs of quitting I got out of bed and went over to the fireplace to get a piece of firewood. I was going to knock him out.

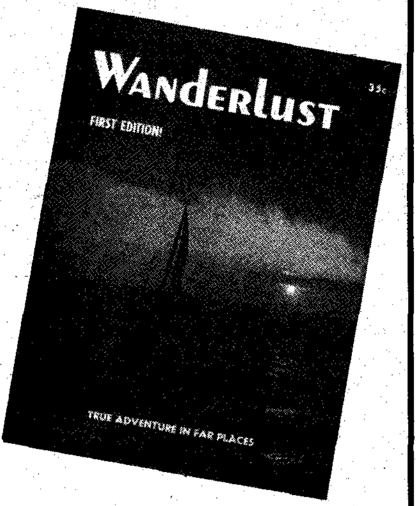
Bill was standing up in his bed with a quilt wrapped around himself. "Stay in bed!" he yelled. "That cat will claw you to pieces!"

I found the poking stick and watched for a good chance at the cat. There was enough light from the coals in the fireplace to see its eyes. Pretty soon I saw them shining within reach of me and I knocked him out. I put him outside and went back to bed.

Bill lay down again and cussed the cat for all the bacon it had stolen from him. When he got through with that we went back to sleep.

Housecats that went wild and lived in the bluffs were worse than wildcats, in a way, because they would go into houses. If cornered they reared up and fought like a tiger.

BEARS were sometimes bad about coming around the house, too. The first winter I was in Arkansas my cabin didn't have a door. I had a whole ham that I had bought from a neighbor and had left it on the table one day when I was running my trap line. When I returned the ham was gone and there were bear tracks all over the floor.



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There were lots of bears around. When Mitch Alred was fourteen or fifteen he was out with some other boys. Mitch crawled into a cave and something slapped his hat off. It was dark and he couldn't see anything but he came out and told the other boys that something was in there. They set a big trap and caught a bear.

The men up on Boston Mountain had a regular routine for bear hunting in the winter. They knew where most of the bear caves were. One man would fasten a bundle of split pine faggots on the end of a six- or seven-foot pole and set the faggots afire. Then he held the torch out at arm's length. A man with a gun crouched and crept into the cave just in front of him. The light of the torch blinded the bear, and the man with the gun shot him. Bear meat was dark and tough. When it was dried you would think you were never going to get it chewed enough; the bite got bigger and bigger the longer you chewed. I liked deer meat better.

It snowed a lot in Arkansas and the next day after a fall every man was out with his gun. A good place to hunt deer was at a deer crossing. I always got about gunshot distance from the crossing and made a little fire. Deer were not too afraid of smoke because they were used to it.

Men out tracking deer would get them started moving around and soon they would begin coming through the deer crossings. Whoever was there got them. Old Man Mackey got six deer that way one day and could have gotten more if he had wanted to. He cut off the saddles, took them to town and sold them. Town people were always ready to buy deer saddles.

Mackey was a good hunter. There was a saying that in deer hunting the young men did the walking and the old hunters did the killing.

Deer crossings were always in shoaly water that was about knee deep. Deer followed a ridge almost to the crossing, went down and across the branch, then up on another ridge. That part of Arkansas was all ridges and branches and there often would be three or four deer trails leading to one crossing. When lowland deer came in during flood time we always knew, because the mountain deer wore their hoofs down climbing rocky mountain trails. The new deer knew their way around from the first day and used the old deer trails.

THERE were bluffs all through that mountainous country and signal trees were on top of the highest mountains. Long before I went there, government surveyors had gone through and made a survey across Arkansas from east to west. A signal tree was left on top of the tallest mountain peaks and the other trees were cleared off for a little space. These trees were thirty or forty miles apart and always on top of a mountain. Red Hill was one of them.

Red Hill shoved straight up in the air and it was not rock, just red dirt. Old Uncle John's farm was just under Red Hill. He was from northern Tennessee. When he got all his work done for the winter he asked me to go down on the Big Kattern River with him to hunt beaver. There were not many left in Arkansas by then but there was a big one down there that men had been trying to catch for some time. He had been in a trap once and chewed his foot off to get away. John wanted to try his hand at catching him.

One of John's sons and a nephew went with us. We left the boys in camp while the old man and I went out to get game for food. He took the ridges and Seymour and I went into the bottoms. I had my axe down the back of my coat and carried my gun.

Seymour struck a coon trail. He barked at me and we started on. The sun came up and shone right down the creek. Then Seymour gave a master yell. I hurried to him, knowing that he had struck something. There lay a big, flat rock with coon tracks frozen on it. It was a hot trail and Seymour made the valley yell. He criss-crossed the creek on rocks and logs and went up to a big tree. A coon was up on a limb sunning himself and looking down at Seymour. I shot him. Seymour and I went on to a crossing and back to camp.

John was back. He had killed two turkeys. I skinned the coon and stretched the hide, cleaned the carcass and hung him. The boys dressed the turkeys and put them on to boil. There we were, just two days in camp, and already had enough game for several days.

After we rested and ate, John and I walked down the river to look for varmint sign. I walked on one side of the river and John on the other. I saw beaver tracks and yelled to John and damned if he didn't walk right across the Kattern. He didn't wait for a crossing.

We went down to where a beaver had cut on a tree, a white oak. Beaver do not usually work on white oak because it is hardwood. Willow and cottonwood are their favorites, but some men had sawed board timber out of that white oak and left the rest of the tree sprawled out in the river.

A big flat rock was in the river by the tree. It was as big as a bed, and about two inches of it bulged up out of the water. We saw willow sticks there where the beaver had been building and knew that we had found the place for a trap. We used some leatherwood bark to tie a trap to the rock and put it three inches or so under the water. It was eddy water there and the trap stayed about knuckle deep, which was right for beaver. Then we left.

When we went back later we found that the beaver had gotten into the trap, jumped into deep water, and drowned. We pulled him in. He had chewed at the trap and left tooth marks on it. One of his feet was missing so we knew we had caught the one we were after.

It was hard to skin. A beaver hide does not peel right off like most animals. We had to cut and trim it loose from the fat all the way down to the tail. And we had to be careful. It would have been easy to cut the hide and decrease its value.

When we got it off we slit the hide from chin to tail and then cut little slits all along the edges of the hide. We cut a long, thin sapling about an inch and a half in diameter, split it almost to the butt and began sewing the hide to it. We used leatherwood bark to do the sewing. Starting with the butt end of the sapling at the beaver's chin we sewed all around the hide, and when we finished it made almost a circle. It was as tall as a front wagon wheel. We got nine dollars for that hide and it was worth more.

We put the tail in hot ashes and the skin peeled right off. Then we split it open and fried it for breakfast. A beaver tail is good white meat and tastes like fish. It had some gristle but I liked that.

We stayed on and hunted and trapped for a couple of weeks. When we left we had several good mink hides, fox and a lot of coon pelts. That was as good as a pocketful of money, and we felt like we had a good hunt down there on the Big Kattern River.

Wising Up in the West

(Continued from page 31)

After he had been there about ten minutes without saying anything or making a sign, I went up to him, held out my hand and said: "How!" He looked, grunted something, took my hand and said: "How." That was all. He lapsed into silence as before.

It was getting near supper time and the cooks were arranging the meal. I had gone away from him, leaving him alone in his silence. Now I went back and indicated to him that I wanted him to come and eat supper with me. He immediately got off his pony, turned it loose to eat grass and came along with me. We sat down together. Presently we were served with the baked beans, dried apples, bacon, tea and bread which we had learned to like so well. He ate heartily, but said not a word. All of us by that time were wondering what manner of animated sphinx we had discovered.

After supper, I lighted a big pipe which I had with me. After taking three puffs from it, I handed it to the Indian. His face became wreathed in smiles. He took the pipe, bowed low, grunted something or other, took three puffs and handed it to the man next to him. Thus it went around the group. When the pipe came back to him, he took one good, big, long pull at it before putting it down by his side. Then he stood up.

Until then I do not think that anyone of our party had noticed what a perfect specimen of man he was. He stood six feet in height and was well proportioned. There was not an ounce of surplus fat about his body. He probably weighed 210 or 220 pounds, had a very intelligent face, and stood there like a king.

After a while he said: "Me Bull Bear, head chief Arapahoes." Some of us said: "Good." We all applauded him. This pleased him and he bowed his thanks.

"White man come and—"—here he made gestures with his hand showing how we had made the pits and mounds to mark the corners in our surveys. Our boss said: "Yes, we are here now, but we will be going away soon." He looked at the boss with a very critical eye: "By and by white man come—STAY. Him kill our buffalo, you kill our buffalo."

We told him we were not killing his buffalo except to get some meat occasionally. He did not seem to like that either. He told of their treaties; saying all this land belonged to his people and we had no business there at all. Of course this was a misunderstanding. Their lands did not extend that far north by a hundred miles but we could not make him see that; this conflab of "right by treaty" continued all evening.

ALONG about nine o'clock, since most of the boys had gone to bed and the Indian showed no sign of leaving, I asked him to come and sleep with me. This pleased him and he came. We went to my tent where I told him to put his blanket down. I placed mine next to his and we slept side by side until the next morning.

Bull Bear stayed for breakfast—after which he still showed no sign of leaving. The boss sent the rest of the men out on the line to work but told me to stay and watch him until he left. It was ten o'clock, the time when the cooks were getting ready to break camp, before he showed any sign of doing this. To my surprise, Bull Bear asked me to go with him. Of course, I could not do this without the permission of the boss. We went out on the line where I explained the situation to him. The boss said I could go—if I was not afraid—as by doing so this might keep Bull Bear in good humor and from making trouble until we were through with our work.

Being at the romantic age when any kind of adventure was pleasing, I was delighted with the idea. Soon Bull Bear and myself were on our way. We arrived at his camp in the evening. Bull Bear made some kind of an introduction after which there was much talk and laughter among the Indians. Since I did not know what they were saying, I paid little attention and stood motionless beside the chief. I was not afraid so I had no reason to show concern.

As the flurry of talk had died down, one of Bull Bear's daughters took me by the hand, led me to the campfire and gave me some supper. After that she was most attentive to me most of the evening. At bed time I was given a place to sleep beside the chief where I slept peacefully until morning. The next day passed without incident. Although I did not understand their language, nor they more than a little of mine, we were able to make each other understand a few things.

When Bull Bear came to me dressed in the uniform of a full colonel in the regular army, I asked him best as I could where he came by it. The chief showed me a big silver medal which had the likeness of President Andrew Johnson on one side and his on the other. Pointing to the president's image, Bull Bear said: "Washington." Then indicated "Washington" had given the medal and the uniform to him. "Me been to big

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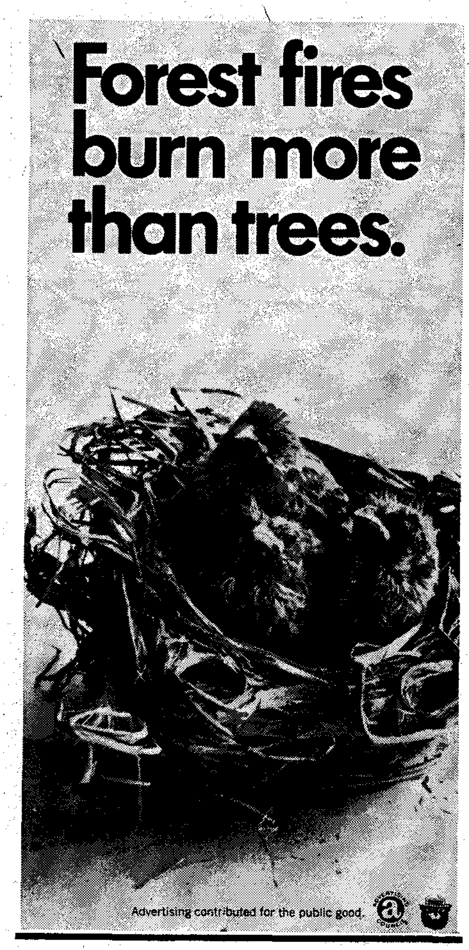
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city—me see Washington—him give me this."

I was sure then and I am sure now that no white man ever graced a colonel's uniform in a more manly way than Bull Bear did on that occasion. Surprisingly he had managed to keep the military garment very clean though he'd had it for some years. Afterwards I was shown a big suitcase which had his name on it. This I learned was also a present from Andy Johnson. Both the medal and the suitcase bore the date 1865.

After I concluded my visit with Bull Bear, I returned to our party and went back to line work. I became quite impressed with the soil on either side of Crooked Creek. This stream was south of the sand hill belt. The soil was as good if not better than on the tablelands north of the river.

I felt like I wanted some of that land, though I did not get it. I could have bought it at $1.25 an acre from the railroad—instead, I took my money and loaned it to a fellow who was supposed to be my friend—$650.00 of it, without any security. I never got back one cent of it. Surely an example of a "fool and his money are soon parted."

WHEN we had finished the work on Crooked Creek, we went back to the Arkansas, crossed it and went to Fort Dodge. Our work was finished but the head men in the party had a little work to do before we would be ready to start home so we camped just outside of Dodge City for a couple of days.

Fort Dodge was an old military post. Dodge City was the new town—the station on the Santa Fe road about five miles from the old fort. We walked over to see the fort, but it did not compare with Larned. Fort Dodge was old and had the appearance of being ready to be abandoned—which it was, not very long afterwards.

Dodge City was about the toughest place which I had ever seen. I have been in some pretty wild and tough places through the years, but never anything quite so bad as Dodge City at that time. I have been all over Hell's Half Acre in Kansas City a number of times and under varying circumstances. I was in Deadwood in 1886 when everything was wide open. I have been in Denver, Chicago, St. Louis, Minneapolis, St. Paul, also Omaha in its palmiest days. The things that went on in those cities in the underworld were surely bad enough, but Dodge City was way beyond anything I ever saw in any of them.

There was but one house in Dodge City—all the rest were tents. This was an adobe building built long before there was any railroad or before there was thought of a railroad. According to my memory, the one-story adobe was about thirty feet wide and about sixty or seventy feet long. On the west side there was a bar about twenty feet long. Back of that space for twenty feet more, and reaching clear across the building, there were gaming tables. Back of the tables were bedrooms to accommodate guests. The space in front of the gambling tables was an assembly room by day and a dancing room by night. It was in this building and on that dancing floor and at that bar where I had my first wild experience in the "Wild West."

One evening when I was walking down the street of Dodge in the company of one of the members of our party we were attracted by a loud noise made by some men near us who seemed to be engaged in a violent dispute. One of them called to me and asked me to join them, which I did. When I reached the group the man said to his companions: "Now here is an engineer, let us leave it to him." It was agreed.

The dispute was over where the boundary lines of Texas, New Mexico and Colorado joined. I did not say a word. I took a pencil and a sheet of paper and drew a map of the vicinity and showed it to them. This settled the matter and they put their guns away.

I have since learned I was badly off on my map. Fortunately the men did not know it so accepted it as gospel truth. If it had not been for the map, there might have been bloodshed. Things of much less importance caused fights, gunfights at that, in Dodge's early days.

After settling the argument, my friend and I walked about the town for about a half hour before deciding to see what was going on in the adobe building. This was a bad place for spectators we discovered in a very few moments when the lights went off and shooting began. We were near an open window. We made a hike through it and returned to camp as soon as we could.

The next morning we learned a "bad man" who'd been visited by vigilantes, warned to leave town and threatened with death if he ever returned, had done just that. He and two of his pals who had entered the building a bit ahead of us, had been spotted by the "regulators" who fired eleven shots into his body. Somehow his friends managed to get him out of the building and spirit their badly wounded companion away. It was a wild incident and I did not care to witness another like it.

A couple of evenings before the shooting incident, the first night we were in Dodge, this same friend and myself had gone into town to look around. In a tent store we found a bushel of onions. Since we'd been eating nothing but beans, beans, beans, morning, noon and night—we had a hankering for something different. I paid ten cents for an onion the size of a black walnut, cut it in two and gave half to my friend. We ate the pieces just as one would an apple, raw and without salt.

On returning to camp the boys smelled our breaths and that set the camp afire. Everybody wanted to know where we had got the onions. We told them. Then "Shack-Nasty-Jim", the wag of our party, mounted a small box and announced he would preach a sermon and stated his text would be: "By Their Breaths Shall Ye Know Them." His sermon was excellent and very much to the point in the minds of all those present. At the conclusion of his sermon he announced there would be another "religious" ceremony—the taking of a collection to buy onions.

My friend and myself were appointed to take up the collection. We took our hats and started on the job. All the time Jim was exhorting the boys to "smell our breaths." This they could not help but do, as the odor was pretty rank.

After passing our hats we had something like six dollars. This we were given along with instructions to go into town and buy onions. We came back with a bushel of these high smelling vegetables which provided a feast which none of us would soon forget.

AFTER the head men of the party had finished their work, we packed up and boarded the train. We were told we would have a dinner stop at Larned. Now before I continue with the chronicle of our journey I wish to mention a mirage or optical illusion which I had seen earlier in the summer.

Much has been written by travelers in all countries about the mirage; hardly anything new remains to be said about it. It is, as we all know, caused by reflection of the rays of light, and finally by the total reflection of the rays irregularly refracted and sent back to the eye in a distorted manner. It is supposed to come from the heated sand in the earth's surface which changes the texture of the lower strata of the air while the upper strata is not materially changed. These different densities mingle slowly causing the distorted appearances of things.

Oftentimes there appear to be great bodies of fine water and the weary traveler is led on by the vision, which is never satisfied. On other occasions the objects seen, though real, are so distorted as to be unrecognizable. It is one of these phenomena that I wish to mention.

I was away from our party one day along the chalky breaks of a big canyon. I paused to take a look around the country. To the west I saw a herd of wild horses which interested me for a time as one fine gray stallion stood out prominently from the herd. After a long look, I turned my face to the north. While looking over a deep ravine my hair stood up on end.

The sight that met my vision chilled my blood. It appeared to me there were at least one thousand Indians coming at full speed to the edge of the ravine. Some were climbing down the sides, others were already down and coming up the side next to me. I looked a moment and was lost as what was to be done. I was at least five miles from our body of men. Even if I were near them and could join them, what could fifty men, practically unarmed, do in a stand against that number? I realized I could not make our camp; if I did all would be lost in such an unequal struggle. Great drops of cold sweat stood out all over my body. And still the Indians came.

I put my hand over my eyes as I gave myself up to despair. For a moment I stood thus, then I looked again. The air had cleared, the Indians were all gone and only one poor old lone buffalo bull, crippled at that, remained in sight. The change was so sudden and the effect so ludicrous I burst into a loud laugh, partly hysterical I presume as I was so glad I was not really in danger from that horde of savages.

Some years later when Kansas had been settled up, I read in a Larned paper of an incident which took place in the neighboring town of Great Bend. Great Bend had a dry year—that is, a year without saloons. (All this was before the adoption of the Prohibition Amendment.) The two towns are something like twenty miles apart but the editor of the Larned paper persisted in declaring that he could, by aid of a mirage, see distinctly into the streets of Great Bend where the townspeople were lined up in rows waiting turns to get into the one saloon where they could quench their thirst. The situation was very ridiculous. It is hardly likely that such a vision presented itself to the eye of the Larned editor, merely vivid imagination, not optical illusion as my mirage had been.

BUT back to the journey. Our train did not stop at Fort Larned for dinner but at the new town on the railroad where the only buildings were either board shanties or tents. The streets were sandy and with the wind blowing a gale from the southwest the air was full of sand when we arrived. Shortly after the train stopped I was soon on the ground looking for a place to get dinner. A man accosted me and offered to show me the way to the grub pile.

He did and after I had made a stab at washing and was just about to go into the tent for dinner, he touched me on the elbow, winked and asked: "Do you ever smile?" Well of course I smiled. I felt happy after six months of very pleasant roughing it and was on my way home—why shouldn't I smile? Naturally I told him I did.

"All right," he said, "come this way." He proceeded to take my arm and lead me into a little side tent where he produced a bottle of whiskey and offered it to me. I declined it.

"Why I thought you said you smiled," he said, looking surprised. Then I tumbled to his lingo—to "smile" was to drink whiskey. Again he offered me the bottle; again I refused. "Well you just as well take a drink because you will have to pay for it just the same." I was astonished and asked: "Why?"

"Why," he replied, "the guard saw us come in. He keeps count and I will have to turn in the money according to his count."

"How much is it?" I asked.

"Twenty-five cents," said he. With that I gave him the money and went into the "dining room" where I had the vilest meal I have ever sat down to.

When we finished eating another dollar was collected before we passed on and out of that place. Then I remembered the poem which said: "he never smiled again." I could understand it as that smile and that dinner were too much for me.

We boarded the train and arrived in Hutchinson about four o'clock in the afternoon. As the train stopped there for some time, we had time to go into town and shop for things which we might need.

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I loaded up with peaches, pears, three boxes of sardines and a pound of crackers which I devoured at intervals during the evening and night.

The sun was just peeping over the hills when we pulled into Topeka the next morning. We piled out of the train and still attired in our plains costume hiked up the street into the Fifth Avenue Hotel where we had breakfast. I thought nothing of our appearance. It did not seem to me that we should attract any attention but we did. Everybody in the dining room stared. The dining room girls giggled, just as they do now that forty-five years have passed—girls will be girls while time shall last.

As I look back, however, I can well understand why I was the object of amazement and amusement. I must have looked rather strange indeed, togged out as I was in blue sailor shirt, nondescript gray pants, those No. 12 brogans, the broad-brimmed sombrero with an eagle feather in its band and still without socks. The two Colt's holstered on a wide belt around my waist must have added to the ludicrous picture I made as I strode into the dining room of what was then the swell hotel of Topeka. Some years later I met Herb Daniels, a druggist at Rulo, Nebraska who had been in the dining room when I entered. He said it had been a show worth going miles to see.

After breakfast, I went to the office to pick up my baggage which had been brought from the station by bus and dumped on the floor. The baggage consisted of three grain sacks. One contained a bit of clothing and some specimens I had collected. The other two were filled with dried buffalo meat which I was taking to my family.

We were in Topeka a week. After we had finished making out our reports and settling up, I shipped my baggage to Williamstown. I rode one of my ponies and led the other down the Kaw valley to my brother James' home where my parents were living.

Near Grantville, I was joined by a young lady on horseback. We rode together for some distance chatting pleasantly. Even togged out as I was, she knew me, but I couldn't recall her name. As we parted I asked her to refresh my memory. She said she was Belle Murphy. I felt somewhat ashamed for not remembering her as she was a young lady schoolteacher I had known very well before going out west.

I was glad to see my parents and my brothers again and had a very pleasant visit with them on my return. The great inconvenience was in getting used to sleeping in a bed again. I had not had this trouble in Topeka, but at home the bed seemed to suffocate me. I took a big heavy blanket and went out to the blue grass lawn where I slept like a lord. It was over a week before I could tolerate sleeping in a bed inside the house.

Frontier Post

(Continued from page 4)

international revenue assessor and collector, and later was a U. S. marshal.—Rick S. McDonald, 1701 North Pontiac Drive, Roswell, New Mexico 88201

Touched By Stories

Seldom in one's life can you pick up a magazine—like the March 1971 issue—and find three stories, all touching one's own personal life in some manner over a period of years. I refer to the following stories—"Keelboaters' Heyday to Doomsday," "Camp Cooks and Mail Order Brides," and "Motion Picture Vignettes."

I'll start with keelboats. They were way before my time; however, as a young man in 1920 I was sent to Huntley, Montana as a telegrapher. It was my pleasure to meet "Dad" Pickens, one of the first settlers in what is Yellowstone County now and of course was Montana Territory then. Dad Pickens was over ninety. I heard from him about the bullboats that brought supplies up the Yellowstone to settlers and forts on the way. He spoke of two days he spent in the willows along the Yellowstone near the mouth of Pryor Creek. Those rivers and creeks are still there. Dad passed away in 1921. His boys, Laurus, Orion and Joel, were much older than I.

Referring to Malta, Montana and the Great Northern Railway, the "White Steamer," etc, my dad was a section foreman from 1902 to 1904 at Blaisdell, North Dakota and I remember the Oriental Limited as a child and of seeing a White Steamer in my uncle's blacksmith shop in McVille, North Dakota.

In 1936 Paramount was looking for a place to shoot outside scenes for "The Plainsman." I, being a NP agent, convinced them it was closer to Colstrip, Montana than to Sheridan, Wyoming—their location being at Odell Creek (a tributary of Tongue River) some miles north of Birney on the Tongue River Indian Agency. Plenty of "riding Cheyennes" at seven bucks a day plus "beef herd" were available.

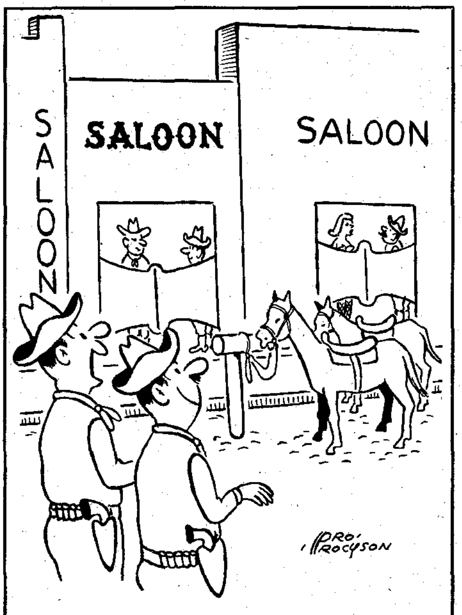
Now about the motion picture unit. There were baggage cars containing nine trick horses and props, and two sleepers All personnel and props went to Crazyhead, a former CCC camp.

The unit was composed of the following: Gene Hornbostet, Unit Manager; Red Woodard, Assistant Unit Manager; Arthur Rosson, Crew Director; several stunt riders around Slim Sommerville who was standing in for Gary Cooper and doing all the close work and who had fixed scenes under DeMille in Los Angeles. Archer was a prop man. There were many funny sidelights, laughs, etc.; also some eleven stunts for sound effects. Yes, they had a sound truck and could record and dub into the film.

There were many dynamite caps in several large cottonwood trees—electric caps with a board of nails and battery to add some smoke and a lot of noise for cavalry charge to rescue Beecher Island (Nebraska). The white riders (cavalry) had .45-70 carbines and had to shoot the horses temporarily deaf before a good shot was at last taken. Those broncs of the Pumpkin Creek Cavalry could really "bust in two."

Archer at the prop tent had all the older Cheyennes simply enchanted. A student of W. C. Fields, he would grab a hat from a buck and pick dollars, cards, and eggs from it, but when he finally produced a young jackrabbit from under a hat covered by a silk scarf, then set him up and let him run through the crowd—that did it for sure! They saw him run. So did I. The only answer was "Heap big Medicine Man." Archer could do nothing wrong.

So much for past history in the 19th and 20th centuries. All are very fond memories which I am so thankful for. Thanks for the memories.—Rex M. Brewer, 3900 Annadale Lane, Apt. 25, Dacto, California 95821



"This is our civic center!"

Reader Finds Story True

I read the story about "Spirit Spring of the Osage" in the March FRONTIER TIMES. That story is true. I was born there in 1899—five miles up on the Neosho River. My parents and sister came there four years before I was born.

In 1903 a storm almost wiped us out. All but one of my father's horses were killed by lightning. In the summer there was a flood. My father was the first toll keeper for the old bridge in Miami. From Afton to the Kansas state line were the biggest hay fields in the world. Everyone who could get a crew was in the hay business.

In 1905 my parents began to wander around. They went to Osage County where Dad was in the freight or cafe business. I have traveled by a covered wagon, stagecoach, ox team, Pullman and freight train. In 1913 we went back to where we started and my father bought a farm in northwestern Ottawa County, District 16, Township 27. When World War I broke out I got in on the last part of it.

In my time in Osage I saw two gunfights. At one time a bullet missed my head three inches—I was ten years old. —George Y. Taylor, 204 West Del Norte Street, Eureka, California 95501

Knew Harvey Fogle

I read in the July 1971 issue of the celebration at Moore, Montana where Harvey Fogle was rescued from the fireworks platform. I was born in Moore and attended high school there. I know Harvey Fogle very well. I also knew his parents and family. I have been in their house many times. Their property joined my dad's property. Harvey was a young man when I was a boy so I didn't know about the incident of which Clara M. Grove wrote. I moved to Washington State when I was eighteen years old. Harvey came to Washington, I believe to Shelton. I saw him once there but do not know of his whereabouts now. One of Harvey's cousins worked for my dad for several years.

I enjoy FRONTIER TIMES and TRUE WEST very much.—Charles E. Wright, 2109 Brashem Avenue, Bremerton, Washington 98310

Four Famous Men

I would like to hear from anyone having any knowledge of these four men: Colonel Amasa Turner, Wesley Hughes, Wiley Hughes and James Hughes.

Amasa Turner was at the Battle of San Jacinto. His name is on the San Jacinto Monument. He was in command of the post on Galveston Island right after the battle and served as representative and senator from Lavaca County in the early Texas Legislature. His grave is marked in the Masonic Cemetery at Gonzales, Texas.

The three Hughes men were with Colonel Fannin at the battle of Coleto Creek. Wesley and Wiley were executed on General Santa Anna's orders and buried in the common grave at Goliad, Texas in 1836. Their names are on the Goliad Monument. James' life was spared as a hospital orderly but he died a natural death thirty days after the massacre.

All four of these men were granted large grants on the Blanco River, Hayes County, Texas near the now well-known resort town of Wimberley, Texas.

I am a descendant of the Turner family back to the Mayflower and of the Hughes family back to South Carolina in 1700. These grants appear on the first maps of Hayes County, Texas. Any information or leads to such will be greatly appreciated.—D. R. Roberts, 819 West Alabama, Houston, Texas

Anyone Remember?

Just read the September 1971 issue of your magazine and thought maybe someone might remember my grandfather, W. A. McCool, who was elected sheriff of Red Willow County, Nebraska in 1889. He was also postmaster at Indianola, Nebraska in the early days. He started the first mail route out of Indianola which was known as Route 1. He also taught school in the early days in Red Williow County. In 1879 he freighted in the state and then I believe he homesteaded north of Indianola.

He has a daughter Stella Neel who lives in Richmond, California. Another daughter, Fay, married Loney Malleck and still lives south of Indianola. Two daughters, Mrs. Frank Donnelly and Mrs. Jessie Malleck live in Olympia, Washington.

Anyone who is interested in hearing from the family, please contact me.—Miss Georgia McCool, 8739 Euclid Street, N. E., Salem, Oregon 97303

GOLD! BACK ISSUES

"There is something in a treasure that fastens upon a man's mind. He will pray and blaspheme and still persevere, and will curse the day he heard of it, and will let his last hour come upon him unawares, still believing that he missed it only a foot. He will see it everytime he closes his eyes. He will never forget it until he is dead and even then he will pass it along to his survivors, that they may follow in his footsteps. There is no way of getting away from a treasure once it fastens itself upon your mind." —Joseph Conrad

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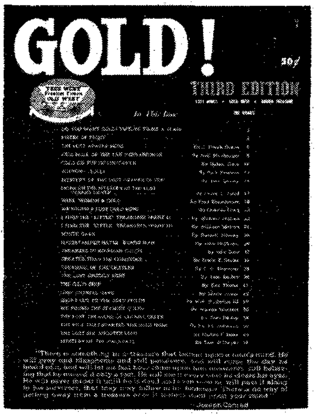
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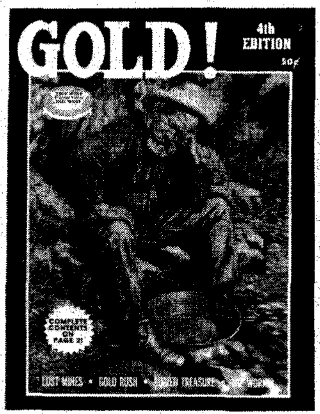
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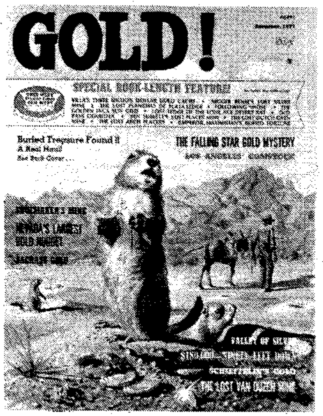
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WESTERN BOOK ROUNDUP

By The Old Bookaroos

ATTENTION

We do not handle the books reviewed below. If interested in purchasing, please check your local bookstore, or address your order to the individual publisher in care of this office and we will be glad to forward. Be sure to make your check payable to the publisher of the book, not to us.

. . . AND WRITER!

People long ago recognized Peter Hurd's talent as a portrait painter and a western landscape artist but now he has demonstrated his ability to write distinctive prose with poetic overtones about his New Mexico homeland and people living there. A collection of 40 color reproductions and small water colors with descriptive narratives of the people and scenes form the basis for *Peter Hurd Sketchbook* (Sage Books, $30.00), edited by John Meigs. Hurd, a San Patricio, New Mexico rancher, lives there with his artist wife Henriette Wyeth, daughter of N. C. Wyeth, Pete's famous art instructor. A prolific worker, his art hangs in the National Portrait Gallery, New York's Metropolitan Museum, The Art Institute of Chicago, the Brooklyn Museum, Edinburgh's National Gallery, and many are owned by other groups as well as by individuals. Recommended.

OUTDOOR LIFE

Elliot S. Barker's *Western Life and Adventures 1889-1970* (Calvin Horn, $6.50) has much for readers interested in ranching, forest rangers, hunting, wildlife and conservation. A farm-reared Las Vegas, New Mexico boy, Barker learned to ride, shoot and hunt which served as effective pre-service training for his first job as assistant forest ranger at Cuba, New Mexico where there was open season on rangers. He moved up through the ranks, despite altercations with angry ranchers, until he became supervisor of Carson National Forest. Prior to the end of World War I, Barker quit the U. S. Forest Service and became a cattle rancher. Going almost broke during the 1920 economic crash, he hung on by the skin of his teeth until prices hit a new low in the 1930s. Fortunately, he landed a job as a wildlife ranger at Vermejo Park and eventually became New Mexico's state game commissioner and received numerous merit awards for outstanding service. Solid family reading.

BLACK PIONEER

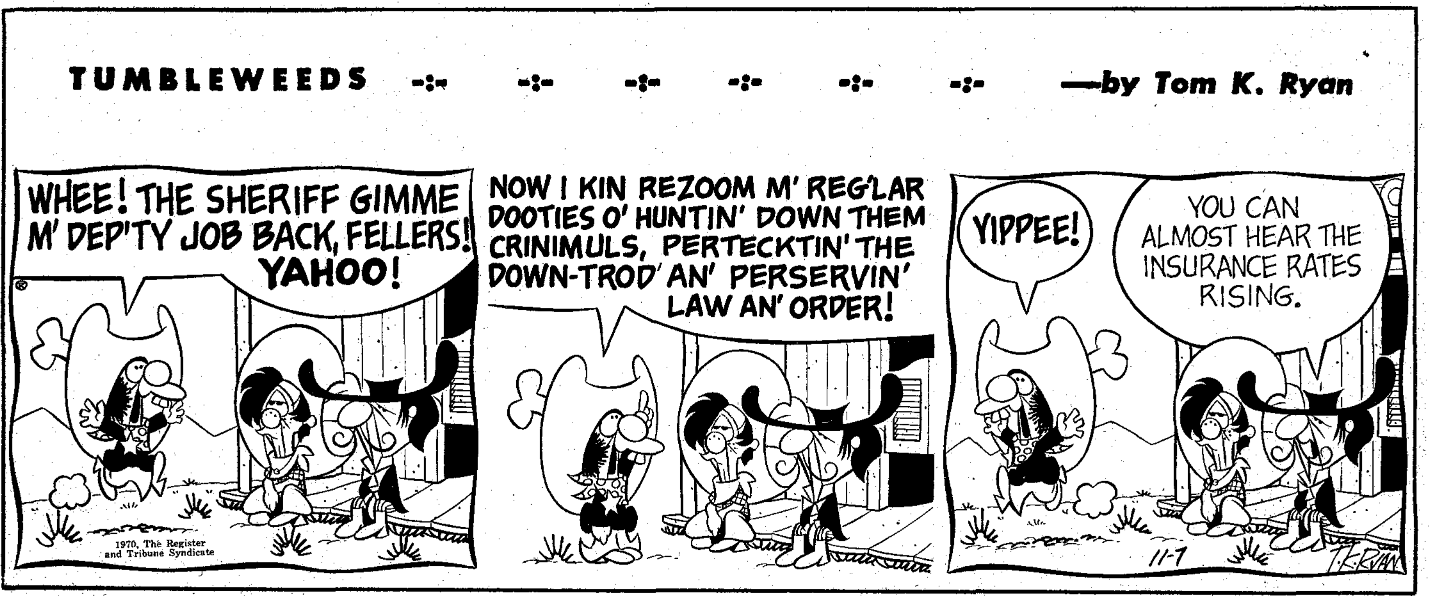
Tributes to black pioneers in the American West have been few and far between—to black women pioneers almost unknown. *"Aunt" Clara Brown* (Pruett, $3.95) is a tribute to a Colorado pioneer by Kathleen Bruyn—and a good one. Perhaps some will quibble about the invented dialogue which appears from time to time but it seems to this reviewer to be true to the life of the times and therefore appropriate—this book is not a formal biography but a tribute to a courageous, well-loved woman. Aunt Clara saw much of Colorado history in the making and had a minor part in it. There is a good bibliography, an index, and the book is illustrated with old photos.

HIGH ADVENTURES

Only a few of the names of the soldiers who took part in the most fantastic exploring expedition in the history of our country are known to the genera public today. And those fortunate enough to have a roster knew but little about the type of men picked for the arduous journey of Captains Lewis and Clark. *The Men of the Lewis and Clark Expedition* (Clark, $12.50) by Charles G. Clarke is a highly distinctive contribution to the literature of the expedition The biographical roster of the fifty-one members is most valuable—the trail had to be dim after well over a century and a half but the author learned and recorded something about every individual on the expedition. In addition, he prepared a composite diary of their activities from all known sources. The book is enhanced by numerous notes, a bibliography, an index and well chosen illustrations including portraits in color of the two captains by Charles Wilson Peale, two plates by Charles M. Russell, three by the author, and three by Olaf Seltzer. Volume XIV in the Western Frontiersman Series and a dandy.

MORE SWEAT THAN GOLD

West of Dawn (Exposition Press, $5.00) is Hugh d' Autremont's story of his gold hunting experiences in the Superstition Mountains in Arizona, in Pinto Basin, California northeast of the Salton Sea, plus his horseback jaunt into the deserts of Chihuahua. Operating on a shoestring, the author with two or three *compadres* sweated out a miserable existence grubbing for gold dust. Bedeviled by rattlesnakes, badmen who lurked in the rocks and bushes, and sneak thieves who stole their equipment, the partners ended up on the same shoestring they started with. The Chihuahua trip made him some money but he was fearful of being gut-shot by his neurotic partner as well as ambushed by Yaqui Indians. These men found more backaches than glamour in gold mining.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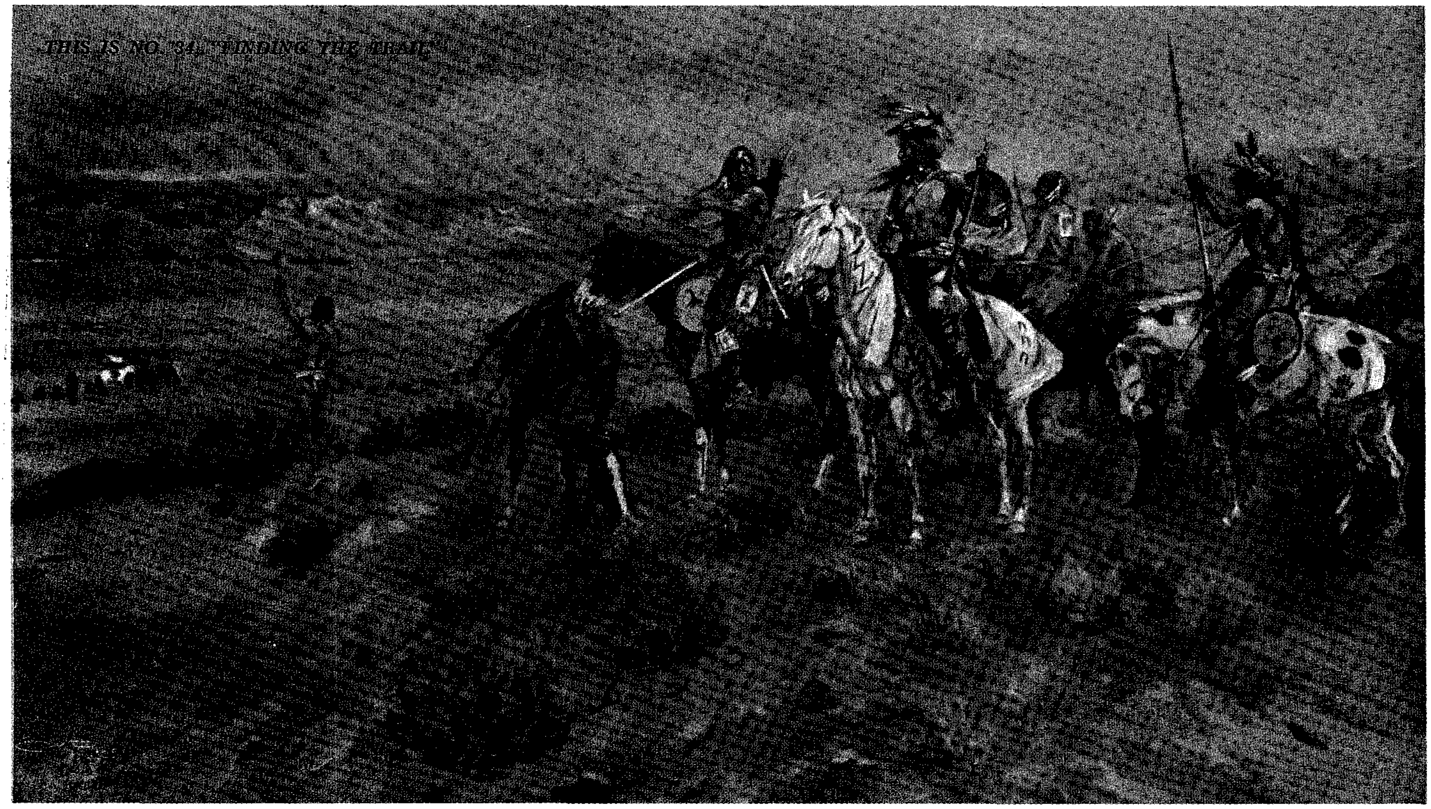
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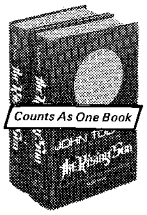
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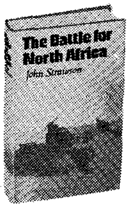
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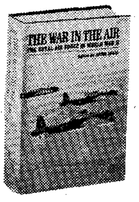
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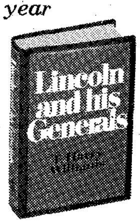
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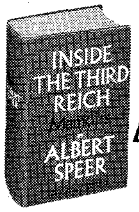
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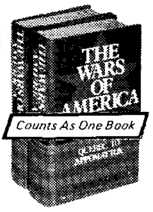
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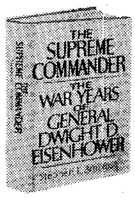
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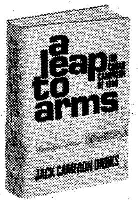
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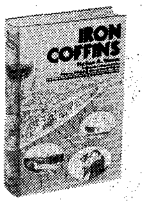
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